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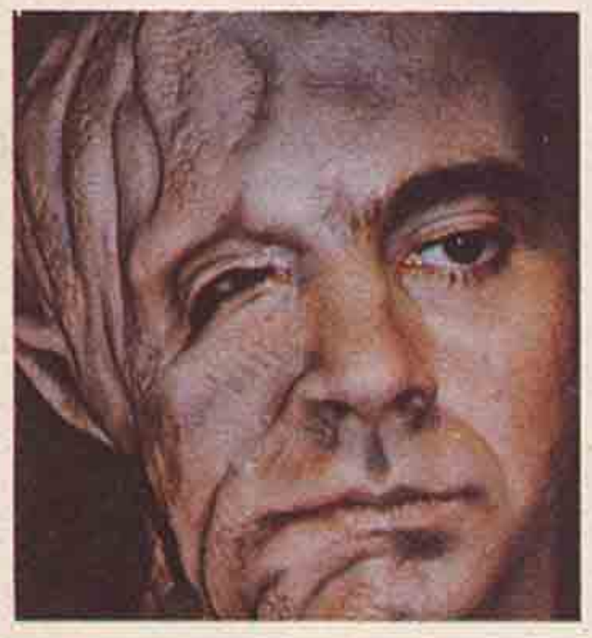

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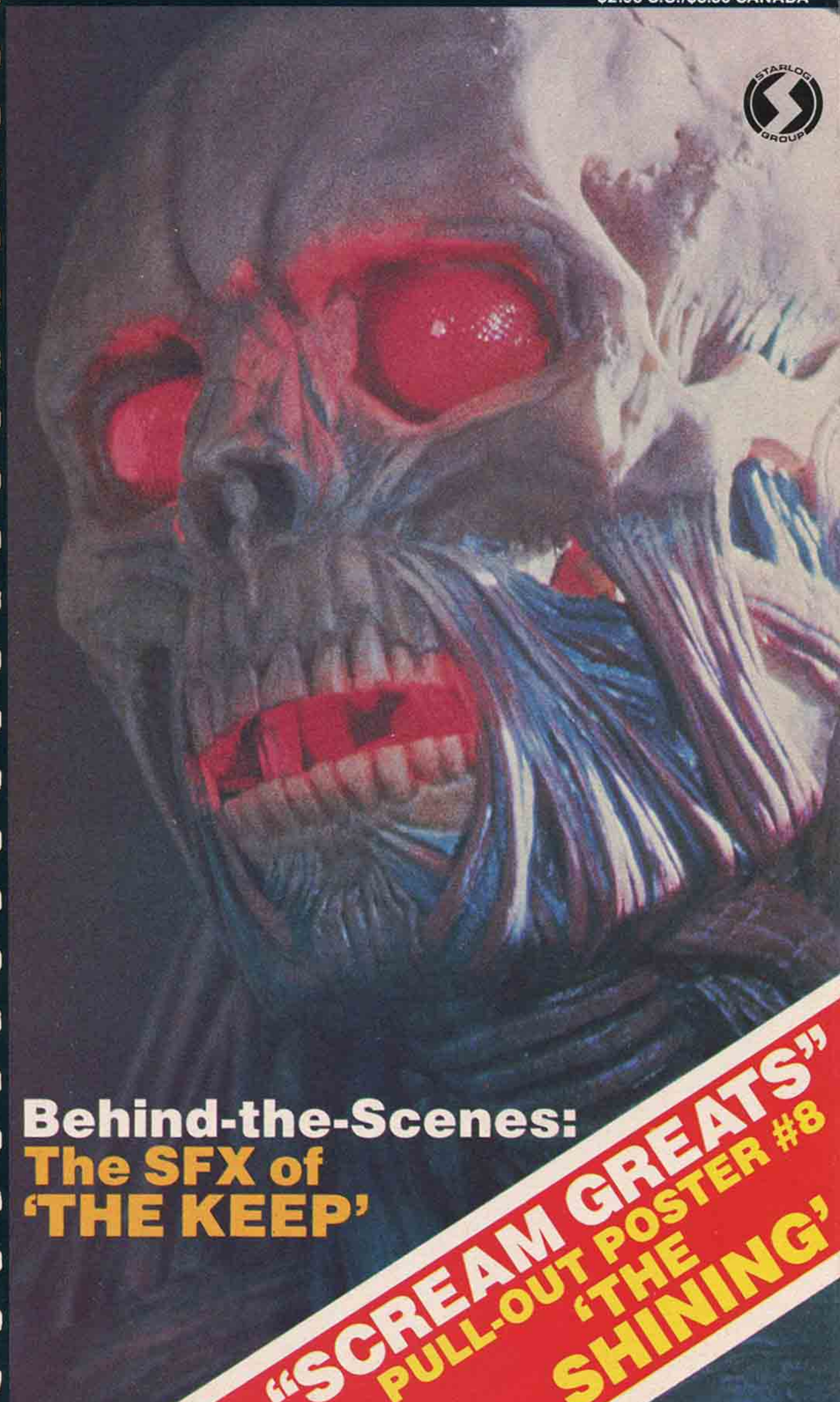

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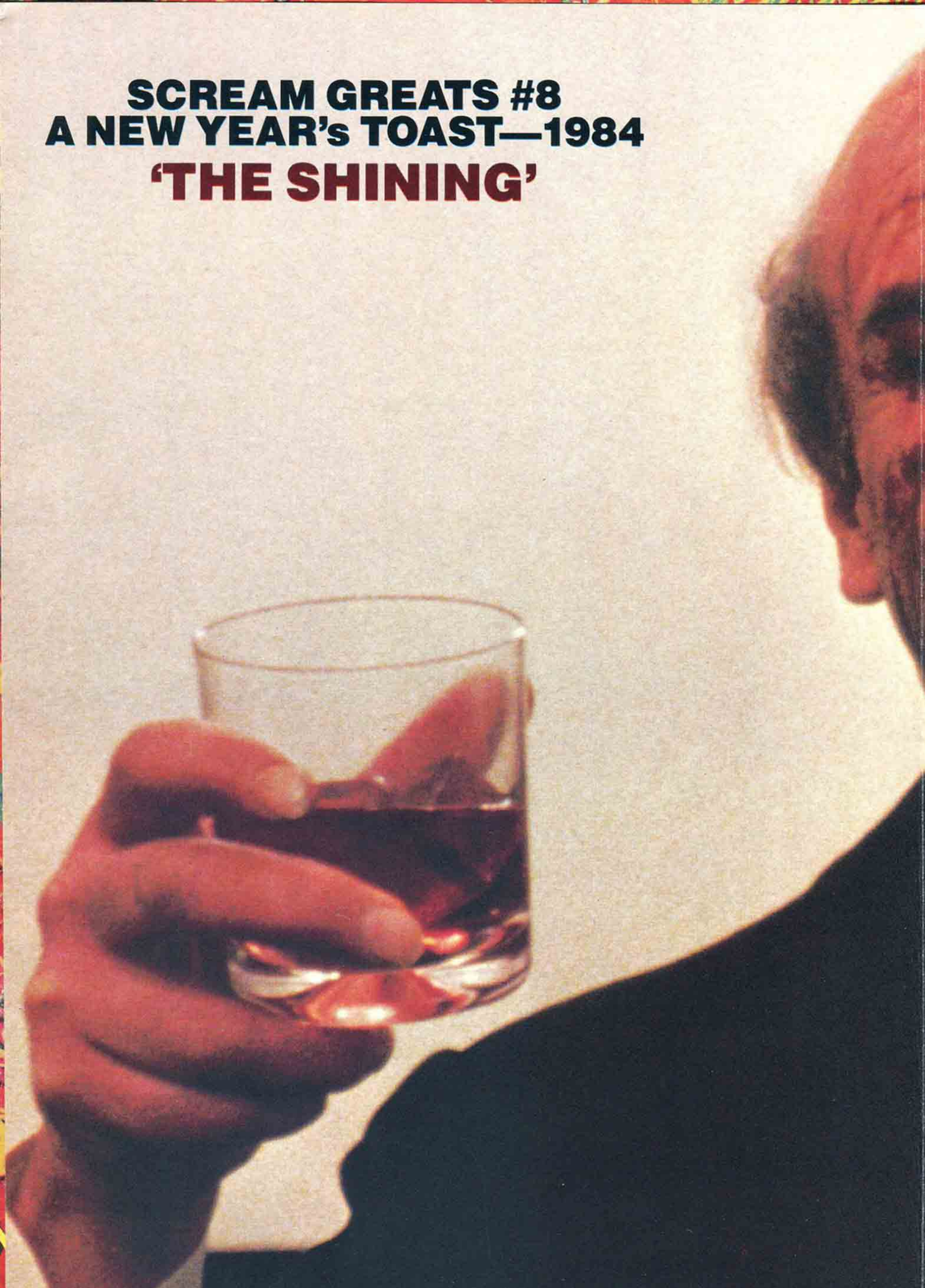

SCREAM GREATS #8
A NEW YEAR's TOAST—1984

'THE SHINING'

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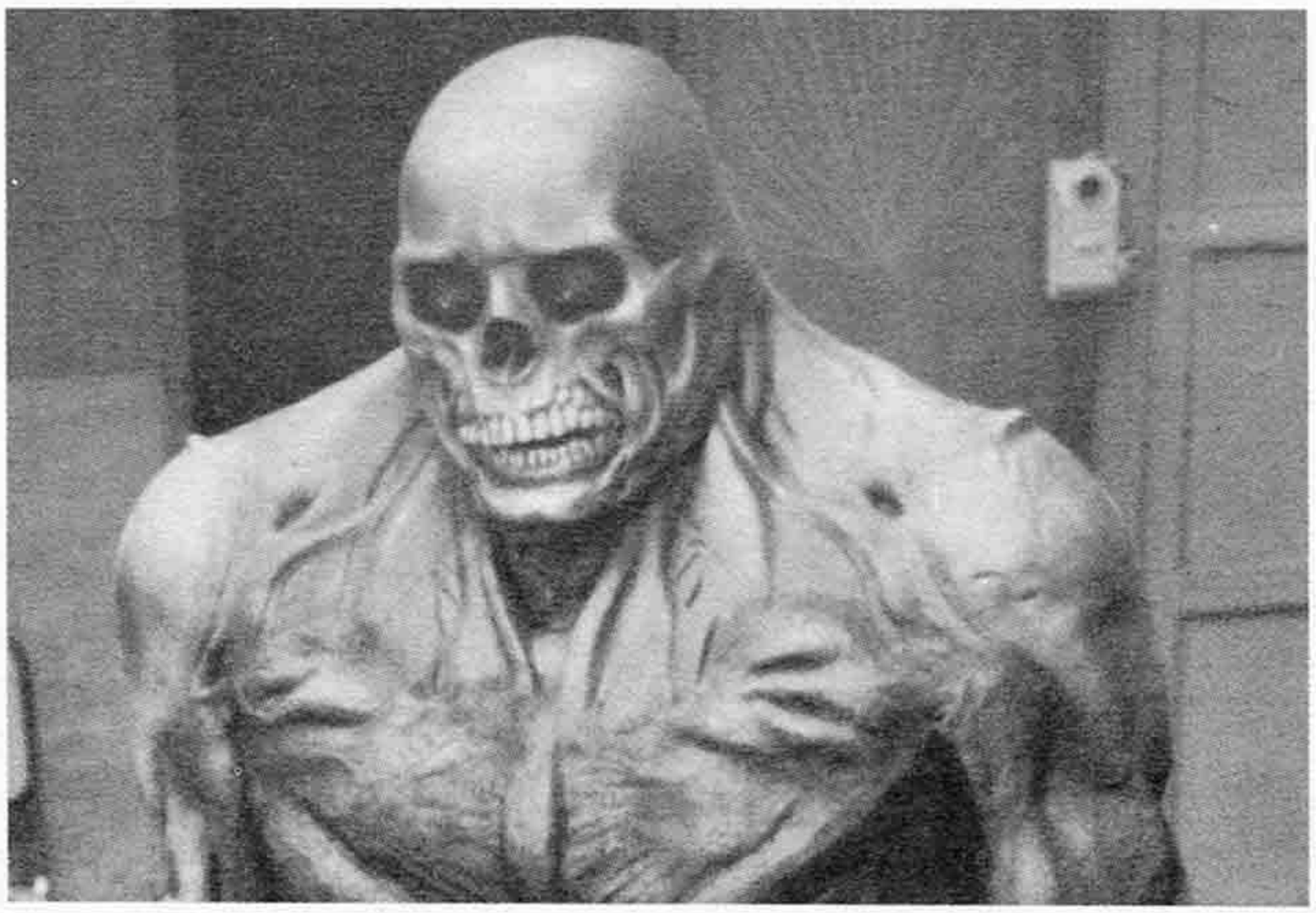

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FANGORIA

Imagination Inc.

February 1984 Issue #33

Business and Editorial Offices:
FANGORIA Magazine
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Editors
DAVID EVERITT
R.H. MARTIN

Art Director
W.R. MOHALLEY

Editorial Consultant
ALEX GORDON

Associate Art Director
NEIL HOLMES

Senior Designer
DENISE LEWIS

Designers
MARILYN PIERCE
JOHN WUJCIK

Photographic Effects
JOHN CLAYTON

Medic
DR. CYCLOPS

Editor At Large
DAVID SHERMAN

Contributors
ED FRENCH
SAM HENDERSON
STANLEY WIATER
TOM WEAVER
JOHN BRUNAS

Financial Manager
JOAN BAETZ

THANK YOU: Jeff Obrow, Jim Bertges, Nick Maley, Tom Phillips, Donna Pastor, Robert Solomon, Norma Shear, Herbert L. Strock, Bill Phillips, Allison Hanau, Peter Silberman, Jim Cummins, Ronald Moore and, dog-gone-it, you.

Dedicated to the memory of the Grand Wizard.

Production Assistants: Eddie Berganza, Eileen Dempsey, Chris Kwiath, Andrea Passes, and Norma Garcia.

For Advertising Information: Rita Eisenstein (212) 689-2830.

A Return to Sanity

Late Night With David Letterman has been catching an awful lot of flak in these pages and the time has come to clear the air. Readers who have been keeping tabs on the recent case of Uncle Bob's disappearance are aware of the complaints lodged against Mr. Letterman by Uncle Bob, complaints that were assumed to have been the cause of great distress which consequently caused Bob to drop out of sight. It turns out that last issue Uncle Bob (or R.H. Martin as he now prefers to be called) divulged that his disappearance was not caused by David Letterman at all, but by Amazon Nazi Women. You might be skeptical about the idea of Amazon Nazi Women (whose existence has never been disproven, I might add), but the implication is clear: David Letterman is innocent.

And what of those original complaints against Letterman? When you take a close look at them, you've got to admit that in hindsight they seem pretty trivial. All right, so he didn't put Herschell Gordon Lewis on his show. Lewis is a heck of a guy and all that, but is this really something to get bent out of shape over? Come on, let's get a grip here. Lewis is not the first gore/exploitation filmmaker *not* to get on Letterman, and I've got news for you—he won't be the last.

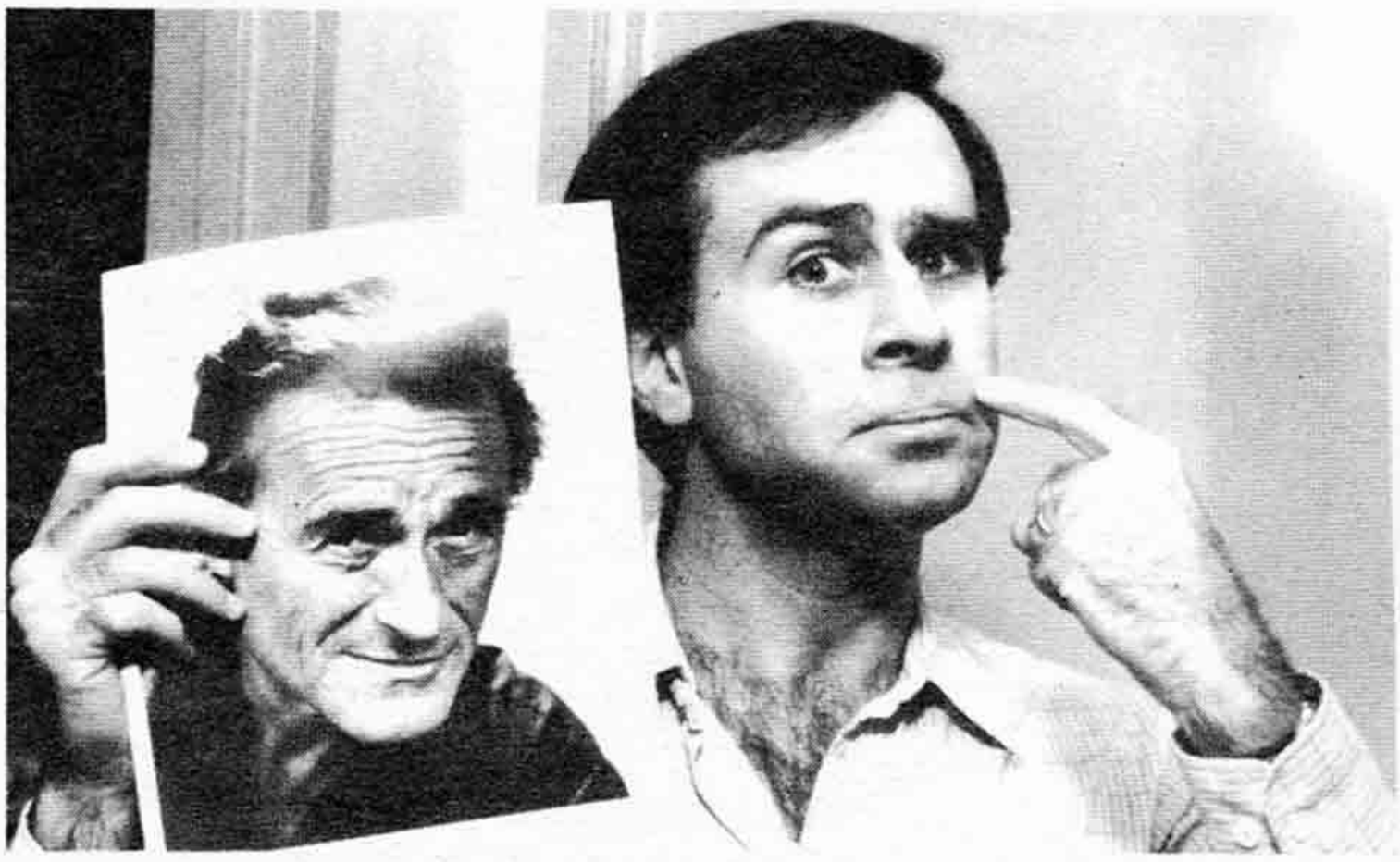

PHOTO: JOHN CLAYTON

Editor Everitt, Dick Miller, and the lip of protest.

What really bothers me about this fanatical nit-picking is that it tends to trivialize all complaints against Letterman's programming, and, let's not kid ourselves, there *are* aspects of Letterman's guest list which deserve criticism.

Take Dick Miller, for instance.

Here's a guy who's entertained millions for nearly three decades. Here's a guy who's appeared in *It Conquered the World, Bucket of Blood, Little Shop of Horrors, Executive Action, The Howling* and *Twilight Zone: The Movie.* How many other people can say that? And he's *never* gotten a spot on Letterman.

And I'm not talking about a goremeister whose depictions of dismemberment and evisceration might run afoul of TV censors. I'm talking about a guy that the whole family can enjoy. You can't tell me that America isn't ready for Dick Miller on late night television. You can't tell me that the *Little Shop of Horrors* cult doesn't want to see Dick on the tube. Take a look at other guests Letterman has had on. Dick Miller isn't funnier than John Waters? Dick Miller isn't a better actor than Paul Simon? Dick Miller isn't better looking than Bette Midler? Give me a break!

Drastic predicaments require drastic measures and I'm prepared to go the distance. As the accompanying photo will confirm, I have shaved off my moustache as a protest against Letterman's oversight. And—I want to make this absolutely clear—I have no intention of growing it back until America sees Dick Miller on *Late Night!* I am a man of my word. The die is cast. It's Miller or bust. For as long as it takes, my upper lip will be a grim reminder of an unjust world.

David Everitt
Editor

The Postal Zone

CORRECTION

In issue #31 two conspicuous photo-credit mistakes were made. In the *Amityville 3D* story we credited the photos to Warner Bros., when we all know that *Amityville 3D* is an Orion picture. And in the Richard Matheson interview we credited the photo from the Universal production of *Jaws 3D* to Warner Bros., again. Rest assured that in the future we will never make such an error again in any *Amityville 3D* articles or *Jaws 3D* stories.

Budding Screenwriter

Dear FANGORIA,

When I read that there would be no further chapters in the *Halloween* saga ('Postal Zone,' #31), the upcoming Halloween season went to scuzzville—for me, anyway. Could you please tell me where Hill and Carpenter receive their stories for adaptation to screenplay, and do they consider manuscripts from unpublished authors?

Bob Case
8873 S. State Rd.
Bancroft, MI 48414

Like all film professionals, Hill and Carpenter receive and consider material submitted by professional agencies, but no agency will even read your manuscript unless you have some professional writing experience. To enlighten you further on this matter, we turn to the words of Dick Miller, who plays an agent in Hollywood Boulevard:

'I understand how it is for you young people . . . you can't get work if you don't have an agent, and you can't get an agent if you don't have work. Well, now you've got an agent. Let me know as soon as you get some work.'

In other words, be prepared to part with some sweat or forget it. No shortcuts.

We Like Ike!

Dear Fangoria,

I finally came to the point where I had to subscribe to your magazine. I am in the Navy, currently stationed onboard the U.S.S. Eisenhower. With 60 days at sea away from port, and now sitting outside of Beirut, Lebanon, I can't easily find a local newsstand, and I don't wish to miss an issue. [Editor's note: At this point, the letter-writer goes on to enumerate all the wonderful qualities of this magazine. While we realize that it's all true, it embarasses us to publish such praise in our own pages.] So, from one sailor in the big blue ocean of Fango fans I say thank you and keep up the good work. Three cheers for the crew and captain of FANGORIA!

Roy Burmeister
Division S-9
U.S.S. Dwight D. Eisenhower
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The one and only Cunha.

Cudos for Cunha

Dear FANGORIA:

I enjoyed the article on Richard E. Cunha in issue #31. You are to be highly commended for giving attention to both the greats and the unknowns of the horror film. Your magazine helps to contribute balance to the genre literature.

Recently I purchased a few lobby cards from the various films put out by Astor Pictures, including Cunha's *She Demons* and a film I'm unfamiliar with, *Hillbilly Blitzkrieg*, starring Snuffy Smith, Bud Duncan, Edgar Kennedy and Cliff Nazarro. The particular card I have shows a balding, mustachioed character in military clothes riding the back of a missile; sort of reminiscent of *Dr. Strangelove*. What can you tell me about this obvious "classic" of Astor Pictures?

Sincerely,
John F. Crossen
P.O. Box 8513
Scottsdale, Arizona 85252

Not much, but we've got a feeling somebody out there has got the dope on Hillbilly Blitzkrieg.

Cunha Correction

FANGORIA,

In Tom Weaver's article "The Living Cunha" there is reference to "such early TV shows as

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Captain Bob Steele and the Border Patrol" having been written and directed by Cunha for Toby Anguish Productions.

Such a show was never filmed. Edward D. Wood Jr. and I wrote a script titled *Bob Steele of the Border Patrol* (see my Eddie Wood article in FANGORIA #25) which was to be the first of six western movies for Commodore Productions but when that company's feature film plans collapsed the project went down the drain with it.

Cunha and Anguish never had anything to do with it.

Alex Gordon
Los Angeles, CA

Respect for founding fathers of horror.

Poster Source

Dear FANGORIA,

Why is it that every time I read the Postal Zone about 90% of the letters are about your faults? I don't seem to see any faults or have any complaints about Fango. I think that your mag is perfect, especially the Scream Greats; keep them on the cover—they're great.

I just got through reading Stephen King's *The Stand* and I must say that it's fantastic! I would like to know if *The Stand* is actually being filmed, and if so when may we expect to see it hit the theaters and pictured in Fango?

One more thing, every time I read the subscriber ads it seems like an awful lot of people are looking for horror posters. Well I've got some info for those of you who are looking for the original horror posters that you see in the theater windows. I myself own a *Scanners, Dawn of the Dead, The Thing* (my favorite movie), *Shogun Assassin, Mother's Day,* and a *Halloween* poster. These are the original posters, not copies or otherwise. I'm not selling but I know where to get them. This is legal because they sell them in a store. The list goes on of posters they sell, old and new, fantasy and horror. Since I'm a friend of the guy I told him I'd let you Fangorians know about this, but he didn't know if it was right to let the address be printed in a magazine so you'll have to write me a letter.

Thank You,
Leon Laderach
6651 Orizaba Ave.
Longbeach, Calif. 90805

Thanks for the offer of information about posters, Leon. As for the film version of The Stand, *it has been slated as one of George Romero's upcoming projects, but no date has been set for production. So, sit tight.*

The Postal Zone

Bowery Boys Are Go!

Dear Uncle Bob & Deadly Dave,

In reading your Cash Flagg/R.D. Steckler interview, I was reminded of an old love of mine. It was the mention of *Bowery Boys Meets the Monsters* that did it—that, and the accompanying photo of Steckler impersonating Huntz Hall in *Lemon Grove Kids*. That was sufficient to send me into a reverie of fond reminiscences, from which I returned with an idea for a dynamite article for your fine publication.

It occured to me that no one has—yet—produced an article on the elements of fantasy that were frequently present in the films of the East Side Kids, alternately known as the Bowery Boys. Should you doubt my words, remember that Bela Lugosi's first appearance opposite the Kids as the Monster was in 1941's *Spooks Run Wild; Master Minds*, made in 1941, concerned prophetic powers developed by Satch, who is kidnapped by a mad scientist eager to turn these to his own evil ends; in 1953, Satch developed mind-reading powers that enabled the gang to start their own detective agency in *Private Eyes:* a magic lamp got the boys into a mess'o'trouble in 1955's *Bowery to Baghdad;* while 1957's *Hold That Hypnotist* set the boys in search of the map leading to Bluebeard's treasure when Satch was hypnotically regressed to the 17th Century. I'm sure there are others—even *Dig That Uranium* has some frightening implications in this post-nuclear age.

I'm sure that you guys, editors of the first nationally-distributed magazine to give serious coverage to Mexican monster-wrestling films, will respond favorably to this suggestion. Should you doubt whether any of your readers will feel likewise, please run this letter in "Postal Zone"—I'm sure you'll be flooded with mail from like-minded Bowery Boys fans.

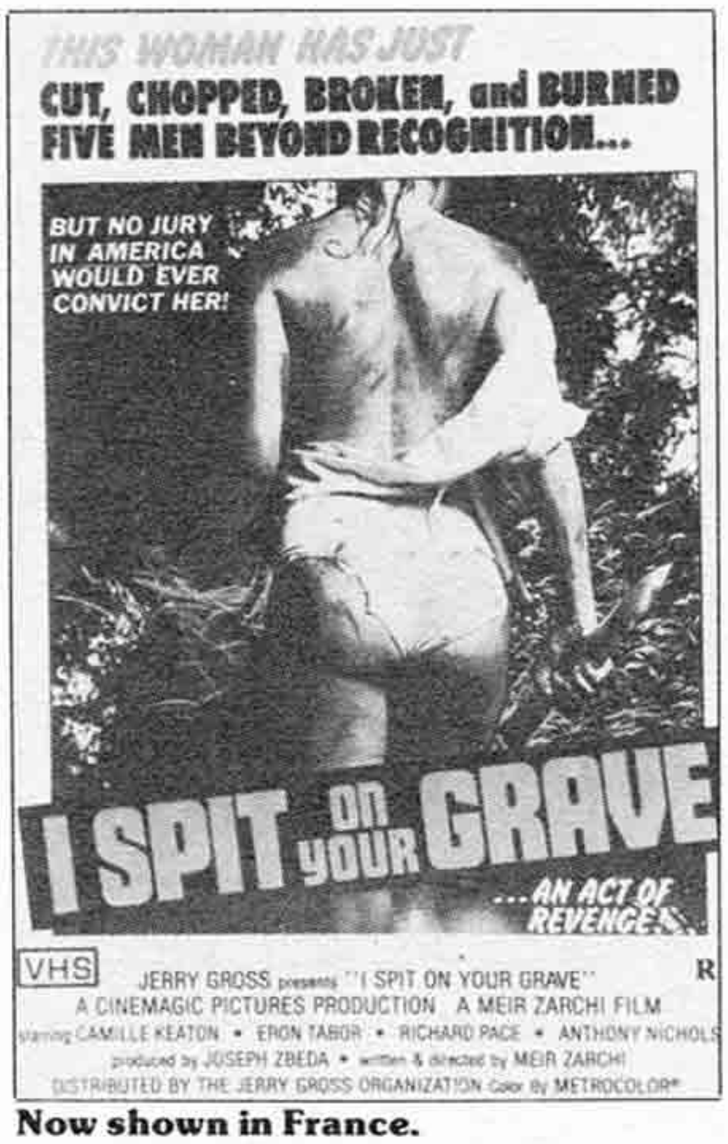
Vinnie Canbissi
Brooklyn, NY

Respect!

Gentlemen:

I regularly read and enjoy your magaine but I must admit that I grow rather upset with some of your younger subscribers who have this negative attitude toward older horror and fantasy films. In a recent issue one letter writer stated that he didn't wish to hear anything about King Kong in FANGORIA. I just don't get this. Being of that generation in the 50's who grew up and supported our own wave of terror pictures, from *House on Haunted Hill* to *The Blob*, to *The Hideous Sun Demon*. I know that we also had great appreciation for classics of the 30's and 40's, for *Dracula, The Wolfman, The Mummy* and, of course, the good old Frankenstein Monster. The fact that these were slower paced, less violent, more sedate than the then-current 50's fare in no way detracted from our enjoyment of them. Don't the lovers of modern horror realize the debt they have to the likes of James Whale, Karloff, Val Lewton and the Chaneys? Just how close-minded can you get?

Sincerely,
Max Grant
1775 Strobridge
Castro Valley, CA 94546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Continental Types

Dear Bob,

Even in France everyone knows that Fangoria has a special sense of humor. You short answer to our letter ('Postal Zone,' #29) proves it again.

It's too bad that we cannot trade articles; the reason for our request was that it is not always easy, in France, to get interviews from American filmmakers and makeup artists. Which, anyway, does not make us ashamed of being French.

Please tell your readers that our magazine address is 49 rue LaRochefoucald, 75009 Paris, not the address provided with the letter.

Friendly Yours,
Yves LeBescond
New York, NY

Dear FANGORIA,

I'm living in 'Socialist France,' as you say in your last issue ('Postal Zone,' issue #31), and I'm sure you'll be surprised to know that, contrary to what you think, *I Spit on your Grave, Maniac*, and many other such films have been released here on video for a long time. Without getting into politics, you may disagree with the socialist government, but no one can deny that they've almost totally abolished censorship. *Mad Max* and *Road Warrior* were completely forbidden during the right-wing government of Giscard Destaing but now everyone can go to a movie theater and see them; *The Road Warrior* and *Evil Dead* just got the PG rating. Besides, if you carefully watch President Mitterand's smile, you'll notice his vampiric canine teeth!

Phillipe Ross
53 rue Gurenberg
93500 Patin France

Yeah, but do the railroads run on time?

The New Breed

I am glad to see, disbelieving, your announcement of a new intelligent postal policy. I hope that your followers will accept this in the proper fashion. Perhaps you may even inculcate a whole new variety of devotees: bitter-to-the-end intellectuals, rolling in the gore of their own self-rejection; well-meaning pseudo-mentators, asphyxiated by the thought of someday being preserved in formaldehyde; disturbed mannikins, reacting not only to light and sound, but to thought. Perhaps your throngs shall prosper, like a spawn of spore-beings ever-hungry, ever-thristing, breeding like maggots in a steaming corpse, collectively usurping the hideousness of their own purpose: to FEED and multiply upon this world, to gravitate toward their life-sustaining stations, to writhe and flagellate in expectation of some supreme communion. Perhaps you shall awaken one day to see them, horizons of flesh, standing like repentant soldiers in your own backyard. Running to the cellar, you'll retrieve planks and boards, and nail up doors and shutters, and reminisce about former days.

Ralph Kramden
Beowolf, Iowa

Talk about your intelligent letters! Wuff!

Rush to Judgment

Dear Mr. Everitt, Fango, and Uncle Bob (where ever you may be):

First off I would like to say that I think FANGORIA is the best horror magazine in existence (but when you think about it, how could you not be after Warren Publishing went down the toilet?). I hope that you may continue to prosper for many years to come.

Now I would like to address a more important issue. The disappearance of Uncle Bob. I can already hear you groaning out there in New York, Everitt. Sure, you wish that this whole mess would dry up and go away. But it won't. There are too many true-blue Uncle Bob fans out in the world to let it. And we all know who is behind this too. I won't mention any names, but I would tend to think that a certain jealous co-editor had something to do with it! Sure, he pretends to be upset by this sudden turn for the worst, but at the same time he has been attempting to make a profit off of it (by the way, I vote YES for "I Remember Uncle Bob" by David Everitt; I figure if Uncle Bob is never found I might as well have something to remember him by). Nothing like getting rid of your competition and making a buck at the same time, right? Personally I think somebody should call the N.Y.P.D. and have a certain co-editor's home searched. On the other hand, I could be wrong. If this is the case I'll apologize now.

Scott Alan Becker
730 So. Hedges/ MSU
Bozeman, MT 59715

So—apologize. . . I'm waiting. . .

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Doc Butcher BUTCHERED?

Dear Dr. Cy,

After reading your review of *Dr. Butcher M.D.* (Paragon Video, 81 minutes) back in issue #24, I finally had a chance to see it for myself.

All I can say is that, apparently, two versions of the videotape exist—this copy had no blood, no guts, no special effects at all! Absolutely none! One of the reasons I own a VCR is to escape the censorship that exists in the cinemas; now I have to wonder if there is such an escape.

By the way: in defense of Cronenberg and Carpenter, *Videodrome* and *Halloween III* were two of the best horror movies I saw this year (on tape—and they weren't censored!!!)

Mark Conlon
Box 518
Lloydminster, Saskatchewan
Canada S9U 046

Dr. Cyclops replies: "This sort of thing happening to another member of the medical profession is practically too much to bear! But then, I don't have to tolerate it, because I don't live in Canada! Mr. Milo Duffin of Paragon Video advises me that Canadian censorship laws required the cuts in the north-of-the-border edition. As for Halloween III *and* Videodrome, *much of the gore in both of these films just barely flirts with the outer limits of what is allowed in Canada, so you may not have noticed such cuts—or you may have seen bootleg or U.S. editions."*

The Final Word?

Dear Fangoria:

Michael Weldon was right-on about Cleveland's horror hosts in his "The Hosts That Ate Cleveland"! The Ghoul is America's number one Wizard of Weird, inflicting his burned-out viewers with permanent brain damage. No one can match The Ghoul when it comes to sick, psychotic craziness. LET THE GHOUL TIMES ROLL! RAYYYY!

Big Chuck and Little John are occasionally funny, but more often than not they're just plain dumb. As for Superhost, he's even worse—he doesn't even try to be entertaining. Watching a test pattern is more interesting than watching Superhost.

I hope I've cleared this matter up once and for all.

Stay Sick!
Mark Lungo
7705 Ragall Parkway
Middleburg Heights, OH 44130

Words of Appreciation

Dear FANGORIA:

I would like to say that I like your magazine a lot more since you started putting posters in it. I think they're great and, by the way, could you do me a favor? Could you make a poster of Michael the Killer of *Halloween* I and II?

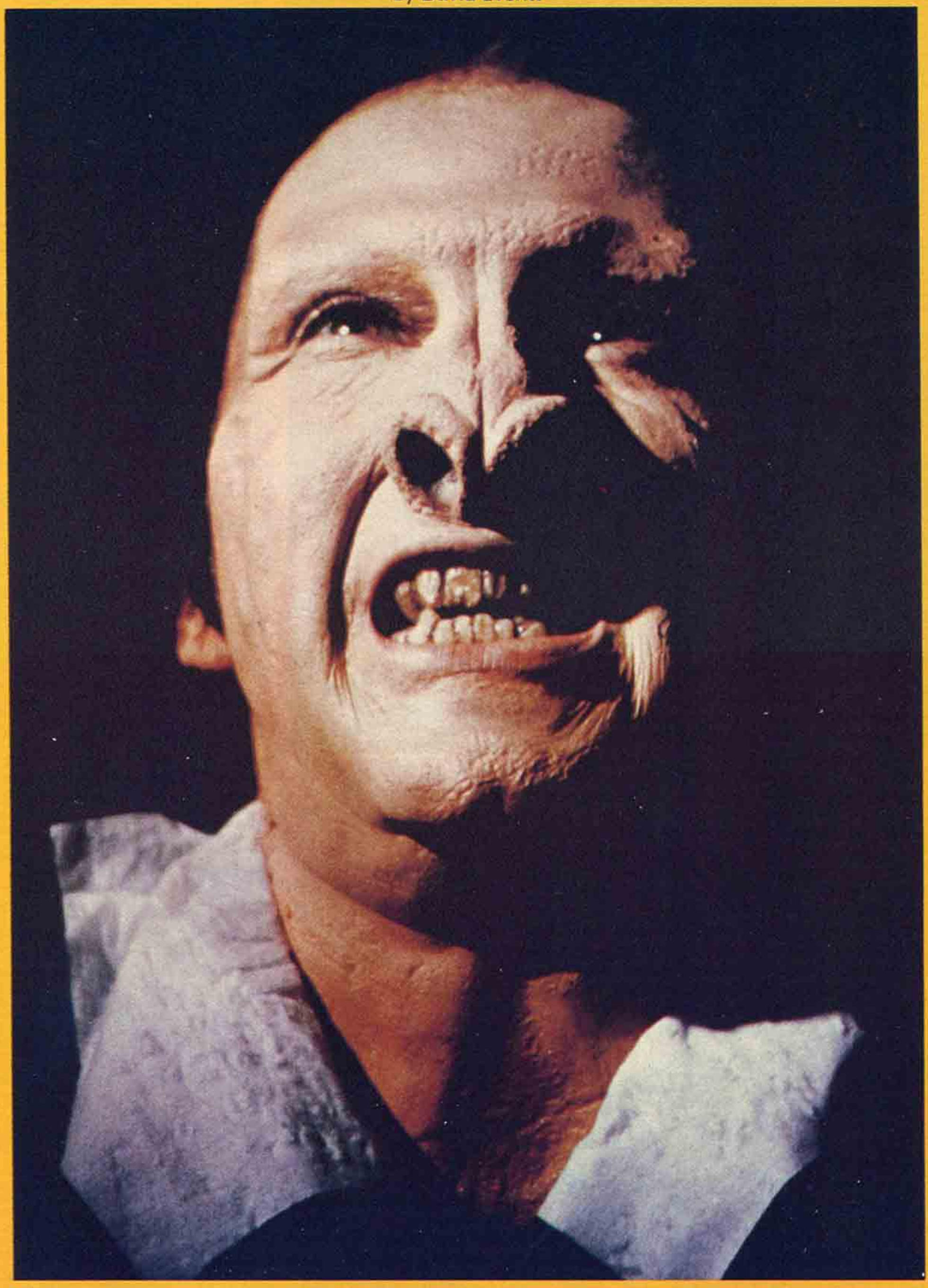
Frank Giroud
336 High
Moncton, N.B.
Canada E1C 6C3

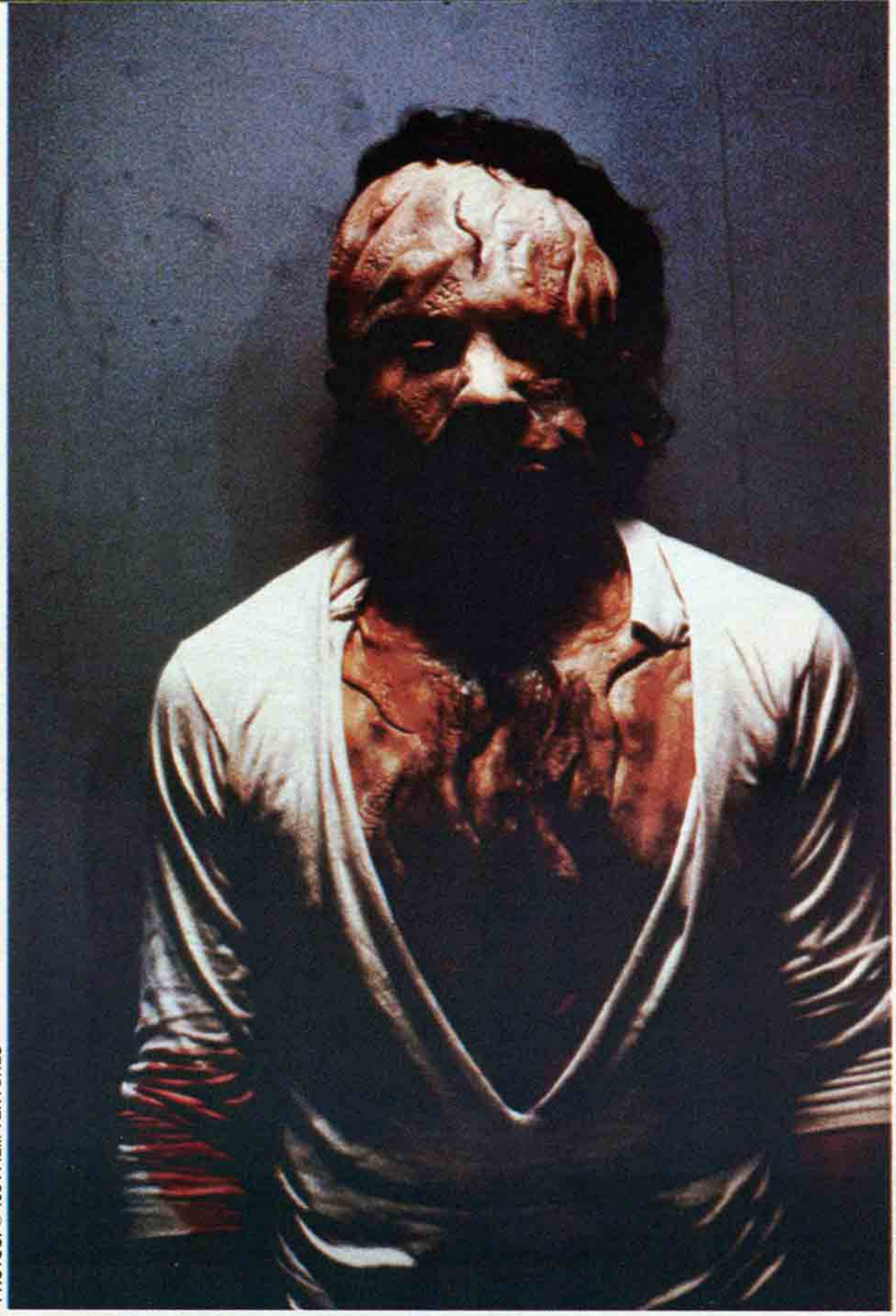
A Michael Meyer poster? Could be a possibility. What do the rest of you think? Send in your poster requests, whether they be Michael M., Jason the 13th, or whatever.

THE POWER

An ancient idol lures its victims into the depths of monstrous evil in this latest Film Ventures release.

By David Everitt





PHOTOS: © 1984 FILM VENTURES

The evil of the idol Destacatyl transforms a mild-mannered young man into a murderous, deformed fiend.

Jeff Obrow is entering the horror movie scene with two movies released almost simultaneously. His first picture *Pranks* (covered in Fango #17) is currently being re-released under the much snazzier title of *The Dorm That Dripped Blood*, and his second feature *The Power* is now following hot on the heels of his first venture. By collaborating with college friends and developing a tight-knit production unit, this young man has moved quickly from student to professional filmmaker.

Obrow and company first started making movies together while at UCLA film school. Here Obrow began working with Stacey Giachino who has since gone on to become the associate producer on both *The Dorm That Dripped Blood* and *The Power*. According to Obrow, she handles all the business and legal affairs and runs the production company. Another important member of this unit who became involved at UCLA is Stephen Carpenter. Obrow has developed an unusual creative relationship with Carpenter. While Obrow acts as producer and Carpenter is the director of photography, they share the credits for writing, editing and directing. Directing is almost always handled by one person. How did this collaboration between Obrow and Carpenter evolve?

"When we were at UCLA," explains Obrow, "I was directing the films and Steve was shooting them. But we were also writing the scripts together and editing the films together. After making two or three films at UCLA, we decided that for the first feature we would also direct together. When we'd be on the set as students, since we both wrote the script, as the director I would of course want Steve's point of view; I also got his view as the cinematographer and his view on how it would edit in the whole piece since he was the co-editor as well. In light of the fact that I was going to produce the film also, it was a natural evolution that I would want to work with him to make sure the direction did not suffer."

Obrow's first feature was originally titled *Death Dorm* and was then changed by the distributor, New Image, to the softer title of *Pranks*. After an unspectacular release in the South and Midwest, the distributor about-faced to the title of *The Dorm That Dripped Blood*, a decision that Obrow is pleased with: "it really lets the horror fans know what they're coming to see."

This variation on the stalker-movie theme was the first test of the co-directing combination of Obrow and Carpenter. "The way in which the direction is divided," says Obrow, "is that I handle all of the scheduling and the personnel and the organizational tasks. Steve handles the crew and the technical end. The benefit of having two directors is that you're not dealing with just one person's viewpoint. The actor gets two person's viewpoints. Since both Steve and I feel we're right on an issue, a lot of times we are able to come up with the best of both ideas. It fits in with the two-heads-are-better-than-one theory. A lot of times when you see a film that's not working, it has to do with the fact that the director's decision wasn't right-on. When you have two directors, you have a better chance of heading in the right direction, because you can see both sides of how to play a scene."

In order to raise money for *The Dorm That Dripped Blood*, Obrow and company originally shot a short promotional reel for the picture and enticed potential investors with glimpses of the action that would be found in a feature version of the project. Obrow took the same tack with *The Power*. "We didn't use any of the same scenes in the product reel for *The Power* that we did in the feature film that we eventually made. We just went out and shot a little three-minute story, along the lines of a trailer that you would see in a theater that can get you all involved in what's going on with just a little bit of this and a little bit of that. Once we raised money from the trailer, *then* we went out and actually wrote the script. It was exactly the same story; we just wanted to wait till the money was raised before we wrote a complete script, because, if we didn't raise enough, we'd have to make one kind of story, and if we succeeded in raising enough, which we did, then we would be able to make a more ambitious story."

The story used for *The Power* concerns a small Aztec idol that transmits an enormous evil force. Although the story is not based on a particular legend, to come up with the concept of the idol known as Destacatyl, Obrow says, "we did a lot of research into different cultures. We found that in the Aztec culture there were five stars that were supposed to have come down from the heavens; we talk a little about that in the film. These stars had names like Sayacatyl or Quetzacatyl. The name Destacatyl we made up ourselves; we felt it is reminiscent of the word destiny and that it has a nice dark sound to it. Destacatyl is

not based on any particular real legend, but I am sure there are quite a few legends about idols that embody evil. I think that's why the film works, because everybody has that feeling that there could be an amulet or an idol or a stone out there that has some sort of evil power, some sort of terrible jinx. There are legends about this sort of thing and we have loosely based *The Power* on all of them."

According to Obrow, this picture shows "how the power of evil is passed on through four or five characters in the film. These characters become evil not because they *want* to become evil, but because they feel they can somehow possess the idol, but eventually, as we, and they, find out, you can't possess the idol—the idol posseses you. If you think you can possess Destacatyl, then already that power that you're searching for will turn against you. And that, I think, is a different variation that we've seen in other supernatural films. The quest for power itself can turn the evil onto yourself.

"The movie is scary on an intimate level. I would say it's a personal film in that everyone can relate to it. I'm sure everyone who has taken out a Ouija board has at some time thought, 'Well, what if we really conjure up a spirit?' The same applies to people in some meditation session or a seance. It's something perhaps that they've always feared."

The fact that Obrow uses the words "intimate" and "personal" does not mean, however, that *The Power* doesn't have its share of overt horror. Fango readers will be pleased to know that the power of Destacatyl can turn people into hideous creatures who, if they have their druthers, will go on a killing spree. The makeup effects artist in charge of the Power's horrific manifestations was Matthew Mungle. "He did a great job on *The Dorm That Dripped Blood,* and then *The Power* tested his abilities further by presenting him with supernatural kinds of effects, a more advanced challenge. And he really came through. A lot of the makeup effects had to do with on-screen transformations. We really like that kind of stuff because it gives the audience something to watch for and get excited about or, on the other hand, make them put their hands over their eyes."

Along with Mungle, Obrow used almost all the same crew-members on *The Power* that he employed on *The Dorm That Dripped Blood*. The experience of working on more than one picture together has helped this young production unit (the average age is about 24) to hone their skills and act upon the lessons learned from their first go-round. Obrow says that on a really low-budget first film "you tend to look at certain scenes and say, 'Well, I don't know if that really is right, but then we don't know if we're even going to get a distribution deal. Who knows if it'll ever be in the theaters. And, as a result, a lot of things are allowed to slip a little. If you're lucky enough to get that distribution deal, as we were, and the film does go into the theaters, you then start seeing it everywhere. We started to see it pop up in different places—in theaters, on Select TV in Los

Bottom: An occultist by the name of Francis Lott discovers the idol and starts the monstrous cycle of evil. Top: Another manifestation of Destacatyl's power.

Jerry (Warren Lincoln) is bedeviled by the mysterious Destacatyl.

Jerry, caught in mid-transformation.

Angeles, and so on—and we saw those certain scenes that we might have played differently and taken more time with and put a little more money into; we watched it and said, 'Ah, we definitely should have done it differently.' So in the second film, if we weren't certain about a scene we didn't just let it slide by. We worked very hard to make it just the way we wanted, because we knew it was going to be in the theaters and we did not want to feel bad about what we could have done."

After Obrow and his associates produced *The Power* on their own, they made a distribution deal with Film Ventures. Part of the deal entailed shooting extra footage to prime the picture for release. Obrow says, "Film Ventures felt that the movie needed more action and we agreed with them 100%. When we finished the film and started taking it around to distributors, we had run out of funds for production; we had a completed picture that we were happy with, but the changes they wanted seemed to be good changes. Mostly they wanted more effects work—effects work and action scenes that really brought out the supernatural elements. We had that sort of thing in the film before, but these scenes really enhanced it. Also, there were a few slow scenes which were taken out. We originally thought that they were necessary, but in looking at the film later, we could see that they really weren't."

The Power begins its release in January, while *The Dorm That Dripped Blood* winds up its theatrical engagement and moves closer to a videocassette release. With two horror movies already to his credit, does Obrow plan on staying in the thriller genre? "I think I may look for a departure for the next film," says Obrow, "and then come back to the thriller genre because I love that kind of film. I don't want to make too many of them or I'll get burned out on the genre and the pictures just won't be as good."

A violent tug-of-war over the possession of the idol leaves reporter Sandy McKennah (Susan Stokey) trapped in the middle.

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Chaney's Secret

A forgotten, tragic episode from the early life of the great Lon Chaney that shaped his horrific career to come.

By Sam Henderson

This article originally appeared in *The Sunday Oklahoman* under the title of "Secrets from Lon Chaney's Oklahoma Odyssey."

Millions upon millions of moviegoers once gasped in horror when the monstrous Lon Chaney appeared upon the Silver Screen. Millions quaked in terror when that master of masquerade vividly portrayed either *The Miracle Man, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Phantom of the Opera,* or the most unholy of *The Unholy Three.*

That greatest of all character actors became renowned as the Man of a Thousand Faces while playing two, three, and even four roles in a single film. But few of his many gasping fans knew that he had long before left a tragic past behind on the Oklahoma frontier.

Few knew because Chaney ever afterward tried desperately to forget the tragedy and despair that he experienced there, along with his joy and triumphs. And thus he did not dare mention the most meaningful and the most emotional moments of his life in autobiographical accounts.

He did not drop even a hint of that joy or despair until finally preparing himself for the fate that was to some measure the theme of every picture he ever played. But then, just before the mysterious hand of death closed about his ailing throat, he asked the musicians who scored his most horrifying movies to play "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at his funeral.

Those who pondered a clown's rejoicing at such a sad occasion became even more bewildered when the great actor's last will and testament was read. They, upon hearing the final lines, could also imagine that the chilling laughter of a hideous monster was resounding from out of the distance. For they suddenly found that he had left Cleva Creighton Chaney one single dollar bill to "fulfill any and all claims."

Even Chaney's most intimate friends were surprised by this. For they had long accepted actress Hazel Hastings as their old pal's only wife and mother of his only son. So they wondered just who this Cleva Creighton Chaney might be.

They wondered and wondered while the hideous laughter of that imaginary monster grew faint.

The mischievous prankster who died with the flicker of a smile on his lips was appropriately born on All Fool's Day of 1883 in Colorado Springs. But at the youthful age of 20 he ventured to Oklahoma Territory with the hope of launching a theatrical career.

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF SAM HENDERSON

The Man of a Thousand Faces was also a man with a hidden past, dating back to his days in Oklahoma.

He was soon drawn to the Brook Brothers Opera House in Guthrie. This—in later years the Avon Movie Theater—was praised as the finest such establishment in the Southwest. And patrons indeed found conveniences there that were not available elsewhere.

The gamblers, who won and lost fortunes over a single roll of dice in the basement gaming room, could easily escape authorities by fleeing through a tunnel that led directly to the Rock Island depot. And the showgoers who nightly crowded the show place of gilt and red plush saw the thespian greats of that day perform.

Lon, while shifting scenery there, earned three dollars a week and slept on a property

Lon Chaney in his classic portrayal of the tormented Quasimodo in *Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

couch back stage. But he also learned the secrets of show business and mastered the tricks of the entertainment trade.

The more talented performers appearing there immediately noticed his "willingness to work at all hours." And they willingly taught him the simple rudiments of acting.

Lon, in turn, proved himself worthy of their confidence by steadily improving his performance. He later filled parts ranging from walk-ons to leads when other members of the cast could not be mustered.

He became known as "a one-man show." And, in 1904, he decided to put his own show on the road.

Older brother John was at that moment staging a home talent production in their native Colorado Springs. They later toured the Southwest with this show before settling on Oklahoma City's Grand Avenue, for many years the city's Honky Tonk Row.

The beautiful and vivacious Cleva Creighton became their featured attraction there. She, at age 15, was billed on the marquees as "the girl with a golden voice." Nightly, she melted harsh hearts with her rendition of "Kathleen Mavoureen."

Lon Chaney was one of many men who fell beneath her spell. But he was also the only man who could make her heart flutter like a butterfly's wings.

He and she were wed on May 31, 1905—just two days before Cleva's 16th birthday. Major J.F. Messenbaugh performed the ceremony in his rooms at 209½ West, Main Street.

That highly esteemed official had reason to be interested in the young couple. He was a physician by profession and Cleva's mother often assisted him in his duties.

Mattie Creighton, in fact, often assisted practically everyone in Oklahoma City. She, a practical nurse, provided all that was expected wherever there was illness. She mothered sick youngsters, comforted troubled oldsters, reassured the distressed and placated the frustrated.

She also brought countless babies into the world. But she did not rest even after these babies were successfully delivered. She instead remained in the household—cooking the meals and scrubbing the floors—until the mothers fully recovered.

Mattie made the most difficult of many many deliveries during the terribly cold night of Feb. 10, 1906, in a lonely cabin on Oklahoma City's Belle Isle Lake. She worked diligently there with her own daughter, until a bluish baby boy arrived.

A bluish baby boy who did not immediately cry out and seemed to be dead. A baby boy who did not seem to warrant hope until the father frantically intervened.

Lon quickly swept the tiny form from Cleva's trembling arms to the nearby icy water. He plunged the seemingly lifeless body beneath the frigid water and provoked a howl of protest along with a surge of strength.

Every reader no doubt knows that *this* baby boy later became known throughout the world as Lon Chaney, Junior. But few if any are likely to be aware that he was christened Creighton Tull Chaney at that uncertain moment on Belle Isle Lake, for the reasons behind that name have long since been forgotten.

Mattie Creighton provided one reason when successfully delivering her namesake. An Oklahoma City furniture dealer, Francis M. Tull, provided another reason when he provided the proud father with a badly needed job.

That job was at Tull's Grand Rapids Furniture Company. Lon earned 15 dollars a week there until early that following year, when his employer built the Folly Theatre at 125 West Grand.

Then Lon Chaney completed on the Folly stage the development of the talent that was later acclaimed everywhere. He continued to accept whatever role opened up. But now he changed more than just his costume while

Chaney's Phantom of the Opera concealed beneath a death's-head disguise.

moving from one role to another. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to change with each fresh part.

But the spectators there little dreamed that Lon Chaney movies would one day be seen at the Folly and other such theaters along Grand Avenue.

Throughout these early years on the Oklahoma frontier, Chaney worked back stage while also appearing in scenes on stage.

He later served as production manager at the Metropolitan Theater which opened in 1909.

He discovered the secrets of disguise there in the "green room" where performers made themselves up. He created for himself a pose that would perhaps shock even Mr. Hyde.

He replaced his face with another seared by a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow to the tinge of evil passion, and perverted by bile-shot eyes set above a thin nose.

Chaney liked to frighten Metropolitan chorus girls with his hideous makeup by suddenly leaping from the darkened theater corridors into their path. And they usually screamed until that sinister grin broke into a mischievous smile.

They stared in amazement as his form filled out, as the wrinkles disappeared, as the dull eyes regained their fire.

They stared in amazement as the first of Lon Chaney's one thousand faces faded away. They stared in amazement without realizing that millions of moviegoers would would one day react to the same terrifying experience.

Lon, himself, did not dream of appearing in such scenes on the Silver Screen. For he then amused rather than horrified audiences.

He performed as a dancing clown while journeying to Los Angeles with a road show in 1910. But he found there was no demand for hilarious antics amid that promised land. So more than six months passed before he filled even a single bill.

But the life of his Oklahoma wife meantime brightened beyond belief. Vivacious Cleva Creighton instantly became the rave of the cabarets there.

Cleva found the men in the crowds delighted in her company. She too liked to laugh brassily at their bawdy jokes, and between performances joined them for rounds of drinks.

Round after round, which invariably led to a state of total drunkenness. But Lon did not object until he found a letter that Cleva had failed to mail. This was addressed to her "dearest boy," a favorite bartender—and was filled with complaints about "work, work, work."

The lightning bolt that disrupted their marriage burst from the stormy confrontation that followed. But for several weeks there was only thunder.

Lon meantime resumed his performance as a dancing clown. Yet fellow performers noticed that his painted face seemed particularly droll between shows. Too, his huge lips, colored wide and white, only emphasized the obvious turmoil beneath.

One evening, he burst onto stage as the

Chaney's hideous Phantom unmasked.

Lon Chaney's great agility and uncommon dedication first came to people's attention in the part of a twisted man "cured" by a charlatan healer in 1919's *Miracle Man*.

very personification of gaiety. His face brightened as his feet deftly moved to the tune of a three-string banjo. Puns and jests fell from his lips.

The spectators' delight increased as he moved into the lines and strains of "Little Red Caboose Behind the Train." They happily clapped their hands as he suddenly lighted a giant red cigar. Then they burst into laughter as he blew out a huge stream of smoke and whistled like a train.

They continued to roar their approval until hearing a woman scream. Then, they stared in amazement as Cleva leaped from the wings into her husband's arms. They stared in amazement as she crumpled to the floor with a poisonous fluid dripping from her lips.

Chaney was even more astonished than they. But he carried poor Cleva to an ambulance that had rushed to the scene. He remained by her side until, just before the end of that terrible night, she passed from danger.

Then he boldly strode from the building without so much as a glance over his shoulder. He strode from the building and into the dawn of a new life.

Newspaper headlines blared the terrible story: "Cabaret Singer Takes Poison in Suicide Attempt! Doctors at County Hospital Say Cleva Creighton Calls Continuous for Her little Boy."

Cleva did not see her little boy again until he was fully grown. By then, she had survived one terrible blow after another, for the poisonous liquid that failed to take her life had destroyed her vocal cords. She could never again sing professionally.

She toiled for several years in the beet fields surrounding Oxnard, Calif., while her former husband soared to the heights of stardom.

She was among the few who knew that Oklahoma was indirectly responsible for this phenomenal success. She was among the few who knew that Lon Chaney first appeared in movies filmed by the Oklahoma cowboys who toured with the 101 Wild West show.

Lon Chaney became the greatest of all character actors only after applying the experience gained while playing a wide range of roles in Oklahoma opera houses.

Lon Chaney brought the most monstrous of storybook monsters to life only after using the secrets of disguise he had mastered in Oklanoma green rooms.

Poor Cleva meantime cooked for 50 field hands beneath a broiling sun in a tent near Oxnard. No one remembered the past she shared with Lon Chaney, and she never once tried to renew their association.

Chaney never mentioned Cleva's name until preparing himself for death. Then he perhaps recalled his final performance as a laughing clown.For he requested the playing of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at his funeral.

A few days after that funeral, Cleva learned that she was mentioned inChaney's will. He left her "one single dollar bill," which was supposedly "all the obligation owed her to fulfill any and all claims."

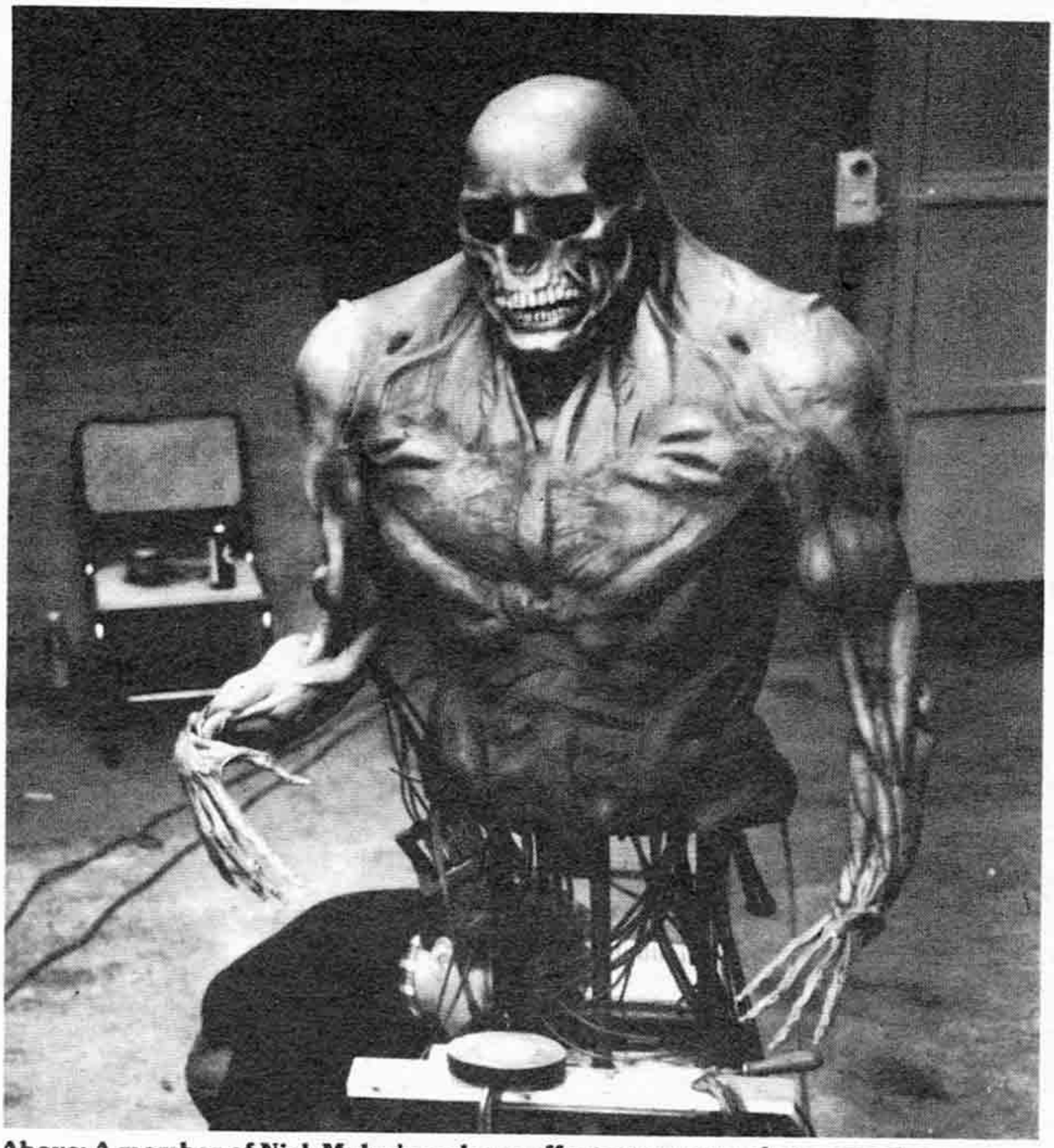
How did she spend that dollar?

She bought the flowers that she scattered over his grave. For she fondly remembered all that he had so desperately tried to forget.

The Creature Effects of THE KEEP

Nick Maley on the makeup effects seen in Michael Mann's thriller

By David Everitt



PHOTOS: © 1983 PARAMOUNT

Above: A member of Nick Maley's makeup effects crew attends to a mechanized version of Molasar, the immortal denizen of the Keep. Opposite Page: Molasar in one of his later stages.

Makeup man Nick Maley considers *The Keep* to be one of his most unique assignments, a film that doesn't have "any immediate parallels." The film's setting of Nazi-occupied Rumania during World War II is an offbeat springboard for a gothic horror tale in which the 20th-century evil of Hitler's SS is confronted with an ancient, far more powerful evil. Director Michael Mann has described *The Keep*'s historical setting of 1941 Europe as a time "when the unconscious of people is externalized;" accordingly, he has envisioned the film as a dream-like, expressionistic fairy tale for adults. Obviously, this is not just another horror movie. To create the most overtly bizarre aspects of *The Keep,* the special effects, a special brand of inventiveness was required.

Maley (whose work has been seen in such pictures as *Horror Planet,* television's *Hunchback of Notre Dame* and the fantasy *Krull*—see FANGORIA #29) had to deal not only with unusual concepts in *The Keep* but a great quantity of work as well. In addition to the creature that is the embodiment of evil in *The Keep,* Maley had to develop old-age makeup for actor Ian McKellen who plays the Jewish historian Cuza, a crippled man who exchanges his soul for youth and health; and Maley had to supervise the construction of a veritable army of dummies to stand in for German soldiers ravaged by Molasar, *The Keep*'s ancient evil being. In one scene in particular, Maley and his crew had to create 50 "Molasized" dummies as well as make up 20 extras to look like the victim-dummies. For scenes showing the Germans at the mercy of the awesome power of Molasar, Maley worked very closely with master mechanical-effects artist Nick Allder, known for his work in films like *Alien* and *Empire Strikes Back*. Allder worked with Maley in staging the scenes of Molasar drawing the energy, the life-source, out of the Germans and leaving them as disintegrating husks. A variety of mechanical effects were used to destroy Maley's dummies, including smoke, explosions and crumbling effects. For his part, Maley coordinated his makeup efforts by using either wax, urethane or acrylic dummies as needed for the desired effect.

In addition to these many tasks, Maley also had to create a series of makeup creations to portray the uncanny evolution of Molasar. These creature effects involved a great deal of imagination as well as trial-and-error, and ultimately turned out to be the makeup centerpiece of the picture.

In F. Paul Wilson's novel *The Keep,* the mysterious resident of the title fortress is first perceived by the occupying German troops as a menace befitting the keep's Transylvanian locale—none other than the dreaded vampire. Molasar seems pleased with this theory and is ready to reinforce it. When he makes his first appearance in the quarters of Cuza, the man enlisted by the Nazis to unravel the mystery of the keep, Molasar is a black-clad aristocratic-type—tall, lean, commanding, with piercing eyes; in other words, a Christopher Lee stand-in. Only in the final chapters is Molasar revealed to be something far more insidious and destructive than your garden-variety vampire could ever hope to be. While a deceptively typical vampire might work in a novel, a movie version would need a more vividly visual representation of Molasar's distinctively evil character.

Director Mann wanted a very unusual creature-design, which placed a special kind of problem in the hands of Maley. "There was nothing in the project," says Maley, "that leads you in any one direction, which in one way is great but in other ways is a little difficult, especially when you don't have a lot of time to make up your mind exactly what it should be."

A Molasar costume subdivided into separate muscles and bones for realistic movement.

At first, Molasar was supposed to have no particular tangible form and then it was to gradually take on a shape that was to be influenced by the time in which it forms. The realization of this sort of concept, Maley points out, "requires a lot of discretion. It's a fairly hard thing to just pluck out of the air. It's not something that you would find in a standard monster movie; you can't just pull out a Creature from the Black Lagoon or an It monster, because they don't relate in any way to this project. And at the same time you have to do something that's fairly fantastic for the creature to be believable as an immortal which has been caged within this fortress for 400 years."

The process of designing the look of the evolving Molasar involved on-going discussions with Mann who maintained a firm control over the development of makeup effects, as he did with all aspects of *The Keep*. "Mike Mann is a very demanding director," says Maley. "He likes to have everything tested, he likes to know exactly what he's going to get. He's not one of those directors who will settle easily. He has an image in his mind of what he wants and that's basically what you're going to give him, which means you can go through tests and various stages before he gets exactly what he wants."

The vision conceived by Mann that was realized by Maley began with Molasar as a ball of energy which slowly materializes into a humanoid form. At first there is a nervous system, then a muscular and skeletal form, and eventually a recognizable humanoid incarnation. The idea of a shape-changing creature is not in itself new, but Mann wanted an approach that was different from *American Werewolf in London* and *The Thing*. There are no on-screen transformations in *The Keep* because, as Maley explains, "the story is about people and the way that people are influenced by one another; at least that's a major part of the story, as I see it. Although Molasar is affecting everything and forcing situations, he isn't overexposed. You don't see him running around tearing people to bits, even though that is happening. He is changing all the time and, as there are gaps of several days between scenes showing Molasar, each time we see him he has already changed into something else."

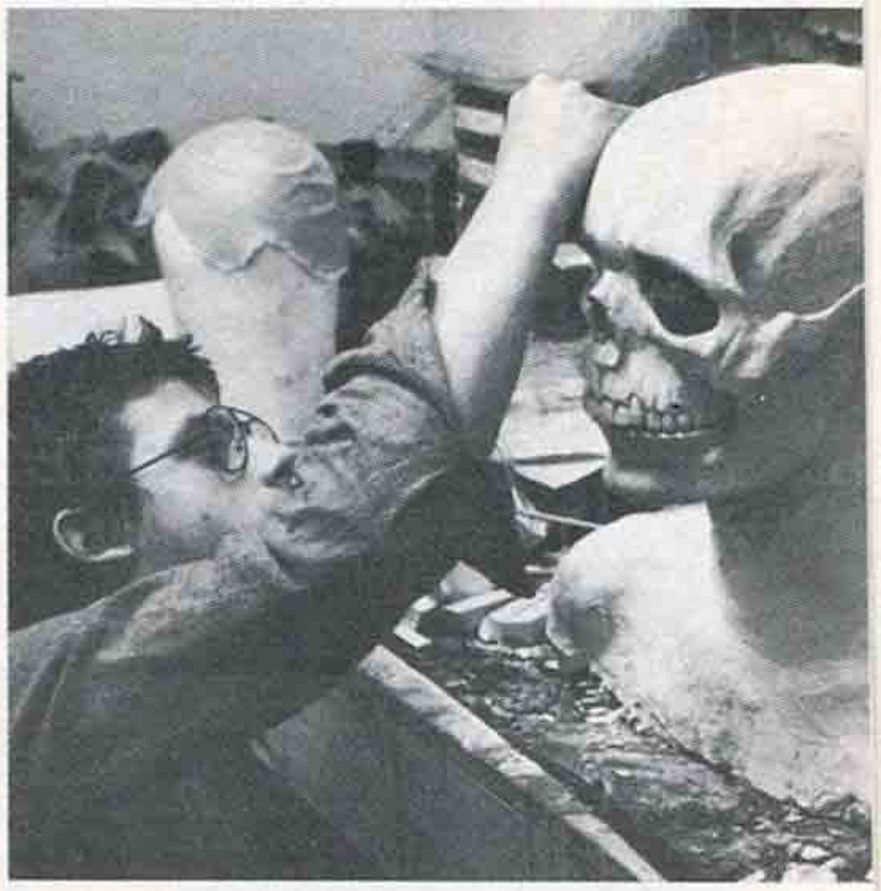
Even though Maley didn't have to create on-screen transformations, the task of showing Molasar in progressive, sometimes radically different stages involved problems of its own. Maley explains: "To have a character which appears throughout the picture and never looks the same and yet you have to be able to recognize him as being the same character—that's not too easy. There were certain things we had to establish early on which had to be carried through from one form to another. Mainly, we locked down on his eyes, since the eyes are such a strong feature of any character. In Molasar's case, his eyes form very early on and this is something that we can recognize throughout the movie. Also, his body-lines had to develop in such a way that we start to recognize the body-line as being similar from one stage to the next, even though it has changed in form."

One of the "Molasized" SS troopers who transgresses an evil domain.

The evolving creature of *The Keep*.

generated by the actor's muscle movement underneath. The undershape of the suit muscles had to fit particular muscles in the actor's body, and as those muscles moved, they generated movement in the suit. We would marry bicep in the suit, for example, to bicep movement in the performer. So the actor didn't have to think, 'Now I'll pull this lever,' or 'I'll squeeze that and this is going to make something move.' He could perform as he felt was right for the part and, as he performed and as he moved his own muscles, he would start the movement in the individual muscles above."

Within the exacting groundrules laid down by director Mann, Maley and his assistants have worked hard to produce a menace that will stand out amongst the host of other creatures seen in horror pictures. Like Maley's creature costume, the entire film *The Keep* uses familiar themes as a starting point and attempts to apply novel variations to make the picture unique within its genre.

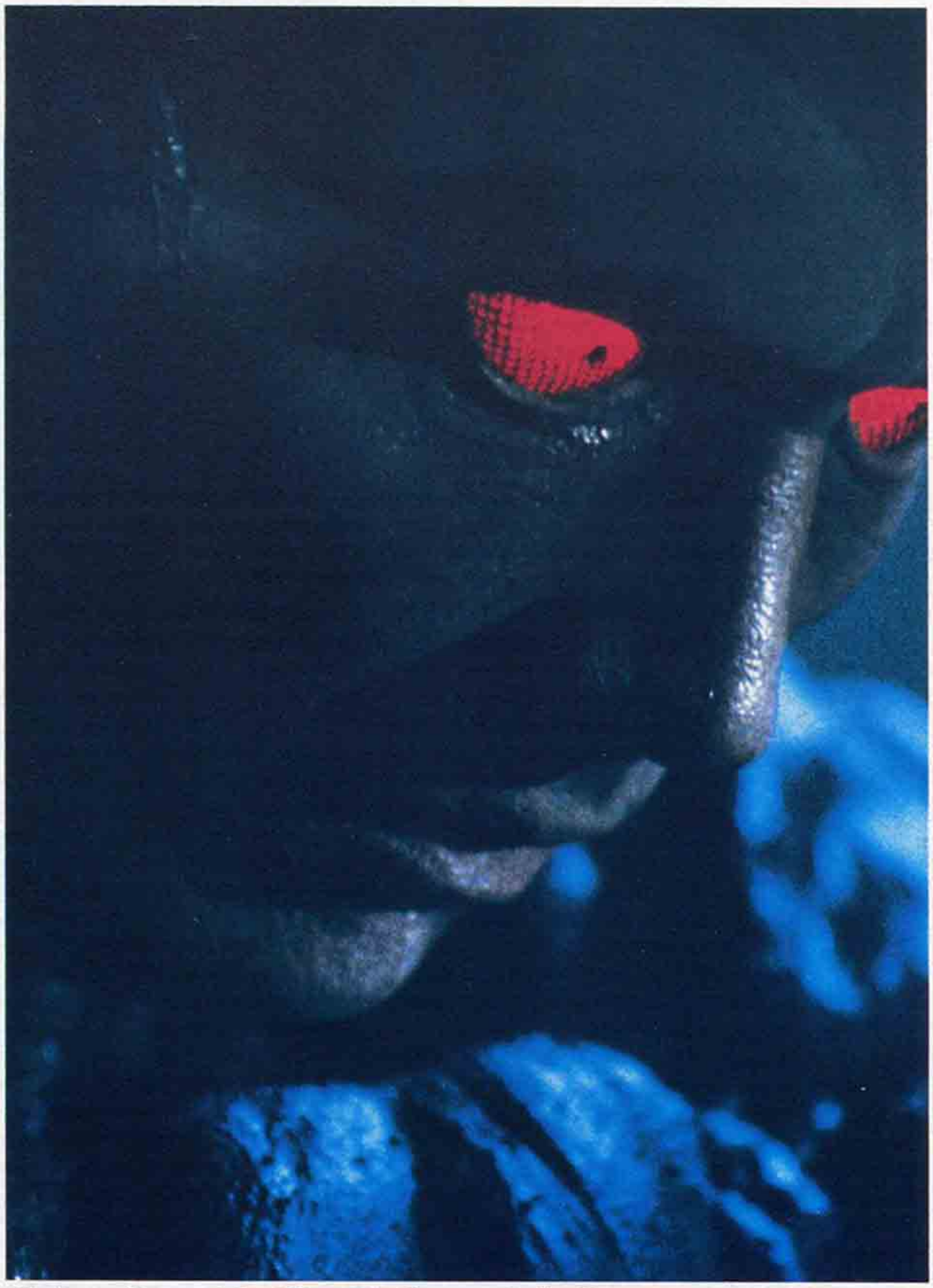


One of the creature heads being sculpted.

Another decision to be made involved the use of mechanical figures for Molasar. "We originally intended to make mechanical figures," says Maley, "and we actually built one for the second Molasar. It was going to be almost totally mechanical. But it becomes very difficult when you're dealing with a seven-foot tall figure as opposed to a two-foot tall creature. The scene in which it appears was conceived in a way that you perhaps saw only the head and shoulders of the creature. As we got closer to shooting the scene, Michael had decided that he really wanted to see a lot more of Molasar and therefore it really made it impractical to produce a totally mobile seven-foot mechanical creature. We instead went to a man in a suit."

The monster-suit created by Maley and his crew was fashioned in a way to give it a more realistic look than many creature-costumes have exhibited in the past. "Though there aren't any mechanical parts except for the use of lasers for the eyes and the movement in the jaw, it was still a quite sophisticated suit. Because the figure was in a skeletal and muscular form, it gave us the opportunity to be able to make separate body parts, like a giant jigsaw puzzle. We modeled it and then broke it down into separate bones and muscles, and then put the whole thing back together again. This gave us the advantage of muscles moving independently of each other and, in fact, of moving in relationship with each other.

"The muscles in the suit were literally



The face of immortal evil found by Germans in the Keep.

Zombie of the Month: 21st Century's *City of the Walking Dead*

By David Everitt

Zombies are a force to reckon with in contemporary international cinema. Just about every time you turn around these days, a new zombie picture from Italy is stalking onto American movie screens and mangling its way into American hearts and minds. Say what you will—zombies are with us. They're now, they're happening, they're 80's.

The latest contribution to cannibal culture is Umberto Lenzi's *City of the Walking Dead*, distributed in the U.S. by 21st Century. This picture may very well be the foreign zombie movie with a difference. When the history of the Italian cannibal cycle is written, *City of the Walking Dead* may well be considered the *Plan 9 From Outer Space* of the genre—or at least the *Brain from Planet Arous*. *City of the Walking Dead* is filled with violent, horrific action served up in the spirit of unabashed, unintentional absurdity. Either that or Umberto Lenzi is a director of uncommonly sly wit, a quality that's not all that conspicuous amongst Italian cannibal/gore/zombie filmmakers.

The mayhem begins early in *City of the Walking Dead* when a reporter (Hugo

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Above: A TV-production man gets a working-over during the zombie attack on the go-go-dancer show.

Below: Crud-Face moves in on a helpless starlet who likes to wander around dark cellars alone.

Never one to pass up on a gruesome closeup, director Umberto Lenzi zeroes in on a zombie snack.

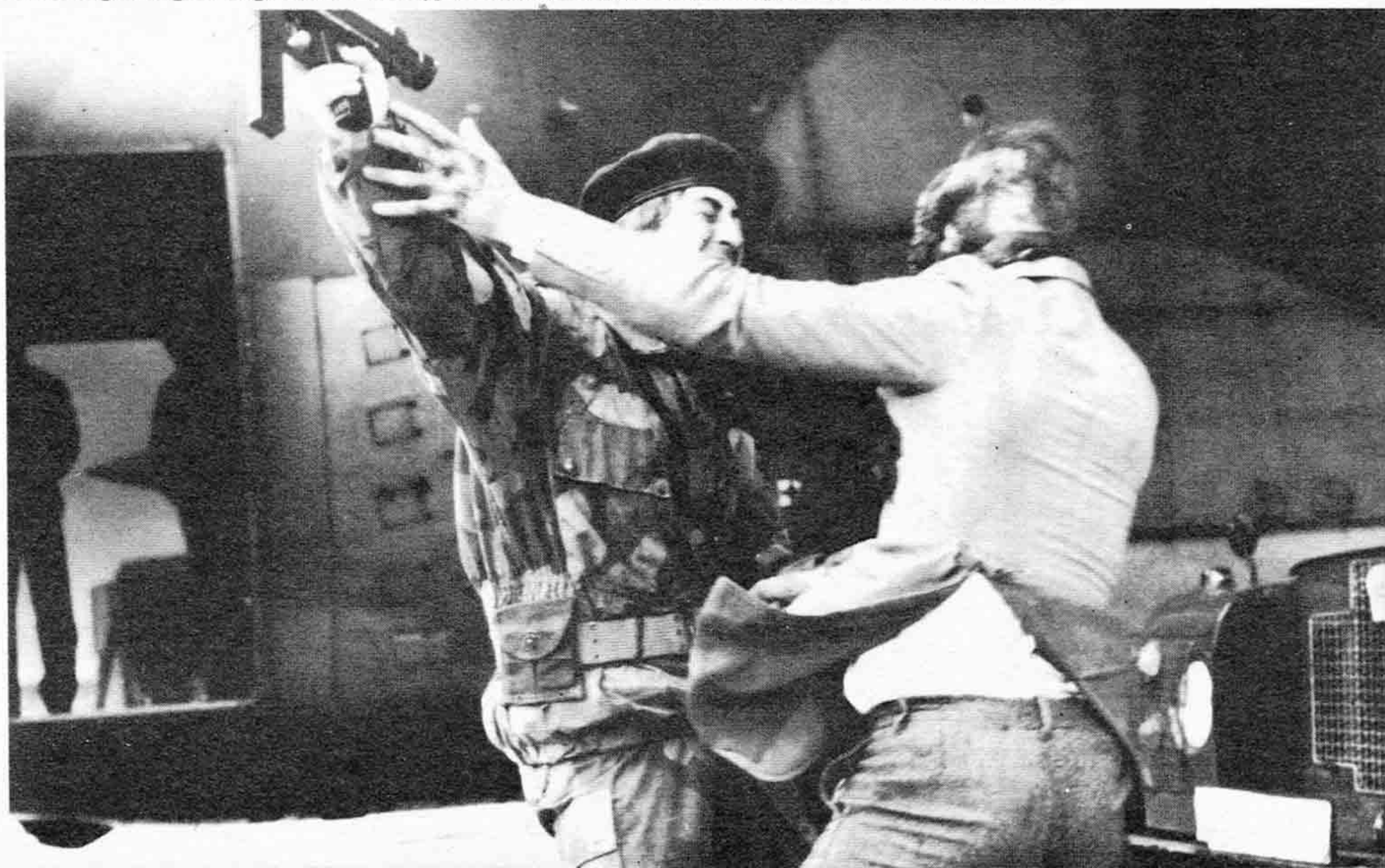
The electrifying Hugo Stiglitz, in a crucial scene, reaffirms his skills at making telephone calls in Italian-zombie movies.

Stiglitz) goes to the airport to interview an incoming scientist about a recent nuclear-waste spill. Events take a turn toward the mysterious when a military plane approaches the airfield for an unscheduled landing. Soldiers surround the plane once it is on the ground, and things become more mysterious when no one gets off the plane. More mysterious yet, the scientist then suddenly emerges from the plane, looking like someone punched him in both eyes while he was putting on his Frankenstein shoes. And, as if this weren't mysterious enough, an army of rotted-face zombies then pours out of the plane and kicks ass with knives, crow-bars and teeth.

In other parts of the city, similar zombie attacks are in progress. Zombies tear through a TV studio populated by go-go dancers, ravage an entire hospital, and then search-and-destroy through the suburbs (and all very neatly, too, I might add—whenever a zombie finishes sucking someone's blood, more often than not he'll take the time to wipe his mouth).

Gorehounds will most likely find their fill in *City of the Walking Dead*, and political activists will appreciate the film's stirring protest against the sort of irresponsible modern technology that is so often the root-cause of zombie-problems these days. As for Hugo Stiglitz fans, you've probably seen the movie already, so I don't have to tell you anything.

Zombies get tough with generic soldier types in the hellzapoppin' opening to *City of the Walking Dead*.



The Official Fango Library

Part III: Horror Film Stars

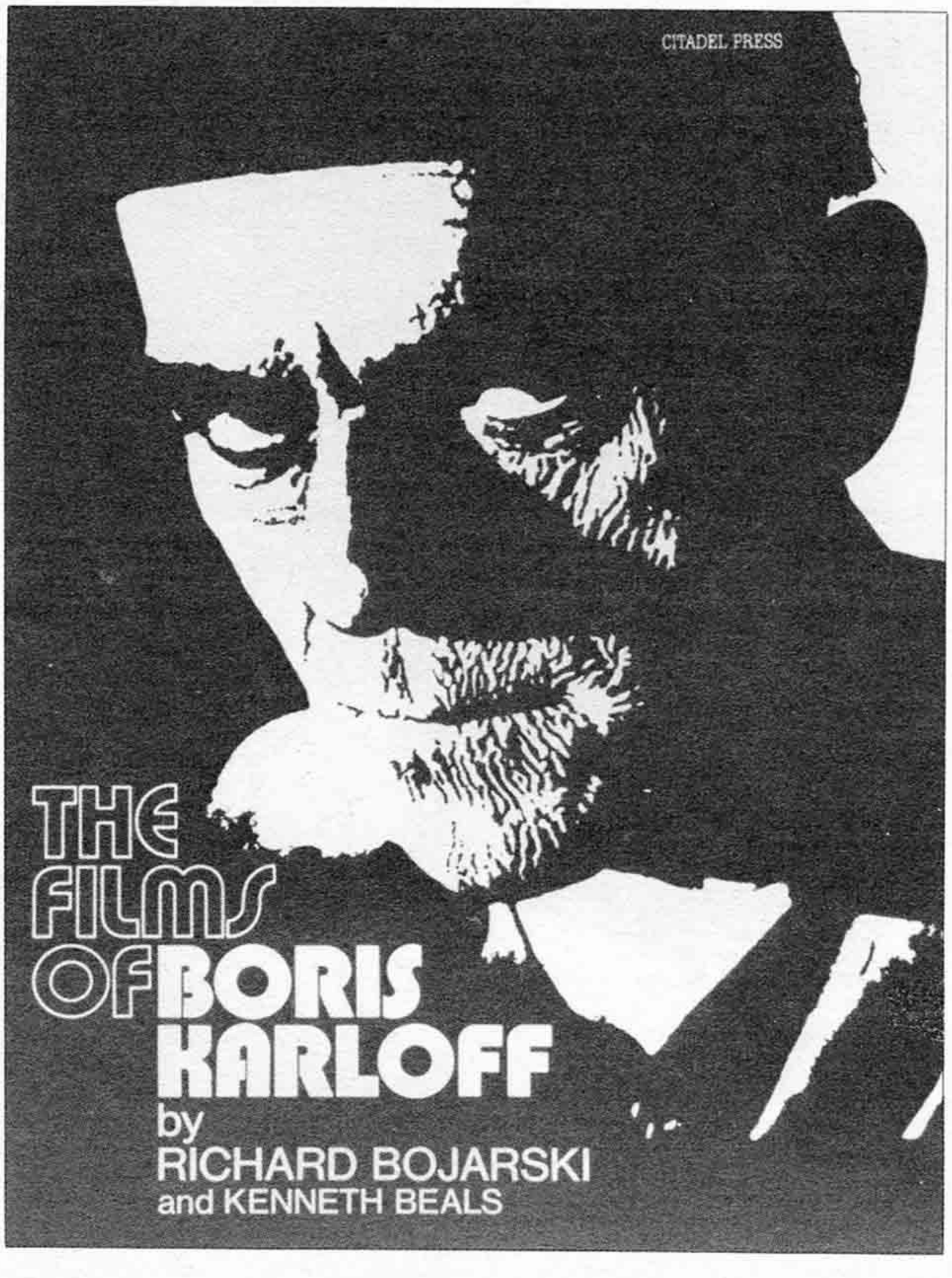
by Stanley Wiater

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the bookstores. . . .

Yes, it's time once again to open the literary vaults of terror on a subject very dear to the hearts of both fledgling Fangorians and crumbling cineteratologists: film reference books. In issue #22, our first installment dealt with The Basics (such as Ivan Butler's *Horror in the Cinema*) and Film Listings (*Creature Feature Movie Guide* by John Stanley, for example), while in issue #23, we were concerned with Personalities (as in *Scream Queens* by Calvin Thomas Beck) and Subgenre Surveys (*The Vampire Film* by Alain Silver and James Ursini, to name the best of four books dealing with celluloid undead). In this installment of the official Fango Library we'll be concentrating on the books that are devoted to a particular great horror star. (In future issues, look for *Part IV: Horror Film Directors* and *Part V: Series, Classics & Video Guides*).

Again, due to space limitations, we're forced to exclude foreign publications, juvenile or children's books (would you belive there are now monster books for kids?), as well as specialty publishers. To make this survey as complete as possible, we're now including books which are both in and out of print. Those that are in print and still available through your bookstore have an asterisk (*) before the title. This has been done because it's hoped that the avid reader or serious collector will at least be made aware of what has been published. Perhaps it means you'll have to go searching through used bookstores or the local library for out-of-print items, but it's certainly better than never having the chance to *read* the book at all.

Not too surprisingly, as the horror film becomes increasingly popular, studies of the genre in turn become increasingly specialized. For for those who have only recently become interested in reading about their favorite fear-films, it's advised to go back to previously mentioned earlier issues to learn which books should become the cornerstone of any serious fan's private library. But for you, graduates of gore, read on. . . .



***THE FILMS OF BORIS KARLOFF** (Citadel Press, 287 pages, 1974, $12.00/$7.95) by Richard Bojarksi and Kenneth Beale, has two factors in its favor from the outselt. First, it's part of Citadel Press' distinguished film series, and second, it's the only book on the actor which is kept in print. There are numerous stills throughout, at least one for every major role Karloff played, plus listings of his early silent and sound pictures where he only had bit parts. The design of the book follows the standard *Films of. . .* format in that credits and synopses are given for each major film, along with excerpts from contemporary reviews.

Disappointingly, the biography section only skims the surface, and states merely the most noteworthy items on Karloff's life and career that can be stated in a few dozen pages. The authors have included a satisfying series of autobiographical quotes by Karloff (including how he changed his name from William Henry Pratt to Boris Karloff). The only appendix deals with the actor's appearances on television. Besides its complete listing of the over 150 films Karloff appeared in, the main strength of *The Films of Boris Karloff* lies in its ready availability in both hardcover and paperback. Any fan of Karloff should have this, though the value of the book increases immeasurably when read alongside a true biography of the late, great King of Horror.

Because of his stature in the genre, Karloff has been the subject of several books, each offering its own slant.

For those who prefer a more academic approach, complete with footnotes and intellectual digressions, **BORIS KARLOFF AND HIS FILMS** (A.S. Barnes, 194 pages, 1974, by Paul M. Jenson, $8.95) is recommended. Jenson not only uncovers several hitherto unknown facts about many of Karloff's films, but also employs numerous

frame enlargements from the films themselves to get his points across. If it were still in print, Dennis Gifford's **KARLOFF: THE MAN, THE MONSTER, THE MOVIES** (Curtis Books, 352 pages, 1973, $1.50) would definitely be a strong challenger to the book by Bojarski and Beales. Longtime horror authority Gifford has put his book together in basically the same format. However, Gifford has a solid biography, a complete listing of all of Karloff's films, plus a listing of his published writings, his recordings, and the films Karloff was slated to star in, but were, for various reasons, never produced. For the price, an incredibly good buy.

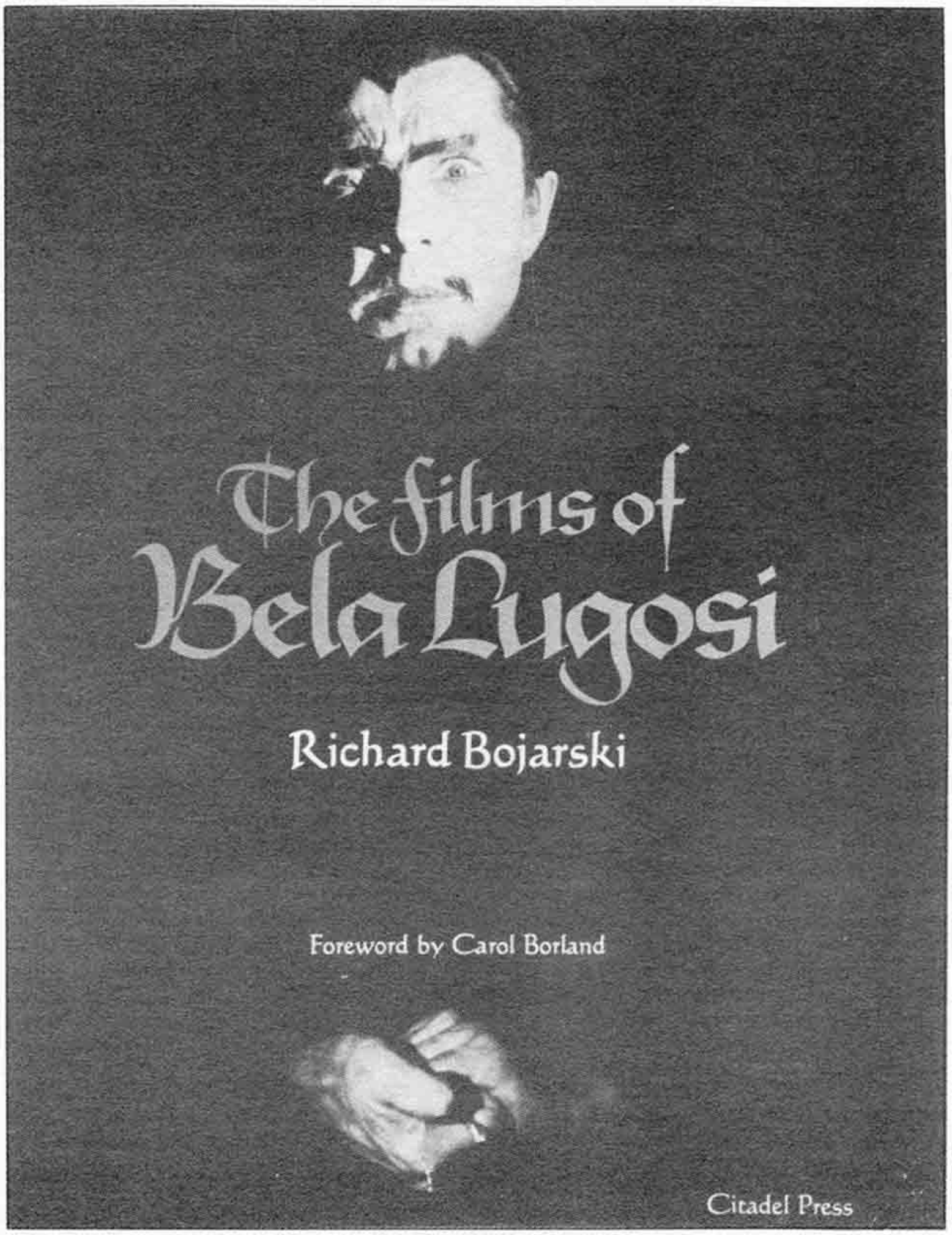
Overall, the best biography to date would have to be **Karloff** (Drake Publishers, 238 pages, 1972, $5.25) by Britisher Peter Underwood. Underwood knew Karloff, and approaches his subject seriously and respectfully, not as a rabid fan. Some might find his style a little dry (there's also only a handful of stills), but as is indicated in the book's subtitle, "The Life of Boris Karloff," it's a very good, straightforward biography. A somewhat more curious "biography" is **DEAR BORIS** (Knoph, 273 pages, 1975, $12.50) by Cynthia Lindsay. Now, Miss Lindsay just happened to be a personal friend of the entire Karloff family (she's even the godmother of Karloff's only child!), and has written a more or less personal memoir of her association with the Titan of Terror over a period of 35 years. The book contains over 160 drawings and photographs, many *never* seen before since they are from the personal files of Karloff's widow and family. The high production values of the book itself are noteworthy, adding to its overall quality. Subjective though it may be, *Dear Boris* is certainly worth searching for if you're a hard-core fan.

As you might imagine, more books have been written on Boris Karloff than any other horror star. Among those we wish brought back into print is the unique little volume edited by the one and only Forrest J. Ackerman. The cover blurb of **BORIS KARLOFF: THE FRANKENSCIENCE MONSTER** (Ace Books, 191 pages, 1969, 95¢) appropriately declares: "Everything you could possibly wish to know about the late, great Boris Karloff." The book is actually a collection of articles — some previously published, most specifically commissioned—including memoirs by Robert Bloch, Vincent Price, Christopher Lee, Lon Chaney Jr., and others who knew Karloff or worked with him professionally. The stills are from the incomparable Ackerman Archives, and the bottom line is that there's material in here you simply won't find anywhere else. This also appears to be the very *first* book ever written on the actor, as it was sold to publisher Donald A. Wollheim only a month after Karloff's death on February 2, 1969. This distinction is only fitting, since FJA put together the very first horror film reference book with *The Best From Famous Monsters of Filmland* back in 1964.

Not surprisingly ***THE FILMS OF BELA LUGOSI** (Citadel Press, 256 pages, 1980, $16.95/$8.95) is written by one of the authors of *The Films of Boris Karloff*, Richard Bojarski. It's the same format as before, with each of Lugosi's 64 Hollywood films broken into synopses, casts, credits, selected reviews, and notes by author Bojarski. Plenty of fine stills (including one in a coffin after he really *was* dead!) as well as a section devoted to his extensive stage career; unknown to many fans, Lugosi had a successful stage and film career in Europe before the poltical climate demanded he seek safer—and richer—ground in America.

The biography is not much more extensive than the one Bojarski did on Karloff six years earlier. (Like Karloff, there have been a few full scale biographies of Lugosi. Two we recommend in passing are *The Count: The Life and Films of Bela "Dracula" Lugosi* by Arthur Lenning, and *Lugosi: The Man Behind the Cape* by Robert Cremer.) But it's enough to suit the needs of most readers, and admittedly this series isn't intended to serve as biographies, rather they're meant as illustrated filmographies above all. What we learn most about the actor was how severely he became a victim of Hollywood's typecasting. Once *Dracula* became a hit, he was basically offered roles in horror films, or offered no roles at all. Sadder than all his personal problems (five marriages, drug addiction) is the number of absolutely miserable films he made for anyone who was willing to pay him to appear. Titles like *Old Mother Riley Meets the Vampire* and *Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla* should give you some idea of how this once idolized matinee star had fallen in the years before his death in 1956, when he died broke, in more ways than one. Author Bojarski knows his subject well, and even though some Lugosiphiles might say there's a lot more which could have been said about the making of each film, this is a more than competent job.

Considering that he's now the last reigning American horror star, it's diffcult to understand why there haven't been more books written on Vincent Price. Until that day comes when an authorized biography *does* appear, we'll have to be satisfied with **VINCENT PRICE UNMASKED** (Drake Pub-

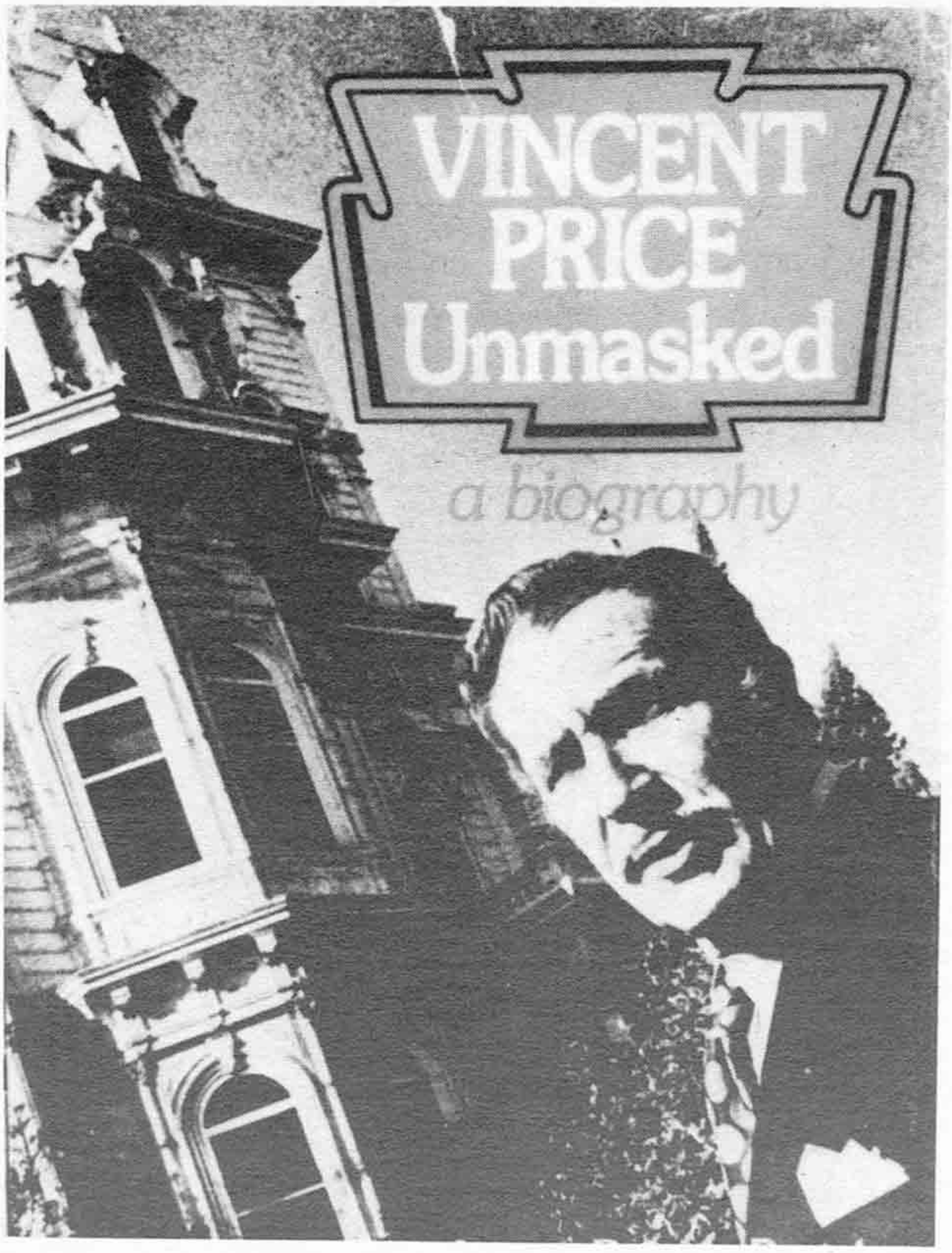


lishers, 265 pages, 1974, $9.95) by James Robert Parish and Steven Whitney. Although the book makes a noble attempt to show the full range of Price's life and career beyond the motion picture screen (as an author, lecturer, art historian, critic, etc), the co-authors are both guilty of producing what is disparagingly referred to as a "cut and paste" biography. In other words, they have merely used all the previously published sources regarding Vincent Price. Not once do they interview Price's friends, relatives, or immediate family. Needless to say, they never interviewed the man himself, although such an interview alone would have probably made the book worth purchasing. Unfortunately, every quote attributed to him was obviously taken from previously published statements.

In our interview with the actor in issue #30, Price unflatteringly mentions this volume by name: "You know, anybody can write anything they want about you. Somebody did a thing called *Vincent Price Unmasked*. I don't know what the hell it's about; nobody asked me about it." Although Parish and Whitney gave it the old college try, it's obvious that the definitive — and *authorized* — Vincent Price biolgraphy has yet to be written.

What should be done for Price has already been done for one of his former colleagues in ***THE FILMS OF PETER LORRE** (Citadel Press, 253 pages, 1982, $18.95) by Stephen D. Youngkin, James Bigwood, and Raymond G. Cabana, Jr. The Citadel Press series, as we've seen, is generally considered the definitive line of books on the subject of movies and this volume is no exception. The three authors are experts on Lorre, and Youngkin is in fact the authorized biographer. His long essay on the life and career of Lorre will stand as the last word on Lazlo Loewenstein (Lorre's name at birth) until a full biography is separately published. It's inclusion can therefore be regarded as something of a bonus, as the remainder of the book is given over to the usual series format.

It should be pointed out that, with three authors working as one, the quality and quantity of information on Lorre is nothing short of stupendous. Hundreds of photographs are included, many from the previously unpublished collection of the actor himself. Indeed, if the book had been written by just one of these authors, it would have been recommended. The dedication of Youngkin, Bigwood, and Cabana to their subject is evident on every page. Like Lugosi, Lorre was also a victim of type-casting, and was continually put in "B" films as the resident "creepy character." After first achieving major success in Fritz Lang's classic *M*, Lorre was never able to shake the image of an unstable — if not psychopathic—personality. Although he died in 1964 (would you believe his last role was in a Jerry Lewis movie?), Lorre's unique voice and image is still joked about and imitated today. All in all, this is one of the best books yet in the Citadel Press series, and is naturally a must-have for any serious fan of Lorre. To top it off, there's also a foreward by Andrew Lorre, Peter's brother, and a brief, but sincere introduction by none other than Vincent Price.



***THE FILMS OF CHRISTOPHER LEE** (Scarecrow Press, 305 pages, 1983, $32.50) by Robert W. Pohle, Jr. and Douglas C. Hart, with the participation of Christopher Lee, is perhaps unique among any filmography of this sort. Unlike the books written on any other horror star, Lee is not only still active in the motion picture industry, but the actor himself aided in the production of the book! As Lee states in the opening lines to his foreward: "This book is an accurate account of all the motion pictures in which I have appeared. Robert Pohle and Douglas Hart have gone over these films with me, one by one, and I have made my own comments on each. Only this book has my full authorization as an account of my film career."

Let's face it, this is *the* definitive volume on the actor. Authors Pohle and Hart spent no less than four years on this project, which is never less than fascinating. Although they don't pretend the book is either a biography or "a scholarly work," *The Films of Christopher Lee* is so exhaustively researched (with appendixes of Lee's appearances on television, on radio, a lengthy bibliography—which mentions *Fangoria*, by the way—and two indexes: one for film titles, the second for important actors, directors, screenwriters, and producers for further cross-reference) that it doesn't seem possible it will ever be surpassed in scope. To begin with, there's a healthy number of rare stills, many from Lee's personal collection, to go with each and every film. Yet, even though he's universally known as one of the greatest horror stars of all time, would you believe Lee personally feels that he's made only a dozen or so films he considers part of the horror genre? For example, he's only played four "monsters" in his long career: the Creature in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, the title role in *The Mummy*, a renamed Mr. Hyde in *I, Monster*, and what is undeniably his most famous role, as Dracula in the series of seven films made by Hammer Studios. Of course, Lee defines the term "horror" within its narrowest boundaries. This definition cer-

Below: The most complete biography to-date of the master horror star. Right: A typically fine Citadel Press filmography volume.

tainly doesn't include the dozens of psychologial chillers, or the films that are sometimes classified as science fiction, such as *Horror Express*.

Here we learn which films Lee regards as his best (*The Wicker Man*) and his worst (*Starship Invasions*, about which he succinctly says, "let's pass over than one.") Lee is quite candid when describing which of his work has been good, bad, or indifferent. The actor feels that there are only a dozen films in his long career about which he could tell someone, "Go and see them; and as far as I'm concerned, it's just about as good as I can be as an actor." We discover that Lee published an autobiography a few years ago called *Tall, Dark, and Gruesome* (alas, no American publisher has reprinted it); that De Sade's *Philosphy in the Boudoir* was the only film on which he asked to have his name removed from the credits — he first saw the finished product playing in a porno theater! Or did you know that Lee once appeared in a film directed by Jerry Lewis? Or that Muhammad Ali is a big fan of Lee's, and had Lee narrate a television biography of the fighter? A monumental work, and without a doubt a must-have for anyone seriously interested in Christopher Lee. (Is it too much to hope that someone won't use this format for a *Films of Vincent Price* or even a *Films of John Carradine* before it's too late?)

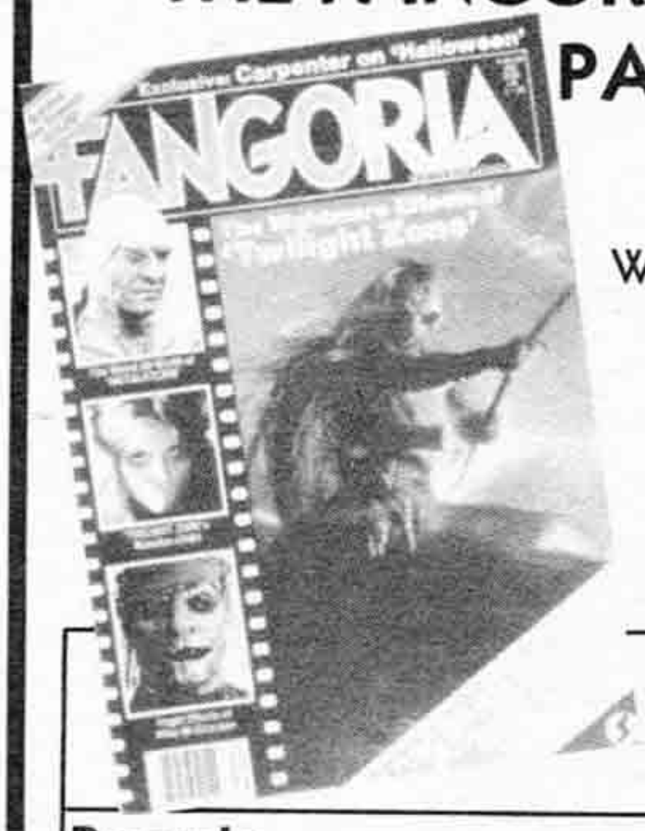
A quick lesson in history: Who was the very first horror star? Who performed in such silent classics as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Phantom of the Opera*, and was otherwise known as the Man of a Thousand Faces? The answer lies in the poorly titled **FACES, FORMS, FILMS: THE ARTISTRY OF LON CHANEY** (Castle Books, 216 pages, 1971 $7.95) by Robert G. Anderson.

Chaney made his career so successful because he always strived to be more than an interesting actor; he attempted to *become* his characters in every shape and form. He constructed his own fantastic makeups (this was before unions were formed prohibiting actors from doing this) and played a wide variety of monsters and madmen and villains before dying from cancer at the height of his career on August 26, 1930. (And when is somebody going to do a book on his son, Lon Chaney Jr., who had an equally illustrious career playing the Wolfman, Dracula, the Mummy, and Frankenstein's monster?) This is the aspect that author Anderson properly focuses upon: how Lon Chaney was able to become a thousand different characters, each totally different from the other. In a chapter titled "Portrayals," Anderson further sub-divides Chaney's roles into "Crippled," "Blind," "Scarred and Disfigured," and so on. He then mentions the films in which, for example, Chaney played a cripple, and then goes on to describe how the appropriate effect was achieved. There's a solid biography as well, and it's obvious Anderson spent considerable time researching his subjet. The book also contains the greatest number of stills—over 150—of Chaney ever compiled, and most complete filmography. And Anderson is to be commended for the vantage point he's used to investigate the actor's life by dwelling on his roles, rather than simply the films themselves.

NEXT ISSUE:
PART IV—HORROR FILM DIRECTORS!

THE FANGORIA CHALLENGE—PART TWO!

LESS IS MORE!



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Purchase any of these fabulous FANGORIA back issues, read it, and compare it with the seedy gossip rag of your choice! Then ask yourself, "Which magazine tastes best?"

1 - Savini on *Dawn of the Dead*; Chris Lee; Godzilla's screen history; Craig Reardon's *Galactica* aliens; Lots More!

2 - Coscarelli's *Phantasm*; Herzog's *Nosferatu*; Richard Matheson, Pt. 1; Robert Bloch; Mamoulian on *Jekyll ? Hyde*; Much More!

3- Cronenberg's *The Brood*; Jack Arnold; King on *The Shining*; Matheson Part 2; *Kolchak the Night Stalker*; Plenty More!

4 - On Set: *'Salem's Lot*; Gore whiz H.G. Lewis; Film Femme Caroline Munro; Don Siegel on *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*; Even More!

5 - Carpenter's *The Fog; Village of the Damned*; Why *Saturn 3* flopped; Bert I. Gordon; Stacks More!

6 - *Friday the 13th!*; Shock FX of Bottin and Savini; King-Romero team-up!; Vincent Price; Tons more!

7 - Caroline Munro + Tom Savini = *Maniac!; The Shining* previewed; Chris Walas; *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter*; Incredibly More!

8 - The Carpenter Interview; *Horror of Dracula* FX; *Fade To Black*; Jim Danforth & Dave Allen; Italian shocker *Zombie*; Still more!

11 - Bottin and *The Howling; My Bloody Valentine;* Hooper's *Funhouse;* Boorman on *Excalibur;* Terence Fisher; A Great Deal More!

12 - The Tobe Hooper Interview; *Friday the 13th Part 2; The Hand;* Romero's *Knightriders;* William Csatle; Mother of Mercy, More!

13 - Landis on *American Werewolf;* The Romero Interview; sexy P.J. Soles; On Set: *The Beast Within*; Fullerton's *F13-2* FX; *Wolfen*; Oy! More!

14 - Rick Baker and *An American Werewolf;* Carpenter on *Halloween II;* FX Special with Savini, Burman, Winston, Walas and Harryhausen—surprise!—More!

15 - The Jamie Lee Curtis Interview; Debra Hill and *Halloween II;* Burman continued; O'Brien on *Shock Treatment; Swamp Thing;* Buckets! More!

16 - Henenlotter's *Basket Case;* Dick Smith pt. 1; Chris Tucker's *Elephant Man* makeup; Peter Straub and *Ghost Story;* Basker's EFX Sutios; Gaaah! More!

17 - The Wes Craven Interview; Dick Smith and *Ghost Story;* Beautiful Fiona Lewis; Gorey H.G. Lewis; Sam Fuller's *White Dog;* screenwriter Alan Ormsby; Nyong-nyong-nyong—more!

18 - Burman on *Cat People* and *The Beast Within;* On Set: Carpeter's *The Thing,* Romero's *Creepshow;* Allison Hayes; Gollygoshwow, More!

19 - Byron Kennedy on *The Road Warrior;* Cronenberg, Carpenter, Landis panel discussion; The Dick Miller Interview; *Poltergeist;* Holy Moly! More!

20 - The Joe Dante Interview; Carpenter on *The Thing;* Landis, Carpenter, Cronenberg 2; Horror + Wrestling = WOW!; Milligan's (Staten) Island; Crom! More!

21 - Craig Reardon and *Poltergeist;* Bottin and *The Thing;* Miner on *Friday the 13th Pt 2; Sword and the Sorceror;* Zacherle!; Yipes—More!

22 - Romero on *Creepshow; Halloween III*; Ingrid Pitt; Doug White on *F13-3* FX; Legendary Tor Johnson; Corscarelli's *Besatmsater*; (Gasp!) More!

23 - Hooper on *Poltergeist* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre;* Sa, Raimi's *Evil dead; Halloween III* FX; Curtis *(Queen of Blood)* Harrington; and (I can't take it!) More!

24 - ILM's *Poltergeist* FX; Larry Cohen's *Q*; Ackermonster's FM Sayonara; *The Sender; XTRO;* Bloodfarming with Ed Kelleher; and (you'll take it and like it) More!

25 - Cronenberg on *Videodrome;* Savini after *Creepshow;* McGavin on *Kolchak; Alone in the Dark;* Streiber on *The Hunger;* Caramba! More!

26 - Smith's *Hunger* FX; Gorgeous Tanya Roberts; FX of Caglione, Munns, Beswick; Michael *(Mark of the Devil)* Armstrong; Ted *(Corpse Grinders)* Mikels; And (by Popular Demand!) More!

27 - "Gore and Me" by Savini!; Tony Perkins interviewed; Forry on Chaney; *Evil dead* FX; Pete *(Flesh and Blood Show)* Walker; Ray Bradbury; And a plethora of More!

28 - *Psycho II* director Franklin; FX of Smith, Fullerton and Buechler; Uncle Bob flips out on the *Dead Zone* set; The Incredibly Strange Ray Dennis Steckler; And (what a concept) More!

29 - George *(Road Warrior)* Miller and Dick Miller on *Twilight Zone;* Cronenberg on *Dead Zone;* Joe Alves on *Jaws 3-D;* H.G. Lewis book exerpt; Bloody Ghastly Horror of Sam Sherman; Lucio Fulci interviewed; More (a real glut)!

30 Debra Hill and *Dead Zone;* Laurel's TV Halloween Treat; Chainsaw mayhem in *Pieces;* Matheson on *TZ* and *Jaws 3-D;* Don *(Psychomania)* Sharp; Richard E. Cunha; The Fango Index; Bountifully More!

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The Pit & the Pen

of Alex Gordon

History of A.I.P.—Part VI

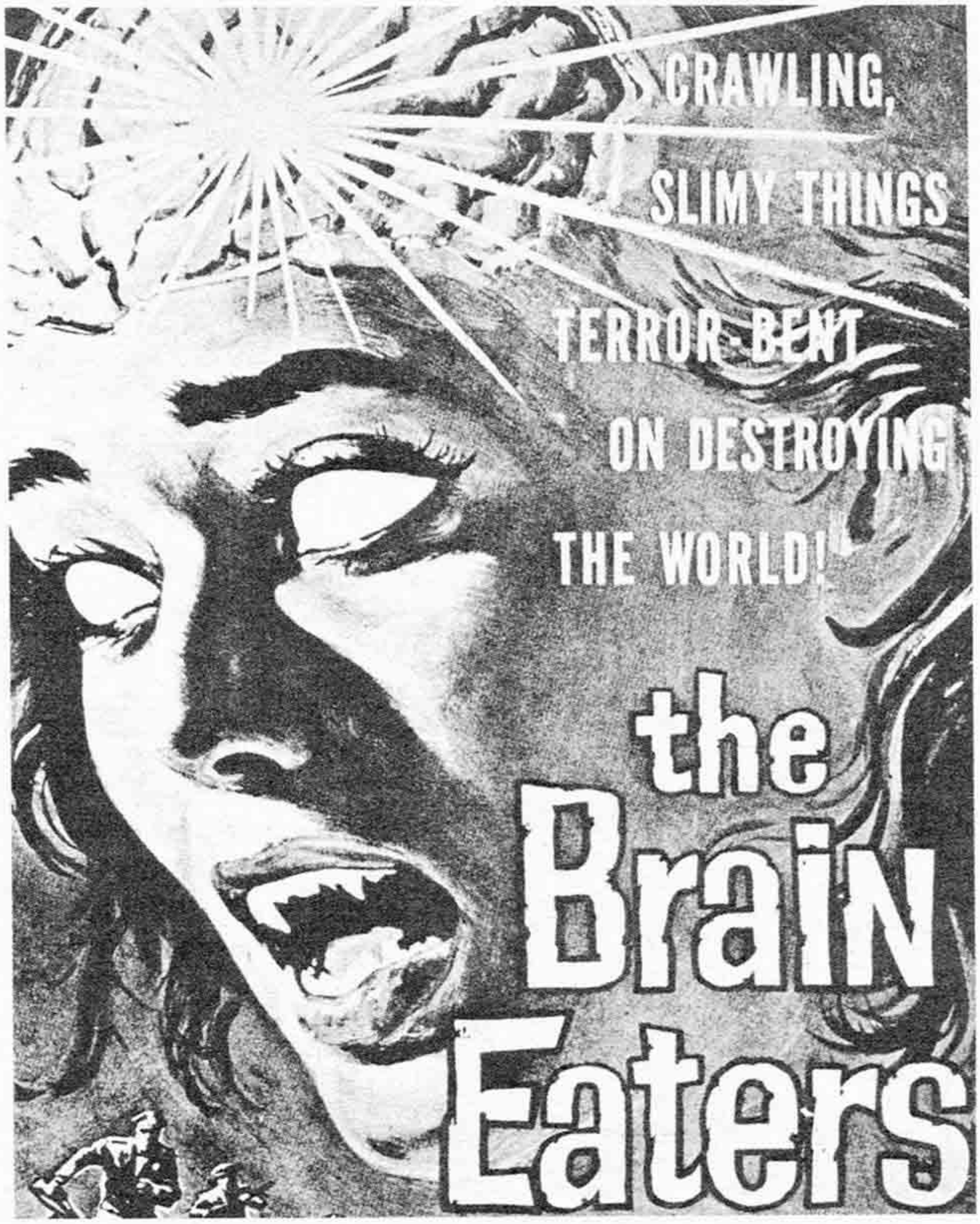
Brain Eaters and Corman's Viking Women

I ran into Ed Nelson at the Pomona Rodeo in the late 50's. Gene Autry was the star and Ed was selling ice cream in the stands to support himself and his family. He had done a stint for Roger Corman in *Rock All Night* and was to become a well known television actor in shows like *Peyton Place*. In 1958 Ed managed to put together a low-budget horror item called *The Brain Eaters*, billing himself as Edwin Nelson, and produced it for AIP release with Bruno Vesota as director and Joanna Lee and Alan Frost in the cast, from a story and screenplay by Gordon Urquhart.

The story dealt with Glenn and Elaine, recently engaged to be married and returning to their home town of Bellville from a visit with Elaine's parents in the country. As they proceed along the highway, a sudden bolt of lightning and a tremendous clap of thunder frightens them into stopping their car. In the nearby woods they find an immense shiny cone-shaped metal object. They hurry home to report their findings. The news is secretly transmitted to Washington, where Senator Powers assumes complete responsibility for the investigation of the mystery. He charters a plane and flies to the town. He is surprised that Glenn's father, the Mayor, is not there to greet him when he arrives. Powers and Glenn find the Mayor in his office, late at night. He behaves oddly. Suddenly, he leaps at them in an insane attempt to murder them, but drops dead. Two holes are found in the back of his neck.

Powers and Glenn enlist the help of research scientist Dr. Kettering who, aided by his associate Alice, finds that the Mayor died from the effects of a parasite not known to man. Further investigation leads to the conclusion that these monstrous things are from the shiny sphere. In an attempt to solve its riddle, they enter a porthole, and after several hours return to the same spot. In the meantime, many of the local citizens become victims of the parasites. They fasten on to their victims by puncturing two holes in the back of the neck. While so attached, they completely control their carriers. It becomes obvious that they are trying to take over the world.

Finally, Dr. Kettering solves the riddle of the cone, but not before his beloved Alice has been possessed by the Brain Eaters. Inside this sphere, one man directs the actions of a horde of the parasites. Kettering gets the core metal dome between two high-tension electrical terminals with the idea in mind of electrocuting all living things within it. The Brain Eaters threaten to destroy Alice, if such a thing is done. Alice, now controlled by the parasites, begs Kettering to join her. He races toward the cone in an attempt to save her. While Alice and Kettering are arguing, the order is given to electrocute the parasites and Alice and Dr. Kettering are killed. Glenn and Elaine, although deeply shocked and saddened by their experiences, look forward to a happy future.



With American International's distribution system improving under the invaluable leadership of sales director Leon Blender (currently heading his own company, Summa Vista Pictures, with a line-up of action and exploitation titles), Sam Arkoff and Jim Nicholson were anxious to increase the company's output and Roger Corman put before the cameras *Viking Women and the Sea Serpent*. In his excellent book, *The Films of Roger Corman*, author Ed Naha describes the circumstances surrounding the production of this picture. It sounds to me like a very

similar experience I had with self-styled special effects genius Jack Rabin on *The Atomic Submarine*—a great idea, story-line and special effects presentation and sketches from Rabin and his partner Irving Block and a low budget quota. But the final result was nothing at all like the promised thrills.

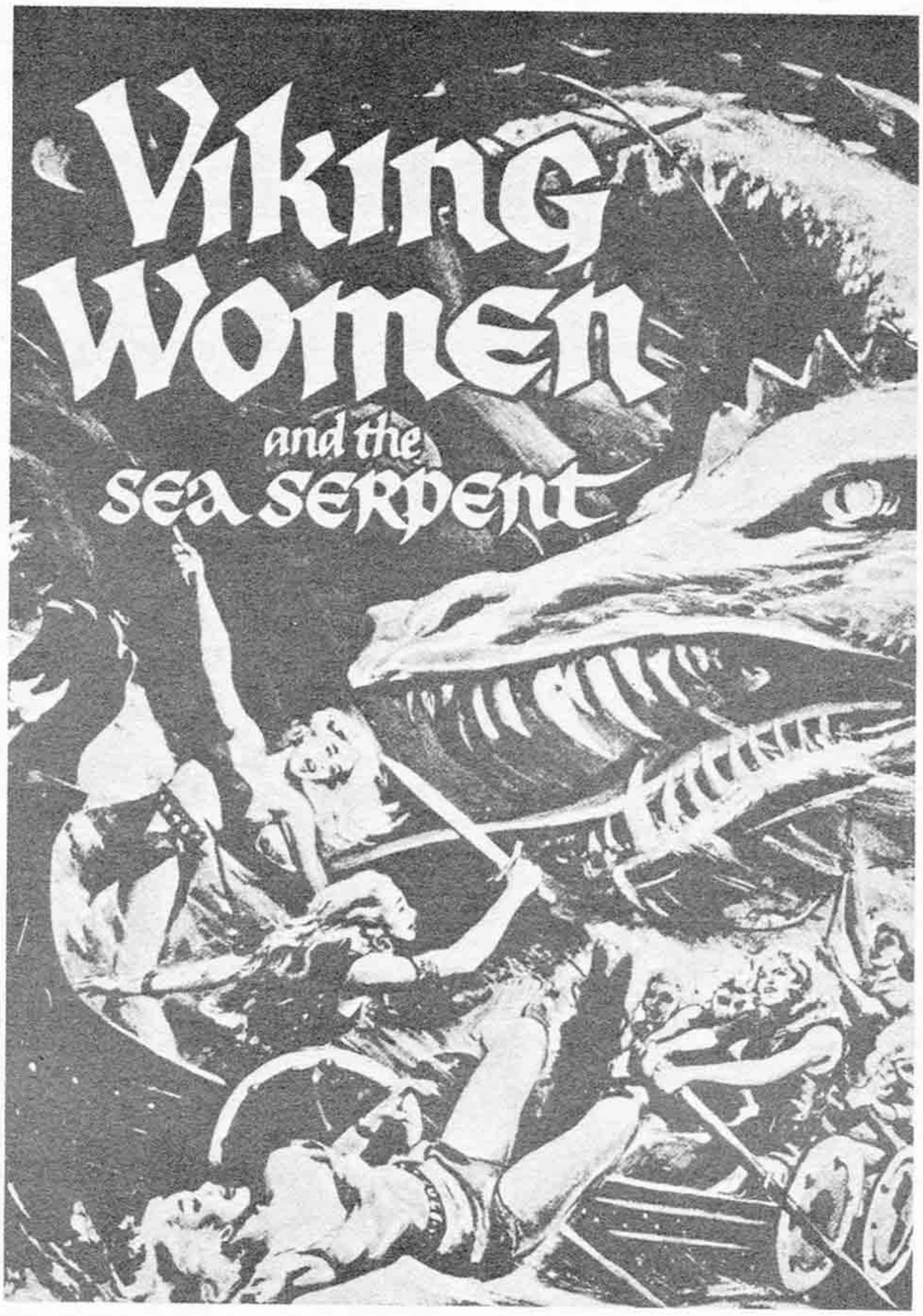
At any rate, Roger produced and directed this Malibu Production with Abby Dalton, Susan Cabot, Brad Jackson, June Kenney, Richard Devon, Betsy-Jones Moreland, Jonathan Haze, Jay Sayer and Gary Conway in the cast, most of them Roger's Regulars in other movies too. As I remember it, the original title was something like *Viking Women Meet the Sea Serpent Along Their Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (I can't for the life of me find a copy of the original advance ad right now) but I do recollect that it killed one half of my favorite trivia questions: what is the shortest and what is the longest movie title?

This question always stumped them until I came up with *M*, the famous Fritz Lang horror classic starring Peter Lorre, and *The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, a 1931 MGM comedy starring William Haines and Jimmy Durante. Now Roger briefly usurped the longest title crown only to lose it to the likes of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' so Sad* in 1964, and other oddities to come.

Viking Women was set on an island in the North Atlantic where a number of Viking Women are waiting for their men to return from a hunting expedition. The women grow impatient for their return so they build a Viking long boat and set sail in search of them.

After sailing for many days on the ocean, their ship is caught in a large Vortex which destroys the vessel and half its crew. Desir (Abby Dalton), who is the leader, and her four followers are washed up by the sea on another island. The only man in the group, whose name is Ottar (Jonathan Haze), is also washed ashore by the Vortex. The group is immediately captured by a very primitive band of warriors called Grimaults. The Viking Women are taken by their captors to the Grimault village. In the village they meet the leader of the Grimaults, who is called Stark, and his weakling son named Senja (Jay Sayer). The Grimaults are very fascinated by these women and they declare a feast in their honor.

During this feast the Viking Women find out that their men are being held captive in the rock quarry by the Grimaults and are used as slaves to build the great dining hall that the feast is being held in. Stark (Richard Devon) is so pleased by the Viking Women that he invites them to go on a boar hunt with him. After the hunt, Stark takes the Viking Women to see their men in the quarry to show them how foolish it is to love his slaves. The Viking Women are more determined than ever to save their men. Stark then decides to burn Desir and Vedric (Brad Jackson) at the stake. Enger (Susan Cabot), the Priestess of the Viking Women, prays for help from the Gods. The rains come, the fire is put out, and Desir and Vedric are saved.



During the storm, Senja is killed by a bolt of lightning and the Vikings escape.

The Vikings manage to elude the Grimaults long enough to get to the sea where they take one of the Grimault boats and head out into the Vortex. The Grimaults reach the beach seconds after the Vikings head out to sea, and they secure another boat and pursue them. The Monster of the Vortex attacks the Grimault boat, killing all the Grimaults. Vedric takes his sword and throws it into a vital spot in the monster and kills it when it attacks the Viking boat. With this heroic effort of Vedric all the Vikings are saved and they head back to their homeland.

Roger accomplished all this in a running time of 66 minutes!

It was time for me to produce another picture. Giant squids and the idea of a giant octupus had always fascinated me and I greatly enjoyed Cecil B. De Mille's *Reap the Wild Wind* with John Wayne and Ray Milland battling the monster and Wayne repeating this feat to lesser effect in *Wake of the Red Witch*. But after my abysmal attempt to follow through with another squid picture that resulted in Eddie Wood's *Bride of the Monster*, Arkoff and Nicholson were reluctant to return to the ocean depths for such a plot.

I was therefore delighted to see a news item in the Los Angeles Times dated September 22, 1983, headed FIRST LIVE GIANT SQUID SEEN. Datelined Bergen, Norway, the Associated Press story relates: The giant squid—villain of many a movie—has finally been seen alive. One was captured recently, alive but dying, in a small bay near here. Hooked by a fisherman, the squid had tentacles 24 feet long and weighed 485 pounds. The creature has never been seen in its native habitat. Its existence is known through dead specimens.

AIP TERROR To be Continued.

Don't Knock the Strock!

Herbert Strock, the man behind Gog *and* I Was a Teenage Frankenstein, *in an exclusive Fango interview!*

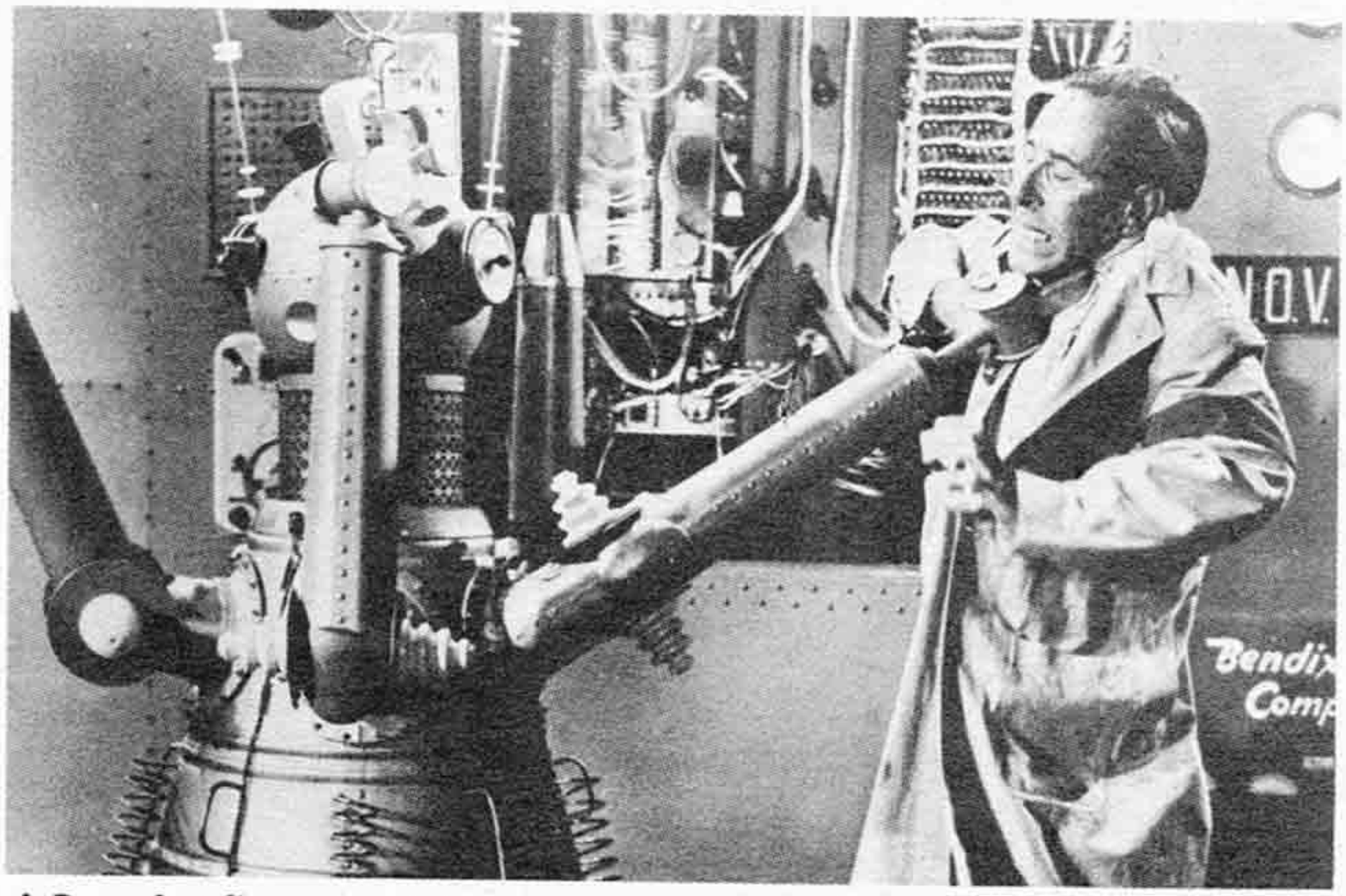
By Tom Weaver and John Brunas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Herbert L. Strock was involved in the early years of 50's science fiction and horror, first as an editor, then as a director, and worked steadily in this genre through the early 60's. The movies he has directed have ranged from the serious-minded science fiction of Ivan Tors to the no-holds-barred exploitation-horror of Herman Cohen. For Ivan Tors, Strock worked on *The Magnetic Monster*, a sci-fi thriller about an out-of-control radioactive isotope, a film that made ingenious use of stock footage from a 1934 German film called *Gold*, as well as *Gog*, a story about robots and sabotage in a space-station-in-the-making. From these relatively sober thrillers, Strock then went on to collaborate with AIP's Herman Cohen on three sensationalist horror pictures. There was the unforgettable *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*, the teenage vampire in *Blood of Dracula*, and the combination of Teenage Werewolf and Teenage Frankenstein in a tale of a vengeful AIP makeup artist in *How to Make a Monster*. These movies, along with *The Devil's Messenger* and *The Crawling Hand*, have established Strock as a prolific and memorable horror craftsman.

FANGORIA: Can you tell us a little about your experiences on *The Magnetic Monster*?
Herbert Strock: *The Magnetic Monster* was a picture written by Curt Siodmak. Ivan Tors and Curt and Andrew "Bundy" Marton and Lazlo Benedek were the Hungarian clan in Hollywood—there was a sign over their writing department at MGM, "Being Hungarian Is Not Enough." Well, they all took care of each other, and that's how Curt was working with Ivan. Well, after two or three days into the picture, Ivan was very unhappy with the dailies, and one day he called me and said, "Come on down to the sound stage." I said, "I can't. If I come down, you won't have your dailies on time." He said, "To hell with the dailies. Come down to the stage." So I jumped on a bicycle and went down to the stage. Here was the star Richard Carlson, Ivan Tors, the cameraman and Harry Redmond, the special effects man—standing around, doing *nothing*! The script supervisor, a charming lady by the name of Mary Whitlock Gibson, very prim and proper, like a Gibson girl, said, "They want you to take over the picture!" I said, "*What?!* I'm not a director, I'm a film editor!" And she said, "This picture is so much stock from the German film we have, and you know *exactly* how everything must go together." And Curt couldn't understand it. Ivan came over and said, "Don't worry, I've called the Director's Guild; you're in the Guild, take over." So [laughing], I was called to *instantly* become a director! I went to the cameraman, asked him what was being shot, he told me and I said, "Well, that's not the way to do that, let's do that *this* way, and *this* matches *this*." I didn't even have to look at the stock film, I knew it so well. And *I directed the picture*. I replaced Curt three times in my life: once on *The Magnetic Monster*, once on a TV series *13 Demon Street* that was being done in Stockholm, Sweden, and then again on *Donovan's Brain* which he was originally supposed to direct. I tried to get him to stay on the picture and tried to get the producers to keep him on, but it didn't work and he blamed me for this ever since. I haven't seen him in many years.

As you can readily imagine, it was difficult to plot out the *Magnetic Monster* scenes at night that were going to be shot under these circumstances, and I am a firm believer in production pre-planning. I would plan this and come in and shoot, and then I had to *edit* the film at night, so it was a real chore. However, the day after we finished, we had what is known as a rough cut, and I, in fear and trepidation, ran the film for Ivan Tors and Richard Carlson, who was a partner in the project. I kept slinking down in the seat and saying to myself, "Well, I gotta fix *that*" and "I gotta speed *that* up" and "That's not a good match." Well, when the lights came on, Carlson and Tors got up and *applauded*, and thought I had done an excellent job. They were both *very* happy.

Body of a BOY.mind of a MONSTER.soul of an unearthly THIN
I WAS A
TEENAGE
FRANKENSTEIN
starring
WHIT BISSELL·PHYLLIS COATES·ROBERT BURTON·GARY C
Produced by HERMAN COHEN • Directed by HERBERT L. STROCK • Screenplay by KENNETH



A *Gog* robot dispatches John Wengraf in this Ivan Tors production directed by Strock.

Now, the upshot of this story is, I tried to get a poster from this movie recently, and it was sent to me by a friend in New York, and it has Curt Siodmak's name on it as *director*. That was my first picture, and my name is on the film as director and film editor. And apparently no one bothered to tell United Artists—or if they did, it didn't drift down. The poster went out with Curt's name on it, which is, to this day, galling me. *I directed that picture!*

Fang: I hate to be the one to tell you after so many years, but you do not receive screen credit as director. The only time your name appears in the credits is as Editorial Supervisor.

Strock: I just don't understand! I remember ordering—I *think* I remember ordering—my name on it as director. However, it could be there was a legal shenanigan pulled by Siodmak against Ivan, I don't know. I know I was a member of the Director's Guild, and if anything we should have had co-credit. But if I recalled correctly, he only shot three days on that film, and I had to redo a lot of the stuff that he did. There was very little left that he had done; in fact, if I am right, there can't be more than six scenes that he shot.

Fang: What was Richard Carlson like as a *director* on *Riders to the Stars*?

Strock: He was very capable. As you probably know, he was originally brought out by Selznick as a writer, became an actor, was very astute as a writer, was very astute as a director, and knew quite a bit about editing. We got along like two peas in a pod; in fact, when he did the TV series *I Led Three Lives* at Ziv, it was he that insisted that I come over there to take over the series because he felt that he and I were most compatible. Carlson directed *Riders to the Stars* for Ivan—with my assistance—and I edited and was associate producer on that picture. We went to the U.S.C. Centrifugal Force Department and we actually photographed Bill Lundigan in a centrifuge and spun him around and got the effects that we wanted from him. I did that directing, by the way.

And the next picture was *Gog*, which was 3-D, shot with a magnificent cameraman by the name of Lothrop Worth, whom I still see today. We had two cameras running simultaneously, through optics, to give it the 3-D effect which you saw when you put on glasses. Well, the funny part about it is, I can't see 3-D, because I have monocular vision. So I had to rely on Dr. Gunzburg, who was technical assistant. He guided me through this thing, and we had at that time one of the best 3-D versions that could be shot because we used it for effect and did it so it wouldn't hurt the eyes of the audience. And I'll never forget going to the preview of that picture, when Gog fired his arm of fire out into the audience and everybody screamed [laughter]—and it didn't affect me at all!

Fang: All three of your sci-fi features for Tors were intriguing and sometimes exciting, but were belabored by talky scripts and a heavy emphasis on "science fact."

Strock: That was a *Tor-ism*. Tors had a great intrigue for the *Scientific American*, and he became very overtalky in what he wanted, and *you* were stuck with *that*. The idea was to try to find a way around the original talkativeness, that was *deadly*, that was written in the script, and therefore you would have to fight Ivan a bit on how you wanted to re-write these scenes. He rarely allowed us to re-write, but when he did he went along pretty much. I completely re-wrote *Battle Taxi* with a friend of mine, Richard Taylor. We didn't think it would make an entertaining film, and we inserted where we could things in it that made it a dramatic film. We *tried* to do the same with *The Magnetic Monster*, *Riders to the Stars* and *Gog*. In fact, both Taylor and I did a tremendous re-write on *Gog* and Ivan finally agreed that if we did certain things certain ways, he would go along. But he wanted that "science fact" *slammed* into the pictures, and that's the way we *had* to do it. He was in *love* with scientific facts.

Fang: The second half of *Gog* is terrifically fast-paced, in contrast to the first half and to the other Tors pictures.

Strock: We felt that the picture was bogging down and I just took the bull by the horns and edited that picture a different way than was originally intended and made it work.

Fang: Can you elaborate on the film's special effects?

Strock: We had a terrible accident in these two films, *Riders* and *Gog*, with a brilliant man, and optical engineer I think he was, by the name of Maxwell Smith, who in making some of the special effects for *Riders to the Stars* had an implosion at his home, due to a leaky oxygen or hydrogen tank in his living room, that blew off his right arm and cut a hole in his left leg. He *did* recover; we all ran out and gave blood. Ivan leaned very heavily on Max and Harry Redmond. Harry was into explosive effects whereas Maxwell was into making gadgetry work so that we could photograph it.

Fang: How were the two robots, Gog and Magog, operated?

Strock: The twin robots were operated by a

Cat-fights are only a hint of the evil lurking within the walls of a girls' boarding school in Strock's *Blood of Dracula*.

The Fantastic Films of Herbert L. Strock

THE MAGNETIC MONSTER (United Artists/"A-Men" Productions, 1953) Produced by Ivan Tors; Directed by Herbert L. Strock (uncredited) and Curt Siodmak; Screenplay by Curt Siodmak and Ivan Tors; Music: Blaine Sanford; Photography: Charles Van Enger; Editorial Supervision: Herbert L. Strock; Special Effects Director: Harry Redmond, Jr.; Special Photographic Effects: Jack Glass.

Cast: Richard Carlson, King Donovan, Jean Byron, Harry Ellerbe, Leo Britt, Leonard Mudie, Byron Foulger, Michael Fox, John Zaremba, Lee Phelps, Watson Downs, Roy Engel, Drank Gerstle, Michael Granger, Bill Benedict, Kathleen Freeman, Strother Martin..

GOG (United Artists/Ivan Tors Productions, 1954) Shooting Title: *Space Station, U.S.A.*; Produced by Ivan Tors; Directed and Edited by Herbert L. Strock; Screenplay by Tom Taggart, Richard G. Taylor and (uncredited) Herbert L. Strock; Story by Ivan Tors; Music: Harry Sukman; Photography: Lothrop B. Worth; Art Director: William Ferrari; Special Effects Director: Harry Redmond, Jr.; In Color and 3-D.

Cast: Richard Egan, Constance Dowling, Herbert Marshall, John Wengraf, Philip Van Zandt, Valier Vernon, Steve Roberts, Byron Kane, David Alpert, Michael Fox, William Schallert, Marian Richman, Jeanne Dean, Tom Daly, Aline Towne.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN (AIP/Santa Rosa Productions, 1957) Produced by Herman Cohen; Directed by Herbert L. Strock; Story and Screenplay: Kenneth Langtry (Aben Kandel); Music Composed and Conducted by Paul Dunlap; Photography: Lothrop Worth; Makeup Created by Philip Scheer.

Cast: Whit Bissell, Phyllis Coates, Robert Burton, Gary Conway, George Lynn, John Cliff, Marshall Bradford, Claudia Bryar, Angela Blake, Russ Whiteman, Charles Seel, Paul Keast, Gretchen Thomas, Joy Stoner, Larry Carr, Pat Miller.

BLOOD OF DRACULA (AIP/Carmel Productions, 1957) Produced by Herman Cohen; Directed by Herbert L. Strock; Story and Screenpaly: Ralph Thornton; Music: Paul Dunlap; Photography: Monroe P. Askins; Makeup Created by Philip Scheer.

Cast: Sandra Harrison, Louise Lewis, Gail Ganley, Jerry Blaine, Heather Ames, Malcolm Aterbury, Mary Adams, Thomas B. Henry, Don Devlin, Jeanne Dean, Richard Devon, Paul Maxwell, Carlyle Mitchell, Voltaire Perkins, Barbara Wilson.

HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER (AIP/Sunset Productions, 1958) Produced by Herman Cohen; Directed by Herbert L. Strock; Story and Screenplay: Kenneth Langtry (Aben Kandel) and Herman Cohen; Music: Paul Dunlap; Photography: Maury Gertsman: Makeup Created by Philip Scheer.

Cast: Robert H. Harris, Paul Brinegar, Gary Conway, Gary Clarke, Malcolm Atterbury, Dennis Cross, Morris Ankrum, Walter Reed, Paul Maxwell, Eddie Marr, Heather Ames, Robert Shayne, Rod Dana, Jacqueline Ebeier, Thomas B. Henry, Voltaire Perkins, Herman Cohen, John Ashley (as himself).

THE DEVIL'S MESSENGER (Herts-Lion, 1962) Produced by Kenneth Herts; Directed by Herbert L. Strock and (uncredited) Curt Siodmak; Screenplay: Leo Guild; Music: Alfred Gwynn; Photography: William Troiano; Art Director: Robert J. Herts.

Cast: Lon Chaney, Jr., Karen Kadler, Michael Hinn, Ralph Brown, John Crawford, Bert Johnson, Chalmers Goodlin, Gunnel Brostrom, Tammy Newmara, Jan Blomberg, Ingrid Bedoya, Eve Hossner.

THE CRAWLING HAND (Hansen Enterprises/Joseph F. Robertson Productions, 1963) Produced by Joseph F. Robertson; Directed and Edited by Herbert L. Strock; Screenplay: William Idelson and Herbert L. Stock; Story: Joseph Cranston, Malcolm Young, William Idelson; Photography: Willard Van Der Veer; Makeup: Don Cash.

Cast: Peter Breck, Kent Taylor, Rod Lauren, Alan Hale, Jr., Allison Hayes, Sirry Steffen, Arline Judge, Richard Arlen, Tristram Coffin, Ross Elliott, G. Stanley Jones, Jock Putnam, Andy Andrews, Syd Saylor.

MONSTROID (Academy International Distributors 1978) Also known as *Monster* and *Monster: The Legend That Became a Terror*; Produced by Kenneth Hartford (Herts); Directed by Herbert L. Strock (uncredited) and Kenneth Hartford (Herts); Screenplay: Kenneth Hartford (Herts), Walter Roeber Schmidt, Herbert L. Strock, Garland Scott; Story: Kenneth Hartford (Herts); Phtography: John Wilder Mincey, Arthur Fitzsimmons; Editor: Michael Johnson; Music: Gene Kauer; Special Effects: Kenneth Hartford (Herts), Steve Czerkas, Marc Wolf.

Cast: Jim Mitchum, John Carradine, Phil Carey, Tony Eisley, Andrea Hartford, Glen Hartford, Coral Kassel, Connie Moore, Maria Rubio, Aldo Sambrell, Luis Suarez, Emanuel Smith, Leslie Meigs, Roberto Martinez, John Lamarr.

WITCHES' BREW (1979) Produced by Donna Ashbrook; Directed by Richard Shorr, Herbert L. Strock; Written by Syd Dutton, Richard Shorr; Photography: Norman Gerard, Joao Fernandes; Music: John Parker; Editor: Herbert L. Strock; "Lucifer" Demon Created by David Allen; Makeup: Lynne Brooks.

Cast: Richard Benjamin, Teri Garr, Lana Turner, James R. Winker, Kathryn Leigh Scott, Bill Sorrells, Kelly Jean Peters, Jordan Charney, Elen Farran, Nathan Roth, Barbara Minkus-Barron, Lawrence Guy, Carlos Royval.

midget. The midget got inside, and he was able to turn it, walk around, move the arms about and fire the acetylene torch which was in one arm.

Fang: Do you remember what your budget and shooting schedule were?

Strock: The budget, I think, was 250 or 300 thousand dollars, which was *nothing*—especially shooting 3-D with two cameras running all the time. It was up to me to save money and come in *under* budget because Carlson had gone over budget on *Riders* and we wanted to get even. The shooting schedule I really don't recall, it was probably no more than 15 days because in those days we had to shoot extremely fast. By knowing exactly what is needed in the cutting room, I would not waste a lot of film. However, I do remember one incident when an operative cameraman left the switch on in the camera and we went to lunch and he ran out eight or nine hundred feet of film in each magazine, which was 16 or 18 hundred feet of color down the drain.

Fang: Did you prefer the film's working title, *Space Station, U.S.A.*?

Strock: You know, that's something I don't even remember! I think today it would have been a better title than *Gog*, but at the time I think *Gog* was good because it was fascinating and intriguing, and referred to Gog and Magog in the Bible.

Fang: How did you come to end your association with Tors and go to work for Herman Cohen at American International?

Strock: Ivan also came to Ziv through Richard Carlson to do *Science Fiction Theatre*, and I was working with Ivan on many of those. I enjoyed working on these science fiction things with actors like Victor Jory, Barry Sullivan, Gene Barry, Gene Lockhart and others that the studio would hire because this was a prestige series. However, Ivan did come to resent the fact that I would want to re-write certain things in order to make them work better. There was really no argument between us but he resented a little bit and I was moved off *Science Fiction Theatre* onto other series—as *well* as doing one of those every once in a while.

The way I got to work with American International is very interesting. Herman Cohen was on the Ziv lot at the time we were doing all these television shows. Herman would come down, unbeknownst to me—I didn't know who he was!—and he would watch me shoot. And he would see how fast we were going (we were always on budget, always or most of the time ahead of schedule) and he came to me one day and asked me if I would be interested in doing a feature with him. I said I had a vacation coming from Ziv (I had been there five years and never taken a day off) and I was sure I could get time off and I would be thrilled to do his picture. And that was *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*.

Fang: What did you make of Mr. Cohen at the time?

Strock: I thought Herman was a strange bug, because he was so pontific—he had an ego that knew no end. He wanted things his way and that's the way he wanted them, and he wanted a director that would do things his way.

Fang: Did you contribute anything to the Cohen/AIP scripts?

Strock: I would receive the scripts, practically finished, and I would say, "These stink, these are bad, this should be done *this* way or this should be done *that* way." And we would work it out together. I tried awfully hard to correct a lot of things. You find that a writer, especially of this caliber on these pictures, really doesn't read the dialogue out loud, and you have to do that because actors have to speak the lines and they have to mean something. Sometimes alliteration or sentences that are backwards are very difficult for an actor to remember, and I would re-write those. There was never any argument with Herman about re-writing dialogue, but re-structuring was a real problem. The script supervisor was the same script supervisor I had on *The Magnetic Monster*, Mary Whitlock Gibson and she had broken the script down and tried to explain to Herman some of the mistakes. I remember having violent arguments with Herman over story points, over illogical things in the script, over time warps that were absolutely ridiculous—you didn't know where you were or when this was supposed to happen or how it happened. And he just didn't want to listen, till finally Mary and I got together and re-wrote and did things that we thought had to be done. Herman *finally*, after much arguing, accepted these changes.

Fang: The major flaw that many find in *Teenage Frankenstein* is its heavyhanded emphasis on the repulsive aspects of the story.

Strock: All this was done for Cohen's shock value, and I tried to get things done a little differently. I *tried* to do things in a *tasteful* way. I remember when we had Whit Bissell use the electric saw to take off the leg, what I did was use the *sound* of the saw hitting the bone and you *felt* it went through the bone—you never saw it. And then you lifted this phony leg through the scene. I remember when the censors ran this picture, they were furious. I had to run it again and explain to them that my effect was great—they loved the effect—but I did *not* show the leg being cut off, which they insisted I did.

Fang: Can you tell me a little about your stars, Whit Bissell and Gary Conway?

Teenage vampiress Sandra Harrison hovers over the body of a teenage victim in *Blood of Dracula*.

Strock: I probably used Whit in more different films than anyone else in town. He was a very capable actor, always knew his lines, always on time—he was "Old Mr. Reliable," and he could play almost anything you wanted him to. Gary Conway was not that great an actor but he was a nice kid . . . a little sticky at times, but I had no real basic problems.

Fang: Who designed and created the Teenage Frankenstein masks?

Strock: I think the makeup man was a man by the name of Harry Thomas—I may be wrong—and he and I did work out, *with* Cohen, the makeup jobs on the pictures.

Fang: What prompted you to end *Teenage Frankenstein* and *How to Make a Monster* with color sequences?

Strock: Herman couldn't afford to do these pictures in color, so we did them in black-and-white and then for shock value made the last reel in color. This was a *Cohen-ism*, if you would want to coin a phrase. I do remember that on *Teenage Frankenstein* we were shooting about two or three o'clock in the morning in a place called Hancock Park, which is a high-class neighborhood of homes, and this Frankenstein Monster was running around in the backyards and we were hauling cable. I remember Herman and I had a terrible fight over something, I don't remember what it was, and I told him where he could go and what he could do with his picture, and I would quit. And everybody on the crew was behind me, they *wanted* me to quit. But when it got down to the nitty-gritty, I just felt it was the wrong thing to do and it would be spread all over town that I walked off a film, and I stuck with it. But from that day on Herman and I did not get along too well. It was strange, however, that when he wanted to do *Blood of Dracula* and *How to Make a Monster* he took me to lunch and we walked around the block and he told me of *my* shortcomings and he told me about *my* attitude, and would I want to do the pictures? And it was so strange that he would even come to me! I said, yeah, I'd do the pictures, because I wanted to do some more features and get away from the sausage-grinding-out of those hundreds of Ziv television shows I was doing. We made a deal, at a little better money, and he was easier to get along with on these two.

Fang: What was it like working with a largely teenage cast in *Blood of Dracula*?

Strock: The casts in *all* those pictures were pretty untrained, untried. Some of them had never done things before, others had made a few pictures, but they were easy enough to get along with. The only problem was, you never had enough time to really rehearse and get things the way you would *like* to have them. I remember when I was doing these pictures, my kids were ashamed of me, they felt I was pandering. I said, "Look, we've *got* to eat. They're fun to do and I don't mind." *Now*, they're clamoring for me to collect the posters of these films, which I have been able to do.

Fang: *Teenage Frankenstein*, *Blood of Dracula* and *How to Make a Monster*—as well as quite a few Cohen films which you did *not* direct—are all extremely similar in plot

Unleashed from the mind of Herman Cohen by director Strock, Teenage Frankenstein (Gary Conway) gets physical with comely Angela Blake in a 1957 publicity still.

structure. How much would Cohen contribute to the screenplays of his own films? Or was this pattern something that he insisted his screenwriters perpetuate?

Strock: Most of those plots and basic storylines came from Herman, as I remember. I believe that he *did* contribute to the screenplays, corny as they were—and now that you look back at them, they *were* really thin. And you're right, they were alike. I think he insisted that the screenwriter would do this, otherwise, he wouldn't work with him.

Fang: Where did the idea for *How to Make a Monster* come form?

Strock: It was Cohen's idea, or AIP's, to combine Frankenstein and Werewolf in *How to Make a Monster*. I don't know where this story came from, but at that time we were told by many people, including a man, very famous in the business, Robert Lippert, that pictures about pictures *don't make money.* And I had fear and trepidation in doing this thing. I think the crew and the cast enjoyed the thing more than I did—it was a tough one to do.

Fang: Where were the studio exteriors for *How to Make a Monster* photographed?

Strock: I think they were shot right on the Ziv lot. Because I know Cohen wouldn't let us go anywhere—we had no money for location shooting—I'm pretty sure it was shot right there. That's the old Educational Studios on Santa Monica Boulevard, which, by the way, is now a market.

We had, I remember, a fire scene. The wax masks were on a wall with these curtrains, and when the special effects man ignited the pilot before the camera was running, the curtains caught on fire. We had the Fire Department standing by but I wouldn't let them put it out. I grabbed a camera, turned it on, yelled to another cameraman to grab the other camera, and we photographed part of the wax melting. *Then* we had the Fire Department put it out, and I was able to use these pieces later on. That was quite a mess.

Fang: Of your three films for Cohen, do you have a favorite?

Strock: No, I don't; I never liked any of them, really. *Frankenstein* was the most fun to work with because I had Lothrop Worth as a cameraman, and enjoyed that. I think *Blood of Dracula* has been listed in somebody's book as probably the worst Dracula film ever made—which is a great honor [sarcastically].

Fang: Have you worked with Herman Cohen since?

Strock: After these pictures, I *have* talked to him but I've never been able to work with him—nor would I *want* to work with him, I don't believe.

Fang: After these three films for Cohen, your next horror film was *The Devil's Messenger.*

Strock: That brings back horrible memories. This was done for a company called Herts-Lion International, which has gone bankrupt. They had a Swedish motion picture studio making a TV series, *13 Demon Street* in Sweden, with Curt Siodmak's scripts and Curt directing. The first five or six shows came back, and I was called by a Kenneth Herts, who was the president of Herts-Lion International, to come and look at them. I ran these quote-unquote horror pictures at home and my kids, who were fairly small at that time, were roaring with laughter all over the floor over this corny, junk film that was supposed to be an exciting horror show. When I went back to Kenneth I told him these were probably the worst scripts, the worst acting, the worst assembly of anything I had ever seen in my life. He insisted that I go to Sweden and remake 'em—so once again in my life I was replacing Curt Siodmak.

Fang: How did these unsold television episodes evolve into *The Devil's Messenger* feature?

Strock: When I got back, Ken called me and said that he wanted to make these different things into this *Devil's Messenger* film. We took three of those shows and strung them

(Continued on page 64)

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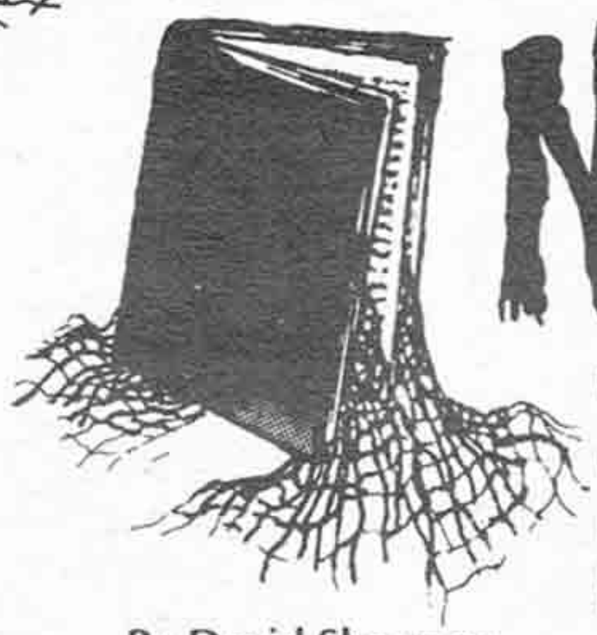


NIGHTMARE LIBRARY

By David Sherman

Of Unknown Origin
by Chauncey G. Parker III
Signet Books
244 pp., $2.95

More than a few respectable citizens of the animal kingdom have been bum-rapped by fiction and the movies. Take gorillas, for example. Your average American pictures the gorilla as a chest-pounding dynamo, eager to go 15 rounds with anything that can walk, crawl or fly. Preferably *big* things, like elephants, military apparatus, and resurrected dinosaurs. Gorillas are also known to be sinister and remarkably devious thugs, well suited for employment as hit-men, body-snatchers, loan collectors and croupiers. They're often found in the company of poachers, mad scientists, and Parisian underworld figures. Gorillas relish any opportunity to kill people and break things. They are nature's version of outlaw bikers.

Or so we are led to believe.

In reality, gorillas are about as aggressive as your Uncle Phil, who's retired and lives in Pompano Beach. Spend a day with a genuine gorilla, and see how thrilling it is. A gorilla's idea of action is to sit under a shady tree, pick fleas out of his fur, and eat a few grapes. Gorillas are, like, mellow, man. They live as far away from people as they can. When they see humans coming, they leave. Not only do real gorillas have no desire to stomp on you, they'd prefer not to even have to look at you. Unless you poke him in the eye with a stick or try to stuff one of his kids in your knapsack, a gorilla will not bother you.

Nor will a shark. Talk about bad press! Sharks have gotten raked over the coals worse than Idi Amin. *Jaws* did it, of course. *Jaws 2*, *Jaws 3-D* . . . these guys won't give up. Stay tuned for Jaws 12, in which the sharks swim up the Mississippi River and swallow Davenport, Iowa. Just when you throught it was safe to go in the water again, here comes another shlock epic designed to scare you out of your inner tube. Come on. Give me a break. Do you actually, personally know anyone who was ever attacked by a shark? Do you know anyone who was? How many people are killed or injured by sharks each year in the United States? One? Two? Now, how many people are attacked by vicious dogs? (If you said, "A whole bunch," you may be future Editor-at-Large material). But you don't see a movie called *Dogs 3-D* at the local drive-in do you? Nobody is paying $50 to go on a party boat and dog-hunt. Make no mistake: sharks are nasty boogers. Big teeth, no nervous system, remorseless killing machines, blah-blah-blah. But let's face it—you really have to go begging for it to get totaled by a shark. When you go swimming in the ocean, you 're running around their back yard. How would you react if a shark was running around *your* backyard? I'll bet you wouldn't invite him in to check out your stereo system. The day I'm riding the Q-12 bus to Flushing and a couple of sharks get on and start hassling people—that's when I'll be gung-ho to clobber sharks.

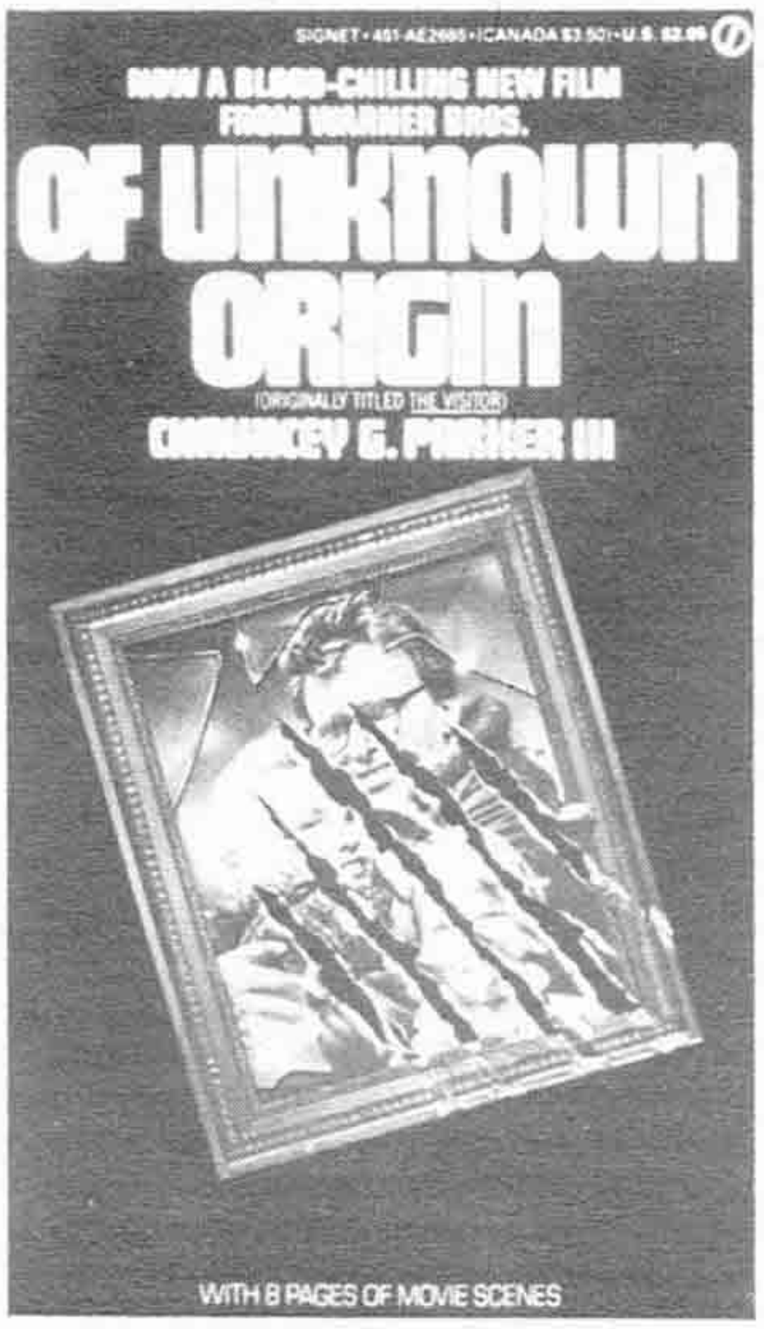
Dozens of other unsuspecting animals have been smeared into objects of fear and loathing by the feverish imaginations of writers and movie producers. Cats, bats, snakes, crabs, grasshoppers, birds, bees, even rabbits (as in *Night of the Lepus*). Rabbits are killers, boy. I cross the street when I see a rabbit swaggering up the block. Look out.

It's high time the animals got together and filed a class-action libel suit against the human race. They'll win, hands down. Or paws down.

With one expection.

Rats.

Rats are bad news. They're foul. They're dirty. They live in filth. They carry disease. They're destructive. They're sneaky. They're ugly. They never leave a tip. Every bad thing you've ever heard about rats is true. And then some.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CHAUNCEY G. PARKER III
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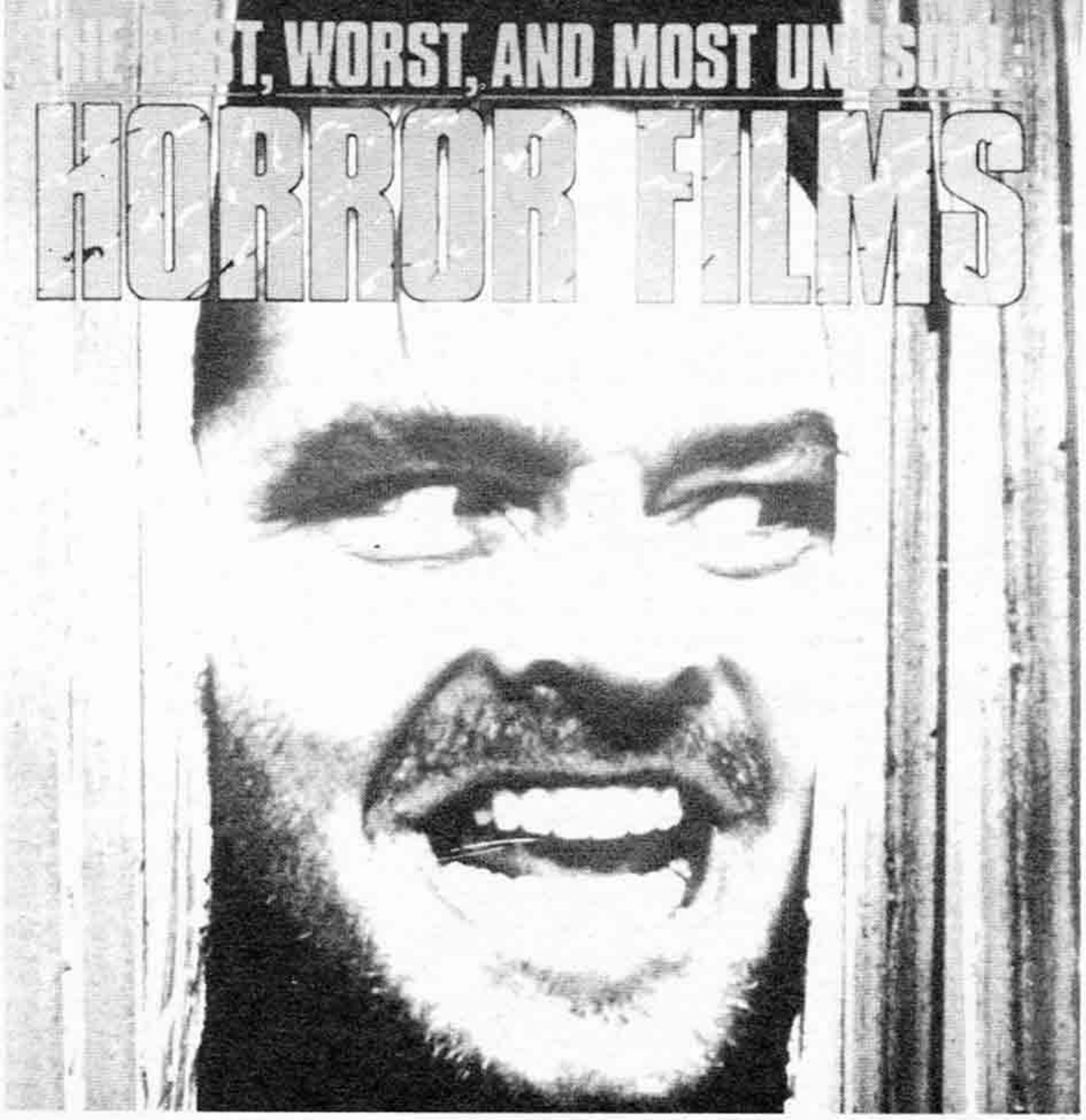
If you live in a rural area, you may consider rats just another undesirable varmint, scuttling around out in the barn or down by the creek. For city folk—specifically apartment dwellers—a rat in the house is the epitome of urban horror. Muggers, junkies, garbage and roaches can be taken almost in stride. But rats are the ultimate city-dweller's nightmare, and the nightmare is vividly rendered by Chauncey G. Parker III in *Of Unknown Origin*.

Of Unknown Origin is a simple story: one man versus one rat. Bart Hughes is the man, a successful young New York banking executive whose painstakingly refurbished East Side brownstone is his pride and joy. With his wife and children spending the season at their Maine summer home, Bart is alone in the house one balmy evening. Out of the corner of his eye, he spots an uninvited guest making a hasty entrance through the open garden door. The critter dashes behind a row of kitchen appliances before Bart can make a positive identification. His initial efforts to flush out the intruder are unsuccessful. Bart resolves to give the matter more attention the next day, little realizing that he has already fired the opening salvo in a war of attrition.

The homeowner's worst fear is soon realized, as petty vandalism and tell-tale droppings confirm the presence of a rat. At this point, Bart makes a decision which—within a short period of time— will threaten his home, his sanity, and, finally, his life. Bart decides to find and kill the rat himself.

The battle escalates with each passing day. At first, the rat struggles merely to survive. But after Bart discovers and slaughters a litter of newborn rat-babies, the mother embarks on a campaign of all-out guerrilla warfare. Can an animal be motivated by vengeance? Is a beady-eyed specimen of sewer vermin capable of psychological torture? Or has Bart Hughes let his obsession with ridding his home of the pestilent invader distort his judgment to the point of losing touch with reality? It is against this perplexing background that the physical action of *Of Unknown Origin* unfolds.

Chauncey Parker has produced a novel which may be on shaky ground in the realism department, but which tingles with tension and suspense from beginning to end. The rat is a vile and fearsome villain, and Parker imbues it with near-satanic cunning. He leaves the reader wondering if the animal is consciously evil, or if we are simply becoming caught up in Bart's hysterical paranoia. Very deft mani-



pulation on the part of Mr. Parker. Of course, all of this ignores one amusingly elementary point: if, by Chapter 2, Bart had simply called in the exterminators and spent a week in the country while they did their work, then the whole issue would be academic. But if that happened, then Chauncey Parker would have wound up with a short story in the *New Yorker* instead of a paperback novel.

Of Unknown Origin was originally published in 1981 under a different title (*The Visitor*). We are told that it is soon to be "a blood-chilling new film from Warner Bros." If the movie does the book any kind of justice, it should be more than a little scary. If not, the Rat Anti-Defamation League should picket the studio. After all, they have an image to protect.

The Best, Worst, and Most Unusual: Horror Films
By The Editors of "Consumer Guide"
Beekman House/Crown Publishing
160 pp., $9.98

Here's a terrific book from an unusual source: *The Best, Worst, and Most Unusual: Horror Films*, from the Editors of "Consumer Guide." From the Editors of "Consumer Guide"? The same guys who test toaster ovens, rate compact cars, and tell you which is the most nutritious breakfast cereal? What are *they* doing surveying horror flicks? How would "Consumer Guide" like it if Everitt and I started evaluating portable hair dryers? Well, no matter. These here Editor guys have produced a socko book.

Horror Films is both an informal history of the genre and a thumbnail tip-sheet for prospective buyers of videocassettes. The book surveys a wide range of material, grouped into loose sub-headings such as "The Walking Dead," "Science Slips Up," and "Psycho with a Knife." Under the banner of each sub-heading, a batch of films are critiqued. Just about every significant horror effort in the history of commercial movie-making is presented, from 1919's *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* to 1982's *Poltergeist*. There are even a few films whose inclusion is somewhat questionable, such as *Straw Dogs* and *The Elephant Man*. But better to be thrown out trying for the extra base than picked off of first.

The book's physical design is superb. Oversized and hardbound, each glossy page features high quality reproductions of well-selected movie stills. The majority are in full, sharp color, although historical purists may be annoyed by a handful of classic black-and-white shots which have been color-tinted for esthetic effect.

The text, credited to writer/filmmaker Darrell Moore, is a worthy complement to *Horror Films*' graphics. Low-key, frequently witty, and often incisive, Moore's reviews will afford even the casual reader a working knowledge of the subject. Appropriate emphasis is accorded landmark works, from *Frankenstein* to *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* to *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

Moore, like anyone else, has his own personal likes and dislikes, as well as a few pet theories you may take issue with. He practically worships David Cronenberg, referring to him as the "best new" horror director, and labeling *Videodrome* a "near masterpiece." Moore graciously salutes the masters of makeup and special effects, but somehow manages to omit both Dick Smith and Tom Savini (although Savini is mentioned once, briefly, much later on). When he starts to expound on the relationship between fictional violence and actual violence, Moore starts to sound dangerously like a film-school grad student. But, unlike many self-styled "elitist" movie historians, he does not gush over obscure pre-war Hungarian two-reelers while sneering at more mainstream efforts. He even likes *It Came From Outer Space*. It is Moore's obvious affection for horror films that makes the book eminently readable and enjoyable.

The Rating Guide is a handy report-card on 300 or so horror films of the past 70 years, listing date of release, numerical rating (1-10 scale), director and star, and one or two-word capsule description (e.g., "Spookster", "Animal Amuck"). For those looking to buy, the guide also provides running time and videocassette distributor. The Rating Guide is an invaluable aid if you're a serious collector (or want to be), and interesting reading even if you're not. Only nine movies got the maximum 10-point rating. See if you agree with the erstwhile Editors' choices.

Priced at a comparatively reasonable $9.98, *The Best, Worst, and Most Unusual: Horror Films* is one coffee-table movie book worth owning. The cover features an enormous photo of the leering, loony face of Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*. No one can leer and be loony like Nicholson. It's a face only a mother or a horror buff could love. The Editors of "Consumer Guide" know their consumers.

Not Through Yet. . .

Dear Readers:

Don't go away. We need your help. It's time for the **First Annual Nightmare Library Best Horror Book of the Year Reader Poll.** This is your big chance to help us prove to the world that Fango has lots of high-brow subscribers who do more than watch slasher flicks and listen to heavy-metal records—they read books! Make a list of the books you consider to be the best horror efforts of 1983. "Horror," of course, is a very flexible term; it can include zombie books, vampire books, devil books, mutant books. . .whatever turns you on. As long as it's scary. Do not include *Real Men Don't Each Quiche*: we want *horror*, not horrible. Non-fiction works, such as studies of films or directors, are equally eligible.

Make your list and mail it over here. Please do not give less than one or more than five books. You may (and we encourage you to) add whatever comments about the book you wish. We'll print good comments, and give your name and hometown so you can show people. Sorry, but obscene commentary will not make these pages, no matter how humorous, so be cool. Also, please try to write neat. Bad spelling we can live with. Heiroglyphics we can't.

After NIGHTMARE LIBRARY has tabulated your votes, we will announce those books which YOU, our beloved readers, have chosen as the Numero Uno of 1983! As our way of saying thanks for participating in this auspicious event we will toss all the letters in a barrel and pick one at random. The lucky author will receive a GREAT FREE PRIZE from the Editor-at-Large's much envied Personal Collection of Good Stuff. We are not at liberty to divulge the exact nature of this prize, but you can rest assured that it is something which will make you the envy of your friends, assure you of a fabulous social life, and give you something to cherish for the rest of your life. Assuming, of course, that you only live for another week after you get it.

Thank you and good night.

DAVID SHERMAN
Editor-at-Large

CAR TROUBLE

Hell hath no Fury like Stephen King's killer Plymouth! Screenwriter Bill Phillips on the adaptation.

By R.H. Martin

Though Bill Phillips completed his film training at the University of Southern California nearly a decade ago, it is only now, with the release of John Carpenter's *Christine,* that his career is starting in earnest. His only previous major screenplay credit is the 1981 TV movie *Summer Solstice;* but, with a co-writing credit on Richard Franklin's *Cloak and Dagger,* and with another Carpenter project in development, it seems that Phillips' name is due for high visibility in the future.

Phillips was a young adult before he was even remotely interested in a film career. "I remember back in high school," he says, "when I was dating, my girl friend had a hard time getting me to go to the movies, because I always found them boring. I was interested in writing plays, though; I was involved in the school drama club, and things like that.

"But when I went to Dartmouth College, at the end of sophomore year, I took a film course because I figured it would be an easy way to spend the spring. That was the beginning of it, for me; I made a little 8mm film for the course, worked harder on it than I had ever worked on anything before, and loved it more than anything else I'd done."

Phillips credits his sudden enthusiasm for film to one Dartmouth teacher, the late Arthur Mayer, who was 85 when Phillips first met him. Before becoming a teacher at the age of 75, Mayer had played several roles in film history, from serving as publicity advisor to Mae West, to bringing the first print of De Sica's *The Bicycle Thief,* a seminal work of the Italian neorealist movement, to the U.S. "Arthur and his wife were the youngest-thinking people I've ever known," Phillips says. "Some years after, I was pleased to be able to work on a documentary on the subject of their careers, *Arthur and Lily.*

"Whenever Arthur detected someone's growing interest in film, he would sternly advise them to stay away from it. But, because he was a great soul, hardly anyone ever listened, and he inspired a great many people to continue in film."

While Dartmouth's film program was academically strong, Phillips found little stress on the "hands-on" aspects of filmmaking. "I was learning nothing about how to load a camera, or how to edit, so I enrolled in the University of Southern California." By coincidence, Phillips entered USC within one year of the graduations of directors Richard Franklin and John Carpenter. "I believe I missed John by about three months; though I never met him, I did hear of him—he was known by reputation throughout the school even then—and my thesis film at USC was done on the same soundstage as his. No one had used it since, so the first thing we had to

Teen misfit Arnie (Keith Gordon) has found his dream car; pal Dennis (John Stockwell) is not so sure.

do was tear down the slats left from *Dark Star.*"

By the time of his graduation from USC, Phillips was fully prepared for a film industry career. "So the first thing I did," he recalls, "was to go back east with my Fine Arts degree, and get a job in a lumberyard. I occasionally wondered if there was something else I should be doing, but when you have Sundays off, it's hard to go looking for another job. After a few months of that, however, I got a job at a TV station in Hanover, New Hampshire." The station was a "narrowcaster," directed toward a specialized, medical audience, and had recruited Phillips to use his training in making educational films concerning the newest surgical and diagnostic procedures. "Some of it was real boring stuff—set up a camera in the back of a room and film somebody talking for two hours on you-name-the-disease.

"At the same time, I was making films on the side; I worked for five years on a documentary that I financed myself, which remains unfinished, and I started making commercials, really low-budget; for $2,000 I would produce a commercial falling somewhere in the midrange between Joe Blow standing by his used car lot and the Lincoln-Mercury ads. They didn't make much money, but they won a couple of awards and kept me working.

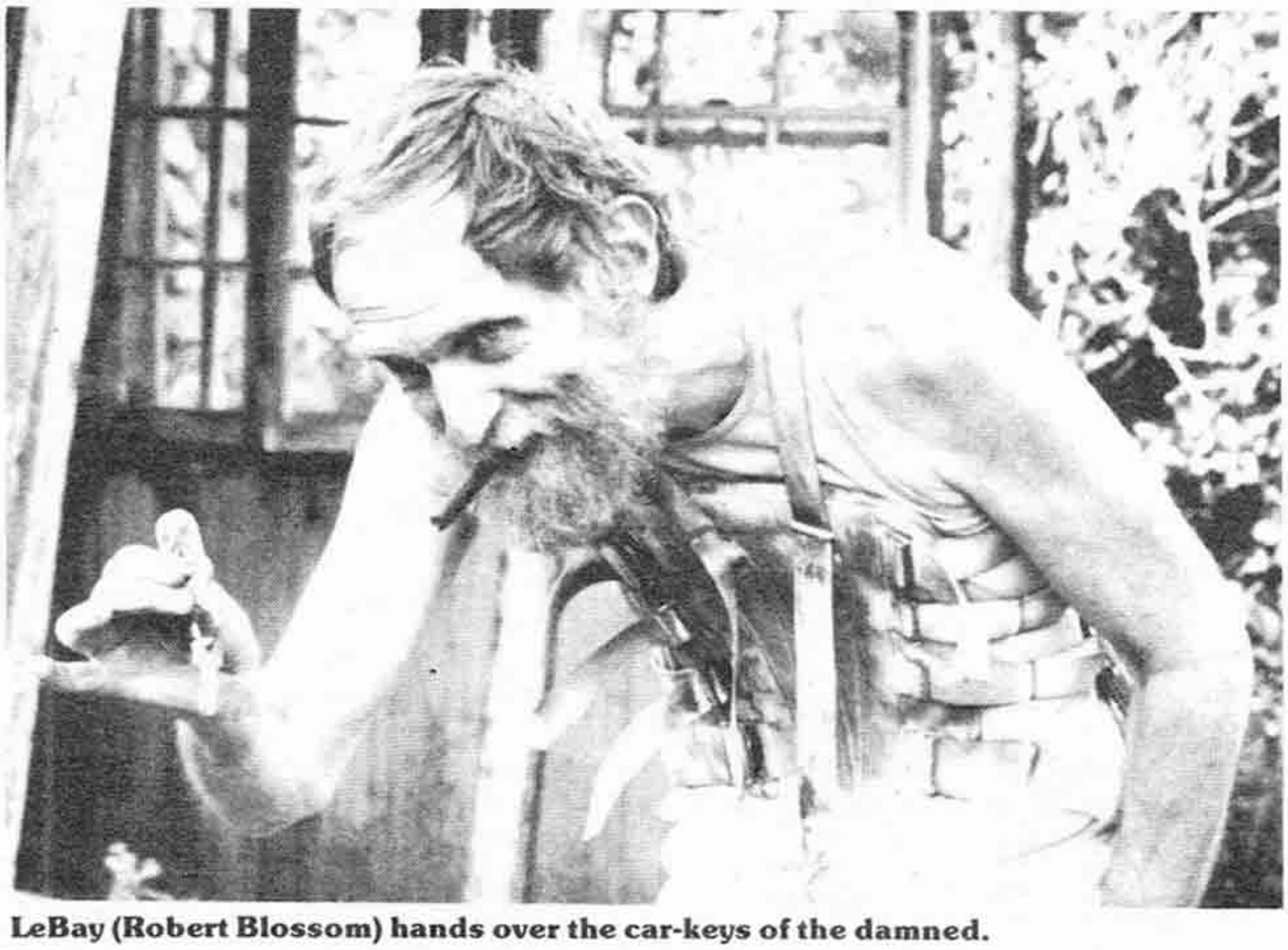
"But I kept reading about my friends who had gone to USC and stayed in California; like Bob Zemekis, who directed *I Want to Hold Your Hand.* Every week for six years I would think about coming out here."

Eventually, Phillips did make the continental leap, to start knocking on doors. His varied background allowed him to take a variety of jobs — from propman to cameraman to editor — but his first significant credit came to him from New Hampshire. "I had pretty much forgotten about it," he says, "but before leaving, I had entered a screenplay in a little screenwriting contest sponsored by a Boston TV station, which had been open to anyone living in New England. It wasn't until I had been in California for a few months that I got a phone call telling me that I had won. They then managed to get a copy of the screenplay to Henry Fonda, who agreed to do it. It turned out to be the last film he made, and the first independently-made film to be sold directly to a network for prime-time drama." The film, *Summer Soltice,* was broadcast in 1981, and the credit was instrumental in getting Phillips a reputable agent, the Phil Gersh Agency, which also represents John Carpenter.

Though it's the first to reach the screen, *Christine* is the fourth script Phillips has written for Carpenter. "My first script for Carpenter was something I wrote when I was back east, thinking, 'this would be great for John Carpenter.' It was called *Stage Fright,* and was 160 pages—much too long to be considered finished—but, in a fit of passion, I asked my brand-new agent to get it to John, before I'd ever met him. I still don't know whether he ever read it; he's never mentioned it and I've never asked, because I feel now that I'd rather do a rewrite before I show it to anyone.

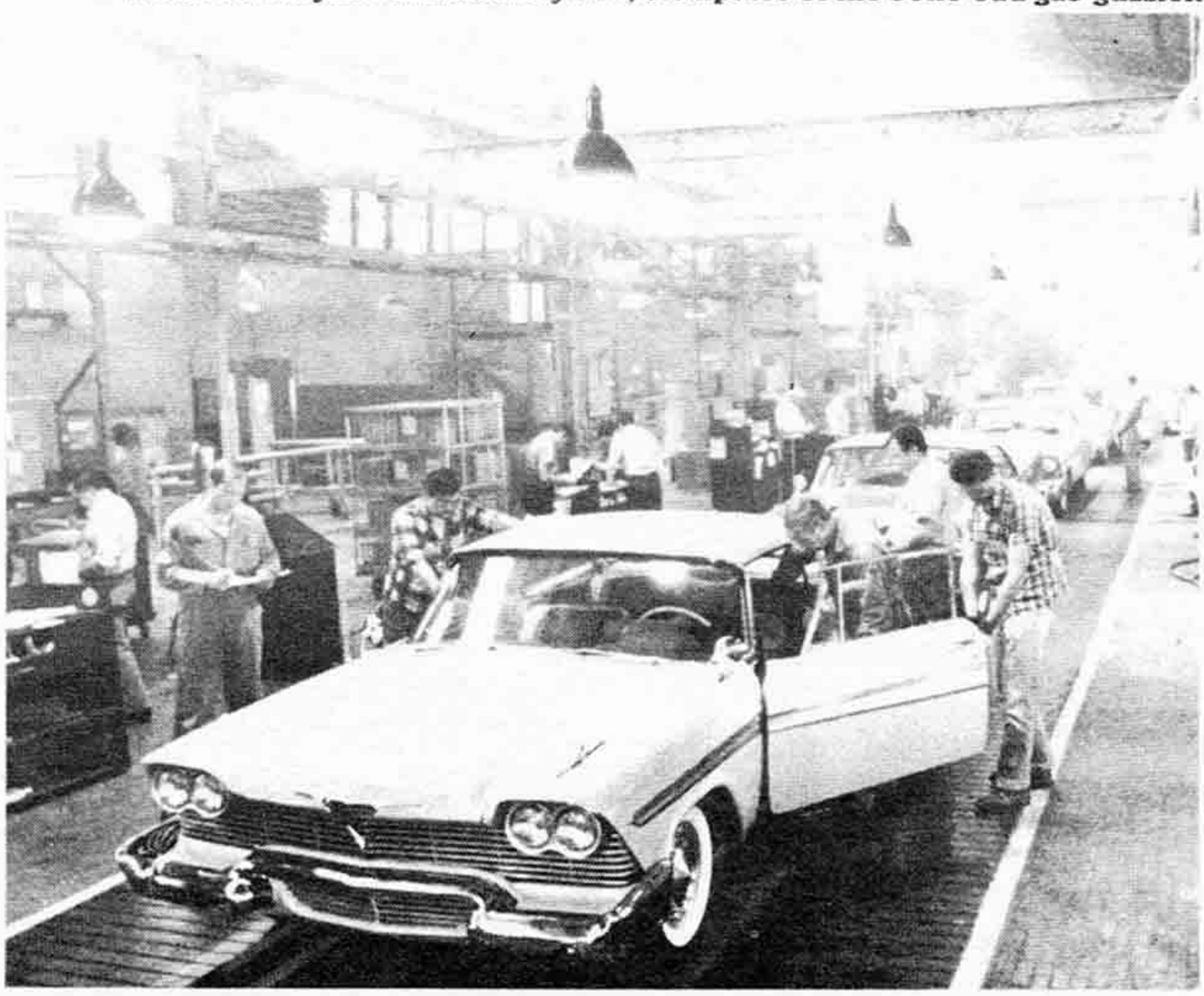
"My first real connection to Carpenter came through his wife, Adrienne Barbeau. I had written a piece called *Last Train Home,* about a love triangle, which was under development as a television movie. Adrienne read it, and recommended me to John for an idea they had." That project, a romantic comedy called *Sea Story,* is still in development by Carpenter and Barbeau's Hye-Whitebread Productions. Carpenter appreciated Phillip's handling of the script enough to call on him again when it was decided to bring in a fresh hand for a rewrite of Bill Lancaster's *Firestarter* script last year. "When John asked me, I immediately said yes, and 30 days later I turned in my script," Phillips recalls. "Unfortunately, two days before that, Universal had canceled the production.

"It was a bad time for everybody involved," Phillips continues. "I know that Universal was happy with the script, because they revived interest in it, and got a few other studios to agree to go halves on the $20 million budget. I don't know for sure what happened at that point, but I'd guess that it occurred to them that, based on the interest that was shown in the project as a $20 million film, they decided to scale it down to a $10 million feature, finance it themselves, and not share the profits with anyone. They did get a very good writer, Stanley Mann; I don't resent being rewritten. I resent more the fact that there won't be a John Carpenter *Firestarter.* I won't know until I've seen it whether they've kept anything of mine—if the film's any good, and if



LeBay (Robert Blossom) hands over the car-keys of the damned.

A visit to a Plymouth assembly line, birthplace of the bone-bad gas-guzzler.



Buddy (John Ostrander) engages in an orgy of auto-flagellation at Darnell's garage.

one little thing that I did is still there, I'll be happy.

Phillips' *Firestarter* re-write was primarily intended to raise the human dimensions of the drama, but apparently Carpenter felt that that writer's handling of the macabre was equally deft; within weeks of *Firestarter's* demise, Carpenter recruited Phillips for *Christine*.

"My first reaction was kind of leery," Phillips recalls. "A book about a haunted car? All I could think of was *My Mother the Car,* and that movie *The Car*; it sounded like it would be laughable. Then I read the book. About 200 pages into it, I called John and said definitely yes, this could be very frightening, and didn't have to be laughable. And we put a great deal of effort into avoiding any false laughter.

"King is a good storyteller, which I think is the highest compliment one can give a writer or a filmmaker. And he's a man whose name can lend credibility to what might otherwise be a very doubtful notion. If somebody asked me, do I want to adapt Joe Blow's story about a haunted car—forget it, get out of here! But if it's Stephen King's novel, then you can take it seriously.

"King is also a lot of fun to adapt. Good novel-writing can have very little relationship to the same material's viability for film. A reader's response to a book and a viewer's response to a film are very different in kind. But King offers very translatable dialogue and characters, and certainly very interesting ideas.

"The trap in adapting King is that you cannot be so slavishly faithful to the author as to attempt to put everything that's in the book up on the screen. Where King convinces the reader is by putting the reader into the mind of the character, by describing mind processes so accurately and vividly that the reader automatically buys the characters' reactions — so it doesn't matter whether he's telling you that a little girl is starting a spontaneous fire, or that a driverless car is out for vengeance, or that a rabid St. Bernard is about to pounce on a family. He doesn't focus on the horror, on the incredible event, but on Joe Everyman's very believable response to that horror. He has you participating in the experience of fear.

"He is also very good at writing action sequences, but the hard part is getting the unbelievable action that he describes to be believable in a film, where you can't use thought processes as he does. If we were to show Arnie becoming the rotting corpse of Roland LeBay, there would be no difference between that and *American Werewolf in London;* it would be a laugh. *Christine* has laughs, but not that kind of a laugh.

"Aside from making sure that no one would find Christine or Arnie laughable, my big bugaboo was *Dukes of Hazzard,* where you see cars doing all of these magical stunts and crashes in a very trivial context. Actually, that worked in our favor, since it required that we stay away from that sort of thing, which had been done to death.

"If George Lucas had grown up malevolent, *Christine* might have been *American Graffiti,* and one of the delightful aspects of doing the adaptation was the rock'n'roll music. It's unusual for a writer to be involved in the selection of music, but Christine's radio is, in a way, the voice of her soul. I went out, bought a whole bunch of records, and had listened my way through about 30 albums or so, enough to realize that I needed help. So a friend of mine introduced me to Michael Ochs, a musical archivist, and the brother of the late Phil Ochs. He has something like

Even fellow automobiles are not spared from the wrath of the two-toned coupe.

50,000 albums, and a great filing system—name a tune and he can have it on the turntable in 20 seconds. I had some of the music selected when we met; when we were through, he had given us five alternatives for each place in the script that called for music. As it turned out, we got about 90% of our first choices."

Phillips describes working with Carpenter as a 100% pleasureable experience. "On *Sea Story,* we had an initial story conference, and then I showed him pages after about 40 were done; when we were done he expressed pleasant surprise that everything he'd asked for was in it, that he doesn't usually get that. On *Christine,* we had minimal discussions at the outset, I delivered the first draft, and then we discussed changes, which were minimal, but significant—maybe about 20%.

"For instance, I had a very different opening, with Roland LeBay, Rita and their little girl at a drive-in theater, with *Gigi* on the movie screen, to place it in that era, showing the little girl choke to death. It worked okay, but the assembly line scene was a better idea, and it solved a problem we had. The problem was that Richard, John and I kept asking each other — who is bad in this movie? The car, or Roland LeBay?"

Kobritz consulted with King on the matter, who flatly admitted straddling the fence on the point. Shortly after, two things occurred that resulted in the film's revised opening.

"One is that John recalled something Hitchcock had said about an assembly line sequence that he had always wanted to do. That was a very exciting moment during our story conference—story conferences generally being pretty dull, anyway—with us all jumping up and down, saying, 'Yeah, let's do what Hitchcock always wanted to do!' And that resulted in the scene that shows the birth of the car from Hell, in the purgatorial atmosphere of an auto factory before the establishment of occupational safety standards.

"The other thing happened while I was watching M-TV. George Thorogood came on, and my girlfriend poked me and said, 'listen to those words.' It was 'Bad to the Bone,' and it solved the problem of explaining just why Christine is the way she is."

Though every effort was made to keep Christine's radio music appropriate to the car's 1950 vintage, it was decided that the Thorogood song, done in the timeless blues idiom (Bo Diddley even appears in the video!) was so "right" that an exception could be made for the title music. Other contemporary music, like the Rolling Stones' "Beast of Burden," comes from the late '70s. "We decided to keep the story in 1979, as it was in the book," explains Phillips. "For one thing, if we tried to place it in the present, it would be much harder to say what these characters would be listening to in 1983 or 1984; and we also found that a lot of the music from that period compares very interestingly to the stuff from 20 years earlier."

The depictions of death in the film were perceived by the filmmakers as a special challenge. "In the book, King's powers of description make some pretty mundane deaths interesting; for instance, Moochie Welch, who is run over, over and over again, until his body looks like, in the words of the book, 'a laundry bag with the contents spilling out.' That's a very interesting phrase, and in the context of the book it can give you the shivers, but the same scene on screen is just a car repeatedly running over a body. So our decision early on was to make the killings novel and interesting, though it is not a gory picture."

Late this summer, shortly after we spoke to Tom Holland about his work, including his screenplay for *Cloak and Dagger* (see issue #30), Phillips was called by the Universal executive who had received his *Firestarter* script, with the offer of a re-write assignment on Holland's work. "I recently met Tom Holland, and we had a very pleasant conversation. He doesn't enjoy being re-written any more than I do, but we have a mutual admiration for each other's work on *Cloak and Dagger.* Certainly the structure of the piece, and the whole notion of it wouldn't have happened without his input, and he was nice enough to say that he thought that the characters worked better with my input."

Holland's story concerns a young man (played by *E.T.*'s Henry Thomas) who is hooked on a computerized fantasy game concerning spies and intrigue. After witnessing a real-life murder, Thomas becomes involved in a cat-and-mouse game that parallels the fantasy game. Dabney Coleman appears in a dual role, as Thomas' spineless father, and as an heroic fantasy figure.

I wondered whether the success of *WarGames* had any bearing on Universal's request for a re-write. "I don't think so," Phillips replies. "If anything, we brought down the involvement with computer games a bit, though *WarGames* may have influenced Universal to give the initial go-ahead on the project; the stories are in some ways similiar.

"A change that was requested, though, came as the result of a tie-in; Atari will be marketing a *Cloak and Dagger* game. Though they'd already done the paperwork, it contained a lot of common elements with the story—spies, bombs, elevators to different levels, and so on. The only thing I was asked to change to connect the film to the game was the name of the fantasy spy, from Jack Flack to Agent X. I resisted it at first—I always resist suggested changes for the first 24 hours—but I later found that I could make the changes with no affect on the story or motivations."

For the future, Phillips expresses an interest in flexing his writing muscles in other genres. Certainly if *Sea Story* is launched (and the success of *Christine* should help), both Phillips and Carpenter will be reaching a totally new audience. But Phillips does not rule out a return to horror, and if he continues working with Carpenter, such a return seems assured. So let's not say goodbye—let's just say *hors d'oeuvre.*

AT LAST ON RECORD!

Varese Sarabande's Scott W. Holton—the man who produced the soundtrack LP of George Romero's Night of the Living Dead—has once again performed a major service to the horror-loving public, by overseeing the preparation and release of the definitive version of the horror fan's most sought-after score!

Unlike the Japanese import, Varese Sarabande's Halloween was taken from the original tracks, with stereo re-mix supervised by Alan Howarth, Carpenter's collaborator on the scores for Halloween II and Escape From New York. And it includes themes omitted from the Japanese release—at half the price you'd pay for the import.

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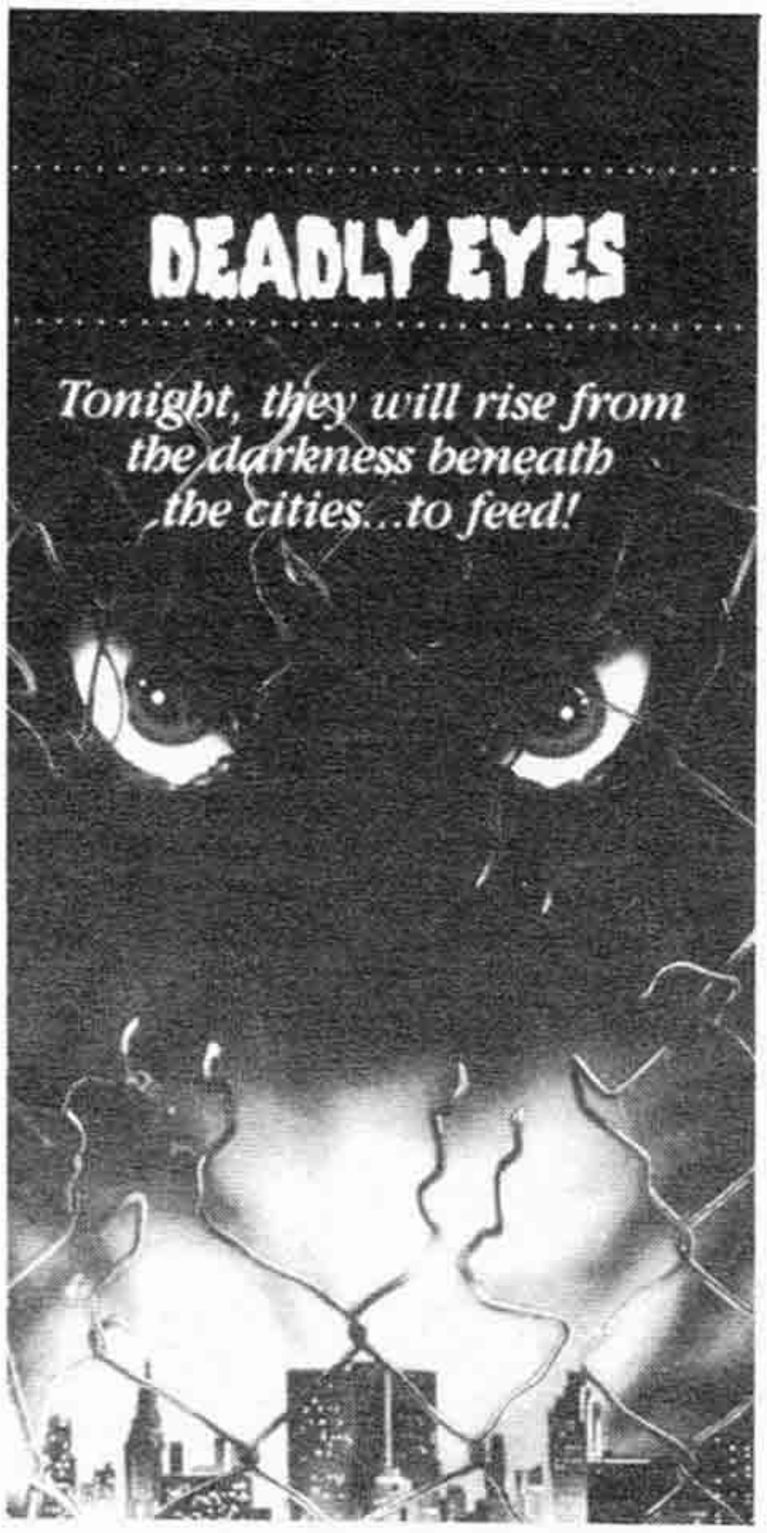
THE VIDEO EYE OF DR. CYCLOPS

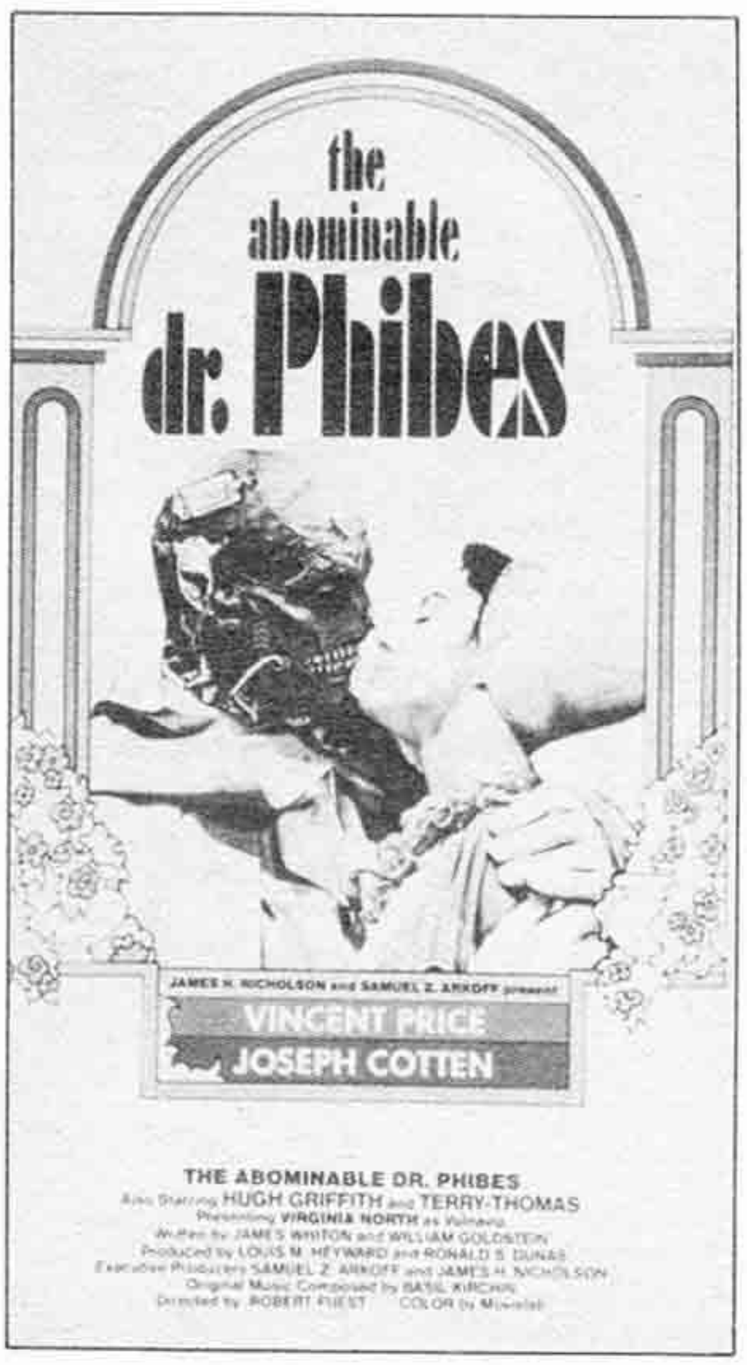
Except where otherwise indicated, all video cassettes are available by mail order from MARSHALL DISCOUNT VIDEO SERVICE, Trenton, MI.

DEADLY EYES (WARNER HOME VIDEO): This James Herbert adaptation (see Fangos #30 and #31 was produced by Golden Harvest and then picked up for distribution by Warner Bros. earlier this year. Except for an engagement on 42nd Street and other grindhouses, *Deadly Eyes* hasn't had any theatrical release prior to the release of this videocassette. I'm not sure what the reasons are behind this type of handling. To be sure, *Deadly Eyes* is no different than 100 other creatures-on-the-loose pictures, but it also isn't any worse. While the story is strictly standard procedure, the special effects are surprisingly good (considering that the oversized rats are dachshunds in rat costumes) and there are quite a few zesty attack sequences to spice up the proceedings. It's not exactly *Jaws*, but *Deadly Eyes* should provide a decent amount of scares for all rodents-on-steroids buffs.



SON OF THE BLOB (VIDEO GEMS): Those of you who have seen that famous 1958 monster movie starring Steve McQueen know that the Blob was frozen into a compact, inert mass and stashed away in the Arctic. Unless you made a point of keeping up with the Blob Saga, you probably don't know that in 1972 Godfrey Cambridge went to work on the Alaska pipeline and came home with a cannister containing a frozen "specimen" that oozes on its murderous way as soon as it thaws out. This is how *Son of the Blob* (AKA *Beware! The Blob*), directed by Larry "J.R." Hagman, gets started. When I chanced upon this picture during its original release I was pleasantly surprised to find that it had a sense of humor. I have never seen a non-hostile review of this movie, but, looking at it now on videocassette, I find that it still strikes me as a likeable knucklehead of a movie. Hagman seemed to have a good rapport with his actors (one of which is himself) and got funny performances out of people like Shelley Berman as an underemployed barber, Dick Van Patton as a gung-ho scoutmaster, and Cindy Williams as a dippie hippie. These vignettes make an amusing complement to one of the most foolish monsters ever to seep out of a drainpipe. So I liked it. So sue me.

THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES (VESTRON VIDEO): There haven't been too many really deft tongue-in-cheek horror movies, and Vincent Price was in two of them in the 70's: *The Abominable Dr. Phibes* and *Theater of Blood*. *Dr. Phibes* established the formula for Price and, unlike its sequel *Dr. Phibes Rises Again*, it strikes a satisfying balance between horror and spoofery rather than lapsing into obvious *Batman*-style goonishness. Dr. Phibes is a biblical scholar, believed dead, who is tormented by the memory of his wife's death on an operating table. Careful to channel this torment and not let it keep him up nights (too much), he sets out to murder all the medical personnel involved in his wife's operation according to the fashion of plagues described in the Old Testament. The death scenes are genuinely gruesome and some of the weirdo trappings of Dr. Phibe's ornate vengeance enterprise are truly eerie, while at the same time, the advanced melodramatics and quirkiness are very amusing. The character of Dr. Phibes also provided Price with one of his best roles, a persona that he would revamp a couple of times in the few years following this picture. The most significant person behind this production seems to have been director Robert Fuest who gave the film such a distinctive, offbeat style. What is he up to now, I'd like to know.


the abominable
dr. Phibes
JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF present
VINCENT PRICE
JOSEPH COTTEN
THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES
Also Starring HUGH GRIFFITH and TERRY-THOMAS
Produced by LOUIS M. HEYWARD and RONALD S. DUNAS
Executive Producers SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON
Directed by ROBERT FUEST

THE GORGON (RCA/COLUMBIA PICTURES HOME VIDEO): After reviving such old horror standbys as Dracula, Frankenstein, the werewolf, the mummy and the Phantom of the Opera, Hammer reached back to Greek mythology in 1964 to further their successful horror-filmmaking policy. Those familiar with the Greek myths will know that there were two other Gorgons, in addition to the famous Medusa, who were equally capable of turning people into stone with just a glance. One of them wandered into the Germanic forests and, in so doing, provided Hammer with the premise for this picture. Soon after the turn of the century, the residents of a small town discover that some of their neighbors are dying mysteriously—and dying's just for starters. The victims are gorgonized. Peter Cushing is the local physician who is trying to get to the bottom of this bizarre phenomenon, while at the same time obstructing the efforts of an outsider to solve the mystery. This outsider is accompanied by his professor (Christopher Lee) who has no intention of letting local prejudices stand in his way. Early Hammer heartthrob Barbara Shelley is also on hand as Peter Cushing's assistant and local mystery woman. Hammer pioneer Terence Fisher directed the picture and turned out an enjoyable thriller on a limited budget. The acting is solid (even the young leading man is strong), the atmosphere is on target, and the makeups of victims caught between flesh and stone are ghastly enough for Fango work.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE (WARNER HOME VIDEO): Producer-director Robert Aldrich created a phenomenon with this picture in 1962. In a masterstroke of casting, he revived the fading careers of both Bette Davis and Joan Crawford, and, with the help of Davis in particular, established a new breed of horror villain, the crazy old lady. The film was so successful that it spawned a long-running string of spin-offs, from *Hush...Hush, Sweet Charlotte* in 1964 and *Whatever Happened to Aunt Alice?* in 1969 to *How Awful About Allan* in 1970 and *What's the Matter With Helen?* in 1971. The film opens with a look back at the childhood of the sisters Baby Jane and Blanche Hudson when Baby Jane is a popular child star and Blanche the neglected sibling. The situation is reversed in the 30's when Blanche becomes a grown-up movie star and Jane a no-talent hasbeen. A suspicious car "accident" leaves Blanche crippled and we cut to the present. Blanche (Crawford) is confined to a wheelchair and has to rely on Baby Jane (Davis) who is half out of her gourd and going fast. The movie still holds up as a suspenseful, macabre look at the underside of Hollywood which becomes a breeding ground for dementia. And Bette Davis, underneath several pounds of child-star makeup while croaking out "I'm Writing a Letter to Daddy," is genuinely unforgettable; as is Victor Buono who nearly steals the show as the dough-boy geek who is drawn into Baby Jane's wacko web.

What Ever Happened
To Baby Jane?
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Produced and Directed by ROBERT ALDRICH
Screenplay by LUKAS HELLER
Music by FRANK DE VOL Based on the novel by HENRY FARRELL
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KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS (VCI): Man's tinkering with the ecological balance destroys the natural food-source for tarantulas and makes them show up by the thousands in a small town in Arizona with some new and disturbing eating habits. First they attack cattle and pretty soon it becomes open-season on the whole town. It's a run-of-the-mill premise, but *Kingdom of Spiders* gets a lot of mileage out of it. For one thing, unlike so many horror movies, the characters in this picture are recognizeable as people, and the setting looks like it could be somewhere on the planet earth. With the exception of a stupid romantic interlude between William Shatner and Tiffany Bolling, the movie is well paced and the tarantula attacks were unsettling enough to make me squirm reflexively. Speaking of which, as far as creepy-crawly horror movies go, *Kingdom of the Spiders* is almost as good as *Squirm*, and is marred only by a closing amateurish effects shot.

The Doctor is authorized to say whatever he wants. His opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine, its staff, or its publishers.

Texas Chainsaw Nostalgia in *Splatter*

Producer-director Ronald Moore reunites the stars of Texas Chainsaw Massacre *in a new thriller.*

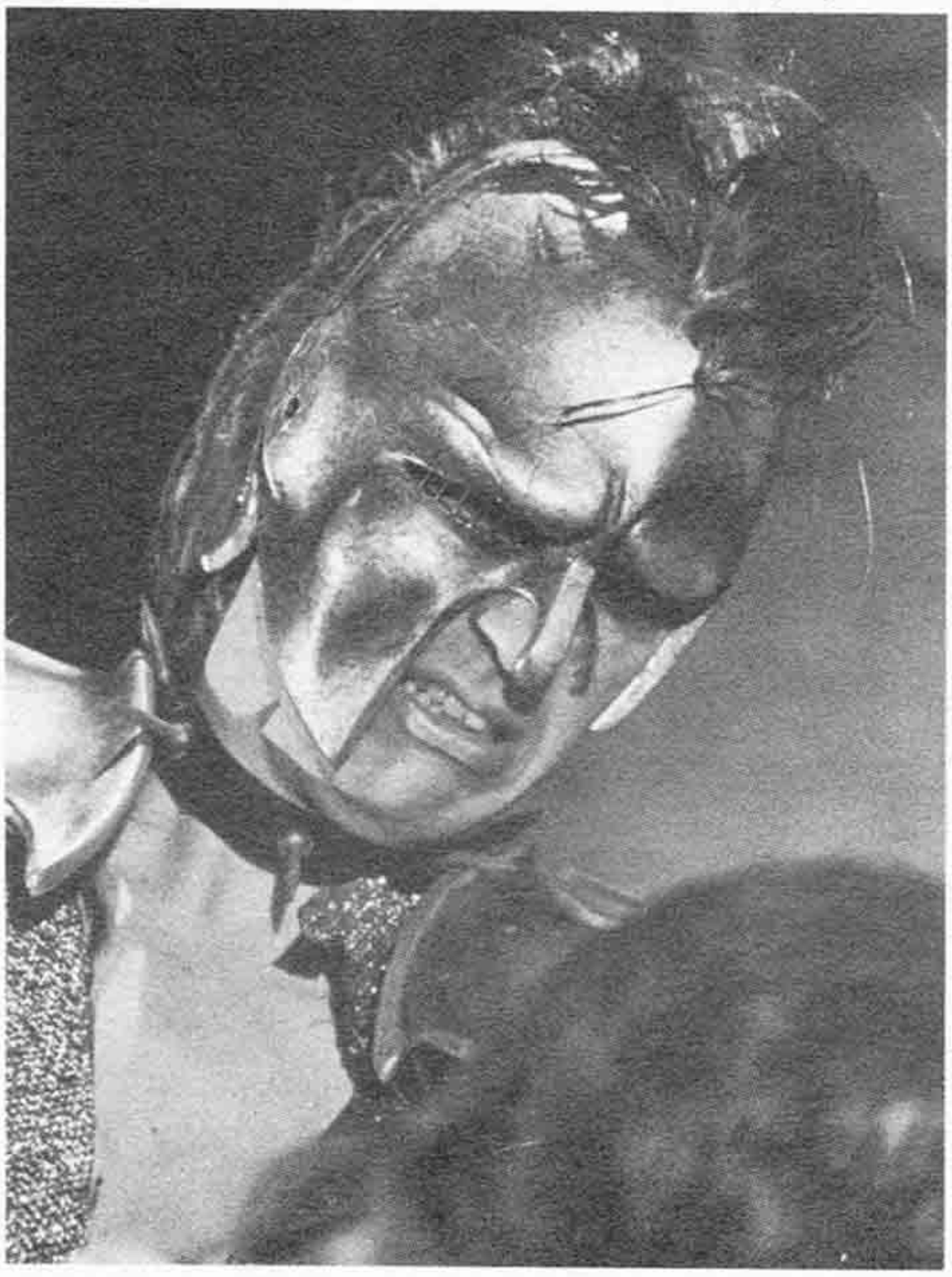
By David Everitt

Attention *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* fans: Edwin Neal and Marilyn Burns are back together again. That happy-go-lucky, hitchhiking, slaughter-house maniac and his shrieking, terrorized victim from Tobe Hooper's classic have been reteamed by the young Texan Ronald Moore for a futuristic action picture called *Splatter*.

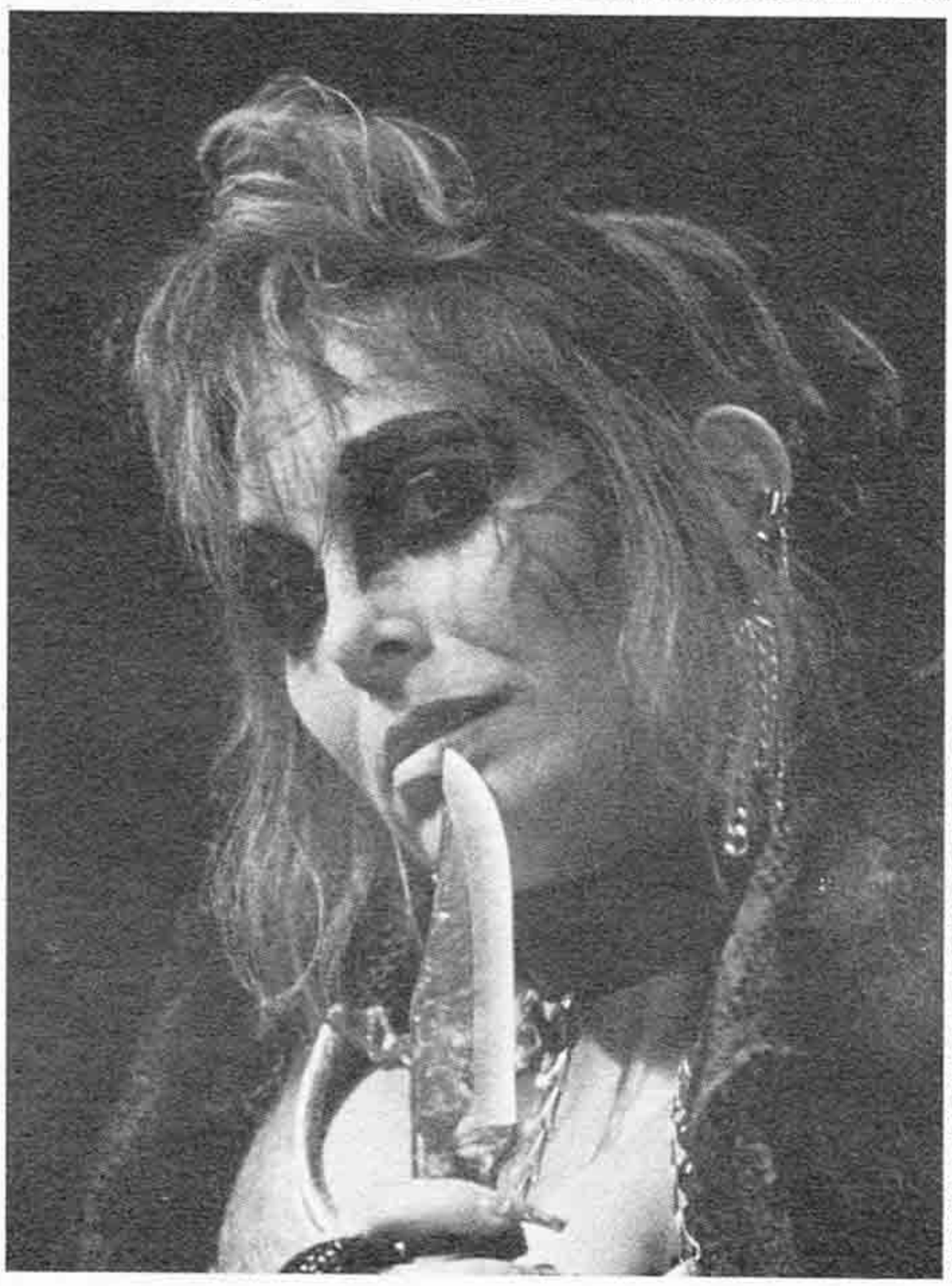
This movie, Moore's first feature, grew out of the producer-director's friendship with Edwin Neal, a friendship that began before Moore had ever seen *Texas Chainsaw*. "Although I'm a big fan of the picture," says Moore, "I didn't see it when it first came out back in '74. It probably wasn't until '78 that I finally saw it and I had already known Ed Neal since the year before. We were both interested in old-movie posters. I had heard tell that the University of Texas had a large collection and I went to see it. Ed was the curator of that collection. After that first meeting, we got together quite a bit and talked about eventually making a film somewhere down the line."

Moore has worked in various capacities on films shot in Texas, but the movie credential that he stresses when talking about putting together the *Splatter* project is his experience in the exhibition of movies. "I had come from a background of working in movie theaters and doing promotion campaigns," explains Moore, "so I knew the distribution end very well. I had managed a movie theater for about four-and-a-half years, and after that amount of time you get to know the types of films people come to see. It's not just dollars and cents on paper. You're right there on the spot; you hear what the people are saying when they're walking out at the end of a film, and that's something that I don't think a lot of people within the movie industry get to see very often. That's something within the exhibition end. That's one thing I'm really confident about; after almost five years, I'm able to look at films and know how they're going to affect the public or what the public's going to think about it."

This instinct for public tastes was still in the making when Moore graduated from the University of Texas in May of 1982 and tried to get his first feature film off the ground. He recalls: "I finished a script called *Death in Crimson*, a nostalgic, 40's-style detective film. I tried to get financing for that picture till about November of '82. At that point I could see I was getting nowhere very quickly; people just didn't see a real fast market in that project, so I got together with another film graduate, a friend of mine named John Best. He and I were sitting around one night having a few beers and trying to decide what movie we could do that would be a whole lot



Edwin Neal creates a new menace as the lead Mutant and title character in *Splatter*.



Marilyn Burns, no longer a helpless victim, plays Dorothy Grim, the Mutant woman on the vengeance trail against Edwin Neal.

PHOTOS: © 1983 MAGIC SHADOWS DISTRIBUTION

of fun, real commercial, and let us sink our teeth into something that would give us a feature credit. We're both good friends of Ed Neal and we thought about doing a horror film named *Splatter*. The idea for the film was really conceived by taking a lot of films that we liked and putting them all into one new feature-film idea. *Chainsaw* stands out as one of the biggest of these influences, along with *Night of the Living Dead*, and films that were futuristic, like *Escape from New York*, films that were somewhat graphic, had a lot of violence and a lot of action. *Splatter* is not so much a straight horror film as it is an action movie."

The concoction that Moore and Best came up with takes place in 1988. By this time the anti-nuclear movement in Western Europe has produced some offbeat side-effects. The fervent movement has taken hold in America as it has in Europe, and this Americanized branch has subdivided into two factions: the Truists and the Mutants. The Truists are concerned primarily with pure protest, while the Mutants have taken the most bizarre, theatrical side of the hard-core members of the European movement: skulls painted onto faces, wild, unsettling outfits, and any other devices used by anti-nukers to dramatize the potential effect of nuclear war on humans.

A bunch of fun-loving fraternity brothers have decided that a neat way to spice up their upcoming spring party is to kidnap the leader of the local Mutants, a guy named Eddie Pain. These frats regard the Mutants as a joke, but soon learn the error of their ways. When they go to the ravaged downtown section of town where the Mutants live, they find that Eddie Pain has been assassinated by his ambitious subordinate, none other than Edwin Neal in the title role of Splatter. Splatter convinces his henchmen that violence is the wave of the future and he tells them to take care of the frats before they can leave the city.

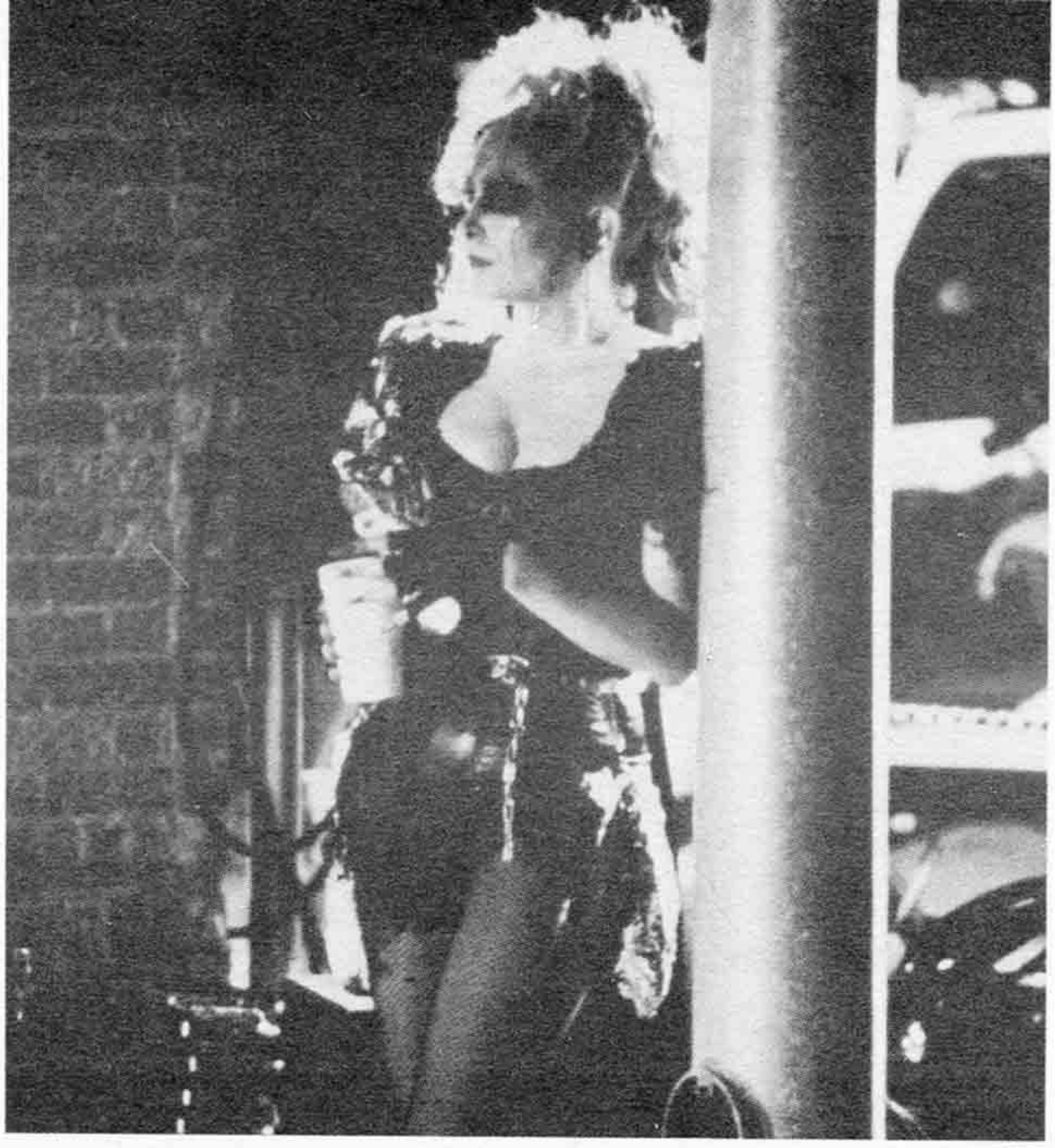
The fraternity brothers sense that something unpleasant is in the works and they take off for the city line. After their car is destroyed, they try to get out of the city on foot. The Splatter henchmen move in and, as Moore puts it, "it's one fight after another as the frats try to get out of town."

With this story in mind and Edwin Neal lined up in the title role, the next piece of the production puzzle fell naturally into place. One of the characters in the story is Eddie Pain's girlfriend, a mutant woman known as Dorothy Grim. In the words of Moore, "It just hit us like a ton of bricks one day. We figured, as long as we can get Edwin to do a part, we should get Marilyn Burns also. Let's have a reteaming of the main characters of *Chainsaw*."

The job then remained of getting the money to make the picture, something, Moore points out, that "they don't teach you in film school. With *Death in Crimson*, I went ahead and had the script finished and then I put together a budget based on that and went out to try to raise the money. That didn't work. With *Splatter*, I decided to get the money first and build the film around it. I put

Another fraternity brother catches Splatter at a bad moment.

A victim gets the claw-hand treatment from Splatter.



Marilyn Burns as the bizarrely provocative Dorothy Grim, in between takes of Ronald Moore's film.

Just your basic, run-of-the-mill 1988 Mutant.

together a prospectus for the film before I even had a script. All I had was about a two-page treatment of the story. I also had a budget I had prepared, and storyboard designs of costumes and makeup. I put it all in a package and started showing it to people. I had quit my job so I could work full time on getting this thing off the ground. I had to borrow money from friends to keep myself going, and at one point I almost quit. But then I got lucky."

Moore's break came through a man named Don Barker who was forming a new company called Magic Shadows Distribution. Barker started the company for the purpose of distributing Moore's projected film and eventually became the film's financer and executive producer in order to make sure that he would have a picture to release. At present, Magic Shadows is considering releasing *Splatter* locally in Texas first to test-market the film on home ground before venturing out to wider distribution.

To set the scene of a Mutant hangout in a city of 1988, Moore and his crew had to set up a devastated urban location, which turned out not to be very difficult. Moore found that just about any downtown area of a city would not be too different from the run-down setting he had in mind. "All we had to do really was take over a downtown section of the city and just dress it up accordingly—a little trash thrown around, appropriate graffiti on the wall, that sort of thing."

Some problems arose, through, while Moore was filming on the streets. "Most people who watched us shoot were very cooperative," says Moore, "but we got a lot of flak from real punks who thought we were putting punks down in our Mutant scenes—which had nothing to do with what was going on. So they started bombarding us with bottles and we had to run for cover. On another occasion we were getting it from the frats also, who came out at one point and hollered at us for putting down fraternities. So we were catching it from both sides."

For the special effects in *Splatter*, another *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* veteran was called into service. Bob Burns, who was the art editor on *The Hills Have Eyes* and *The Howling* as well as *Texas Chainsaw*, was hired by Moore to handle the effects work generated by the desperate confrontation between frats and Mutants in *Splatter*. Moore promises that some of these effects will be quite horrific, ranging from bloody to bizarre.

Within this setting of violence, the parts played by Edwin Neal and Marilyn Burns, as described by Moore, sound like they could be quite meaty. As *Chainsaw* fans would hope and expect, the Splatter character played by Neal is mighty ornery. "When John and I were doing the script," says Moore, "the original concept for Splatter was to make him the ultimate bad-ass to ever appear in a film. We wanted this guy to have 40 ways on him to kill somebody. He's got a Gurkha knife on him, a rack of spikes on his forearm, a blade, claws, a machete, and he's got a submachine gun off to the side. He's like a walking death machine. He's also got infrared visor vision so that he can track people at night. *Plus*, the guy's a speed freak with a speed-injection system on him."

Marilyn Burns, on the other hand, plays *against* type. Whereas in *Texas Chainsaw* she spent most of her screen time screaming her head off while being dragged around or tied in chairs by cackling Neal and friends, she now has the chance to turn the tables. As the girlfriend of the Mutant killed by Splatter, she tends to take a dim view of Ed Neal's lifestyle, if not his very existence. Moore says, "She's out for vengeance against Splatter and ends up helping out the frats. She's not a helpless victim this time; in fact she becomes the predator in this one. And, I think, she gets a lot of satisfaction at the very end of the film."

The Unmaking of a Makeup Man

James Cummins, the uncredited designer of the Strange Invaders *aliens, says goodbye to Hollywood.*

By R. H. Martin

You haven't heard of James Cummins. Well, maybe you did . . . maybe you saw his name in the credits of *The Thing,* or maybe, in a fit of boredom, you read an issue of STARLOG that mentioned his work on *The Intruder Within.* But probably you didn't, and you still haven't heard of him. One reason for this is that his career has barely started; he first arrived in L.A. in 1978. Another reason is that, on his most complex assignment—as head of special alien design and effects for *Strange Invaders*—he chose to have his credit dropped from the film.

Cummins' experiences in Hollywood are not unlike those of other young makeup talents. But Cummins is at a crossroads in his career; he now plans to leave Hollywood, though he has no intention of abandoning film work. As a result, he speaks far more frankly than most other effects artists have been willing to speak for publication.

Cummins was born in Wichita Falls, Texas; his father, an Air Force man, was subject to frequent transfers, so the Cummins family never lived more than a few years in a single neighborhood. Perhaps because friends and neighborhood never became a constant in his life, the world of movies did. When he was 13, he started his first experiments with makeup. "I always used to get into trouble with it; my parents hated it, so I'd wait until they were out of the house before I could do anything. They'd go out to get some groceries, and I'd run out to the garage and whip something up.

"On one of those occasions, I decided to do molds of my own face; I didn't know anything about alginate, or anything like that at the time. They went out, and I mixed up the plaster real quick, vaselined my face, laid in a lawn chair and started pouring. I'd seen a picture of a guy with two straws in his nose somewhere, so I had straws up my nose. Then it hardened; it got real hot and started shrinking. I started to panic . . . I pulled on it, and it wouldn't come off! I hadn't used enough vaseline, and it stuck to my eyebrows, and it had gotten into my hair. It was really stuck—I got up and started stumbling, blind with a plaster block on my face, through my Dad's workshop. Finally, I located a hammer, and started beating on my face, hitting and hitting it! Now I was really starting to panic, mostly at the thought of my parents walking in. Finally, I just grabbed it and ripped it off my face, and my eyebrows with it; I had blood running down my face.

"I managed to get a good impression from it, but my parents were a little curious about how I got the scabs on my eyebrows. So that was the first ambitious thing I did in that direction, and then I did various little 8mm films, that I'd enlist my sisters to be in. Makeup was a part of that, but I was really more interested in making films than in the makeup."

Cummins never did convince his parents of the viability of the makeup effects lifestyle. "They still call me up every once in a while and ask when I'm going to get a real job. They're generally very supportive, though, even if they do think it's a weird way to make a living—and they're right, it is."

Cummins' interest in movies deepened when his father was transferred to Germany. "There was really nothing to do near the base but go to the movies," he recalls, "so I saw maybe four a week. A lot of horror movies; things like *Willard, The House That Dripped Blood,* all that Amicus stuff. The movie that really frightened me was *Let's Scare Jessica To Death*—don't ask me why, I guess I read more into it."

In 1978, Cummins learned of the scholarship program administered by Walt Disney Studios at the California Institute of the Arts. Though he had no particular interest in animation, Cummins recognized the scholarship as a means to enter the film industry. "They wanted to see a portfolio of artwork," Cummins says, "so I started putting one together. I worked as the manager of a theater at the time, so I would sit in the theater, using a flashlight, and draw portfolio pieces."

Cummins won a full scholarship to Cal Arts through the Disney progrm, but within a few weeks of starting his first semester, found that the repetitive, assembly-line techniques of animation had no appeal for him. "After about three weeks, I stopped attending classes regularly, and asked myself what talents of mine could be put to use while I was here—that's when I got really serious about makeup and sculpture, and I started doing masks, which I'd photograph for my portfolio. I did the work in my dorm, which would be covered in a thick layer of plaster dust each time I was done—they came close to kicking me out."

It was a year before the administrators of

With a liberal coating of slime, prime time invader *The Intruder Within.*

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY JAMES CUMMINS

Cummins embraces *The Intruder Within*; below, his original concept for the critter.

Starting with the barrel kids (top down, Sturgeon, Cummins, Golas and Besarra) then clockwise: the shriveling boy in the making—Cummins sculpts; a head designed to be hit with a shovel (however, the actor couldn't find the motivation for using the shovel, so a lantern was written into the script); hand-sculpture by DuPuis; a face-ripping test; and a fellow ready to come apart at the chest for the film's closing sequences.

the program learned that the absence-prone Cummins was attending the school at Disney's expense. They lost their tempers, and he lost his scholarship, but by this time Cummins had assembled a photographic portfolio of his maskwork. "I didn't show it to many people," Cummins says. "The first person I though of, and the last person that I thought would actually hire me, was Tom Burman. But, when I was finally able to meet him, he really liked it—and wanted to know when I could start working."

Cummins' first assignment was the execution of concept sketches for Burman's personal project, *Footsteps,* a film concerning motocross racing, which remains in development. His first makeup work was on *The Exterminator,* including some work on Stan Winston's decapitating head (see issue #14).

Cummins continued to work with Winston (on *Dead and Buried* and *Heartbeeps*) and with Burman (on *Cat People* and *The Beast Within*), as a lab technician and sculptor. Also during this period, Cummins was hired to design and built the alien star of *The Intruder Within*—a remarkably ambitious task for a makeup artist whose career had begun just a year before.

Why do some effects people continue as "makeup staffers" for years on end, while others quickly rise up the scale to become the creative lynchpin of a makeup staff? "There are a lot of reasons," Cummins replies. "Some people have the talent but lack the confidence; others are confident, but don't have the range of skills. And a lot just don't want the headaches. Just about everybody has handled the makeup on one small film or two, but after you reach a certain budget level, you have to be a producer, with all the work that term implies. That's what's happening with the film I'm working on now, keeping track of money and schedules and so on. It's a pain, but you have to do it to keep costs down—and a lot of people just don't want those headaches.

While line producer Henry Golas handled the supervisory headaches on the TV film, *Intruder Within* was still a heavy dose of responsibility, and Cummins' first opportunity to experience first-hand the ways of film producers. "The original design was nothing like what we ended up with," he recalls. "They showed *Alien* on Home Box Office one weekend, and Monday the producers told us to 'make it look more like *Alien,* but different.' Then they showed *Jaws*—'make its jaws bigger, and the teeth' . . . it's a strange mentality. We had three weeks to get it all done, and I would literally work until I fell on the floor, and then someone would come in and put a blanket over me."

After *Intruder Within,* one of Cummins' heftier projects was the sculpture of an entire bodysuit for *The Beast Within.* Unfortunately, it was decided to cast the final suit in Smooth-On, which proved to be too heavy a material; Beast-actor Paul Clemens couldn't wear it. Without the time to re-cast, the last-minute alternative was a suit constructed of cut foam bonded to a leotard, used with the hands and feet sculpted by Cummins.

Because there was a shortage of union crew available at the time that *Cat People* was in production, Tom Burman was able to get Cummins a union card. Cummins' chief work involved the sculpting work on a mechanical panther, work shared with Rick

Baker alumnus David Celliti. But because director Paul Schrader had a tendency to make last-minute changes in the effects plans, it was never used as intended; its sole screen appearance is in a single shot of a panther (Nastassia Kinski) splashing into a river.

During a brief hiatus in production on *Cat People,* Cummins was offered a position on Rob Bottin's crew for *The Thing;* shortly afterwards he was contacted by Burman for additional work on the Schrader film. Torn between loyalty to Burman and the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that was seemingly presented by the Carpenter picture, Cummins opted for the latter. "I spent over seven months working on the picture before I quit," Cummins says. "The first three months were fine, but as time went on, things got to be more and more of a circus."

One reason that the work began to pall on Cummins was the assembly-line nature of it, as pieces started by one artist would be passed on to others for refinement and completion. "We all started out with such grand ideas of what we were going to do," he says, "and at the outset, Rob indicated that we would each have a certain amount of control over individual aspects of the work. That slowly eroded over time—which I can't blame him for, because of the time and money pressures that were on him. But, eventually, I felt just like one more cog in the wheel." Another problem, says Cummins, came from a lack of direction from Bottin. "He is a great sculptor," Cummins is quick to point out. "I have a lot of respect for him. And, as I said, there are a great many other headaches that come with a large project like this was; Rob was very involved in negotiating the red tape put out by the studio.

"But it got so, a lot of times, Rob simply wasn't there, and there were a lot of instances where he didn't know what he wanted until he saw it. He sculpted all of the heads himself, but most other things were left pretty much up to the staff. Often, we had a vague idea of where he wanted to go with something, but you were left to find your own way, and when he saw it he either liked it or didn't like it. It went very well when he could tell you exactly what he wanted, but most often we were working without knowing what he was really looking for, and that was nerve-wracking." Bottin himself acknowledged this problem in FANGORIA #21, saying, "I changed my mind a lot, which made a lot of people crazy. The next time I do something like this, I'll have more drawings, and more clear-cut directions, so it will be easier for everyone."

"I really have to take my hat off to Eric Jensen, the effects unit line producer," Cummins continues, "for being able to pull everything together. If Eric hadn't been there, I would have left a lot sooner than I did. And John Carpenter was great; even when the pressure was at its worst, he could distance himself from it. He'd say to Rob, 'Look, don't worry—just give me a balloon with a party hat on it, and we'll shoot it to make it look right.'

"When I left, I think everyone understood my feelings—I'm still on good terms with everyone who was on the picture."

After a period of idleness, Cummins was sent a copy of the *Strange Invaders* script by his friend and frequent co-worker, Henry Golas. After working up a few sketches, the two met with producer Walter Coblens and director Michael Laughlin, and shortly thereafter Cummins and Golas assembled a crew that included Margaret Bessara, one of Cummins' co-workers on *The Thing,* frequent Rick Baker crew-member Bill Sturgeon, and one of *The Thing*'s hardest-working moldmakers, Brian Wade. That crew was later supplemented by Canadian crewmembers

A panaorama of strange invaders; fellow at upper left is bedecked in a formula that was widely used in the film, and known to the crew as Chunks'o'Flesh.

(as required by Canadian law), including Stephan Dupuis of *Scanners* and *Visiting Hours*. The troupe then set out for Claremont, Quebec, to set up shop in an ancient building that had been a gambling hall/whorehouse in its better days.

"I tried to organize it so that everyone could consider some part of the work their own," says Cummins. "Everybody sculpted one or more of the alien heads, and each person could become as involved with the work as they wanted to. And it worked out just great; everybody got along really well, and the hours never got to be too ridiculous, though we did have a couple of late nights. the Canadian crew was marvelous, particularly the production manager, Marilyn Stonehouse. The only people we had any trouble with were the art director, the cinematographer and the director. We had a lot of disagreements, and butted heads several times.

"For instance, on the effect where a boy shrivels up and turns into a blue ball; that was a combination of a mechanical effect and an animation effect—I needed low-level lighting, with a lot of texture, while the animated effect needed a lot of light. John Muto, representing Private Stock Effects [the firm responsible for the film's optical effects] and I worked out a compromise that would suit everyone's needs, and discussed it and okayed it with the cinematographer and Michael Laughlin, the director. I went downstairs to work on another effect—and when I came back up, the set looked like the noonday sun. It wasn't at all what we had talked about. So we started discussing it, I made some suggestions, and the reaction of the cinematographer and John Muto was, basically, to laugh, and say, 'Don't worry, we'll stop it down'—obviously not understanding that it was the texture of the light, and not the intensity, that's important with an effect like this." Eventually, the sequence

Numerous townspeople reveal their alien indentities in *Strange Invaders'* closing sequences. This particular fellow became known as "the Hilton man" because most of the work that went into him was done in a room at a Hilton hotel.

was shot using the lighting scheme that was initially mapped out.

It was another incident that prompted Cummins to withdraw his credit from the film. "That was the parade of aliens that remove their masks and walk toward the ship. The scene was supposed to take place at night, in a fog, and we had done 64 masks for background aliens that were not exactly the greatest, because of the time involved. The day before that was shot, Michael Laughlin decided to shoot it in broad daylight, to avoid the expense of shooting with a union crew at night. Initially, we refused to do it, because we knew it would look bad, and make the film look bad. When we finally did swallow our pride and go through with it, it was solely out of consideration for the producer, Walter Coblenz.

"When we arrived to shoot the scene, we found that, instead of the thin people we had requested to wear this stuff, they had gotten fat people, who could barely fit into the masks; and some of them were wearing T-shirts with their arms exposed, so there was no way we could put the alien gloves on them. It all looked like crap, and I didn't want my name associated with it; so that's when I told them I would do the work, but I didn't want my name on the credits."

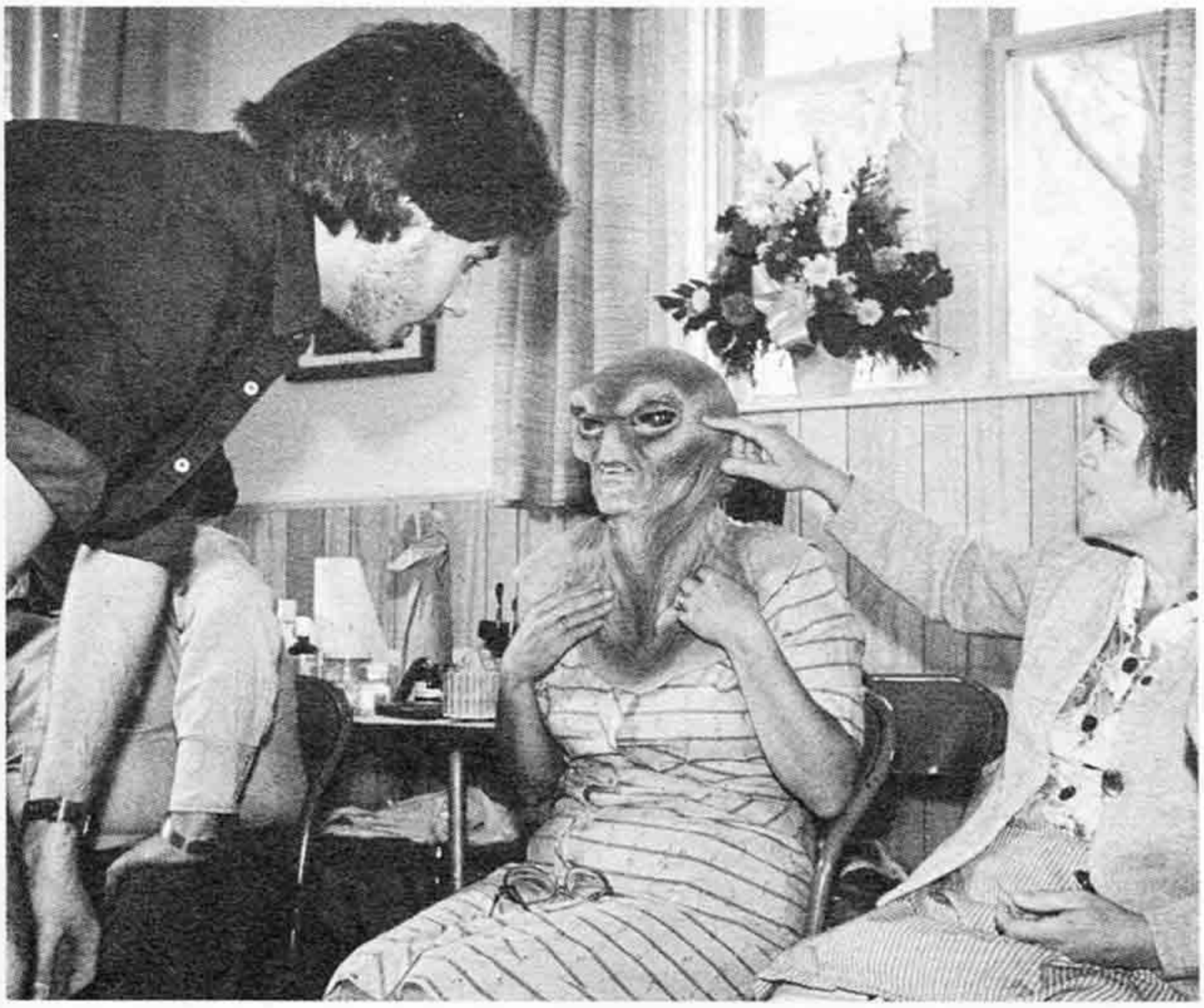
When Orion saw the dailies of the alien parade, "they went through the roof," says Cummins. "They were furious, and wanted to know what happened—all the stuff we'd done that they had seen up to that point, they had really liked." Re-shoots were ordered, and, for the one night dedicated to shooting those final makeup effects sequences, Cummins served as uncredited second-unit director.

Though Cummins was vindicated, and the sequence corrected, the die had already been cast as far as credit for Cummins and Golas was concerned. "Once you play that card, it's very hard to take it off the table," Cummins says. "But I don't regret not having my name on that particular film."

Cummins is currently collaborating with effects artist Mark Shostrum (master of gruesomeness for *Fall Break*) on another film, entitled *Origins Unknown*. The story concerns an experimental lab that unleashes on earth a parasitic creature with most of the worst characteristics of the parasites in *They Came From Within, Alien* and *Parasite*. It will probably be Cummins' last work in Hollywood for some time to come.

Last year, Ellis Burman, who developed the "talking orangutan" puppets for NBC's *Mr. Smith*, was contracted by Hasbro Toys to sculpt models for a possible series of Mr. Smith plays figures. Burman's involvement in other projects resulted in his passing the work on to Cummins, who enlisted Bill Sturgeon's help in executing six of the six-inch-tall prototypes. Hasbro was highly enthusiastic about Cummins' work, and asked to see his portfolio, which he mailed to them on the day of our interview. When we made a follow-up call a week later, Cummins told us that he'd been offered the job, and that he would very likely accept, and relocate to Pawntucket, Rhode Island.

Cummins' attitude has changed a great deal since he first applied for the Disney scholarship as a means to get to Hollywood. "I don't like it here," he frankly states, "but I have no intention of leaving film; that's my first love, and I hope to see what I can do in the way of independent production. I didn't come here with the intention of doing effects; I wanted to make films—not necessarily to produce or direct, but to have a hand in the creative process in some way. I've seen the ways things operate here—and it doesn't work."



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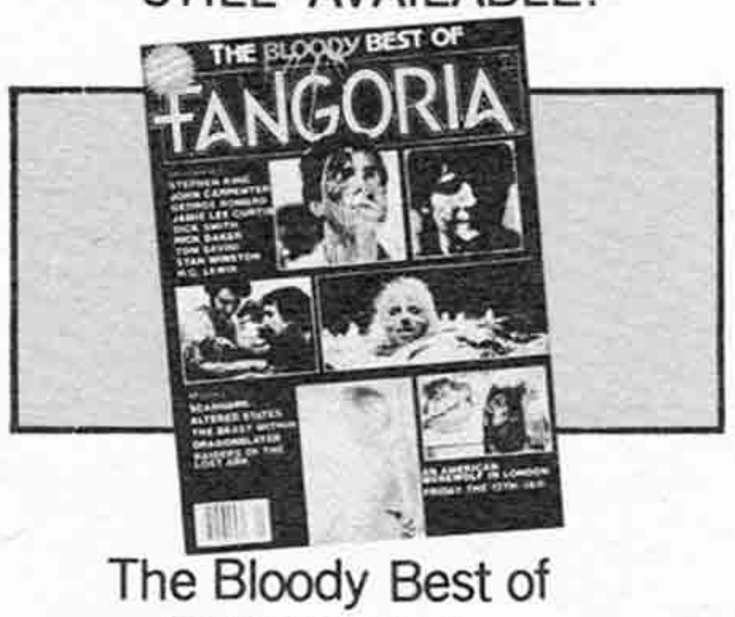

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The Incredible

Fango Index!

August, 1979—September, 1983

The Shattering Conclusion

The Fango Index has been compiled to serve two purposes:

1. To provide easy reference to the wealth of information available in FANGORIA for film students, scholars and fans.
2. To help sell back issues.

Though not every film and personality mentioned in FANGORIA is listed, we have attempted to reference every mention that might prove informative to the typical horror film scholar, as well as some nifty pictures.

There are six types of entries. Those followed by "ftr" are features, most often a major interview with the named personality, or concerning the named film. The letters "c/ftr" indicate such a feature, accompanied by color pictures. Similiarly, "br" indicates a book review, "vr" indicates a Dr. Cyclops video review, and "mi" indicates a "Monster Invasion" entry. If no such letter-code follows an entry, the reference is contained in an article on a broader topic. Page references are indicated in the format *issue #/page #*.

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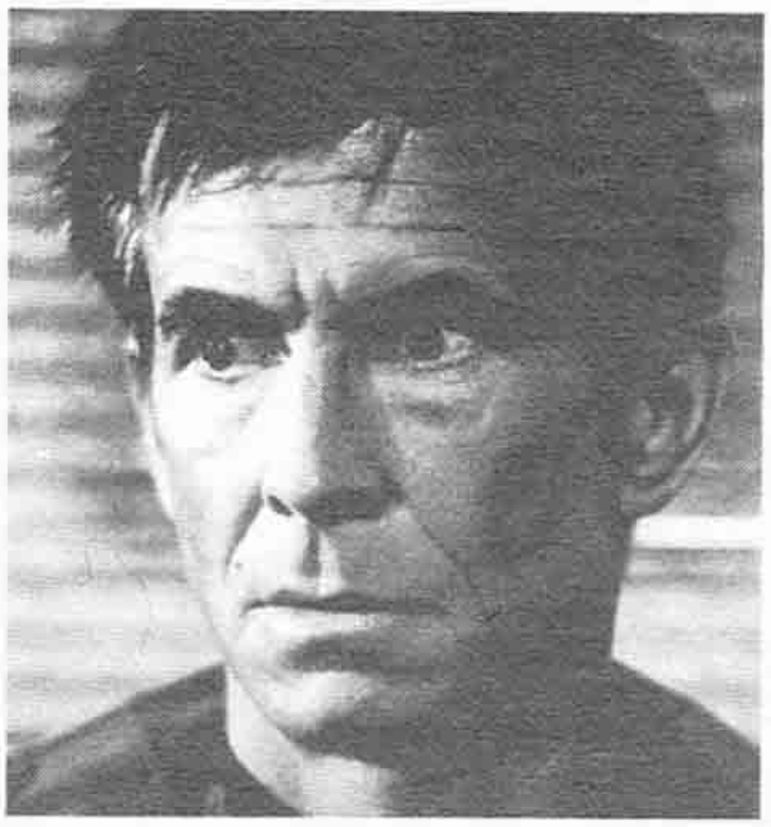

The quintessence of the letter P: Perkins in *Psycho II*.

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Atwill, Lionel 26/36
Balding, Rebecca 19/8
Bat Men of Africa 22/36
Bat Whispers, The 21/17
Bat, The 21/17
Beast with a Million Eyes, The 28/28
Birth of the Witch, The 19/9
Boogens, The 19/8
Bride and the Beast, The 17/9
Bride of the Monster 9/18
Bride of the Monster 25/27
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, The 14/8
Cat and the Canary, The 11/39
Corridors of Blood 13/9
Curse of the Voodoo 18/28
Day the World Ended, The 9/17
Day the World Ended, The 27/36
Dead of Night 15/44
Devil Bat 22/36
Devil Bat's Daughter 22/37
Devil Doll 15/44
Doctor of Seven Dials 13/9
Drums O'Voodoo 18/28
Fiend Without a Face, The 23/34
Ghoul, The 9/16
Girls in Prison 28/30
Gordon, Richard 9/16
Gordon, Richard 11/40
Gordon, Ruth 9/19
Gorilla, The 17/8
Great Gabbo, The 15/44
Haunted Strangler, The 13/8
Hotzenplotz the Robber 24/38
It Came From Hollywood 25/26
It Conquered the World 29/30
Karloff, Boris 12/9
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Karloff, Boris 9/16
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London After Midnight 23/35
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Magic 15/45
Masque of the Red Death 9/19
Monster From Ocean Floor 27/34
Monster Walks, The 17/8
Naked Evil 18/29
She-Creature, The 9/18
She-Creature, The 29/28
Something's Rotten 15/45
True Adv. of B. Soubirou 24/38
Underwater City, The 20/51
Vampire Bat, The 21/18
Voodoo Man, The 18/29
Voodoo Woman 9/18
Voodoo Woman 18/28
Wallace, Edgar 14/8
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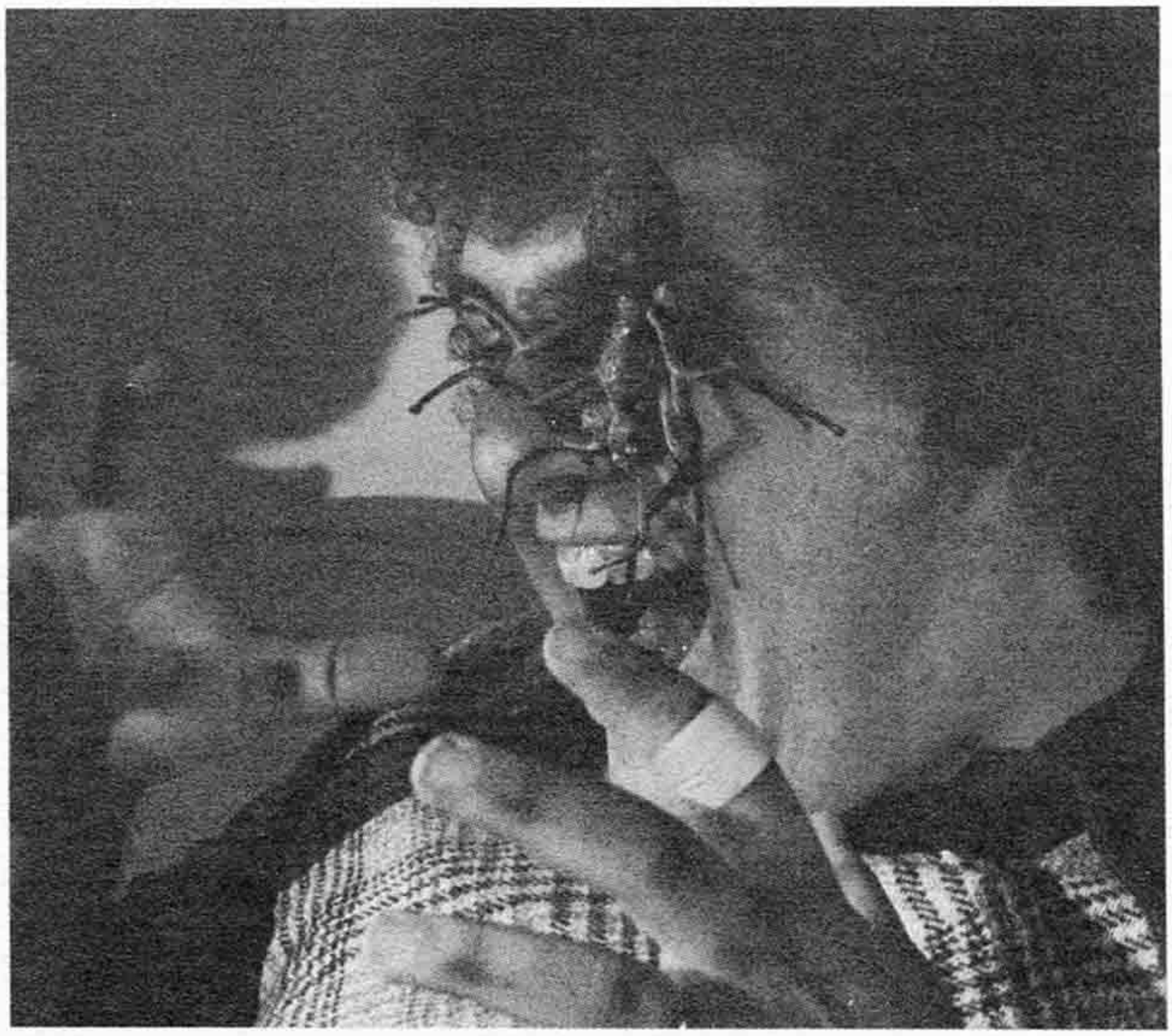
White Pongo 17/8
White Zombie 16/25
Wood, Edward D. 17/9
Wood, Edward D. 9/17
Wood, Edward D. 25/26

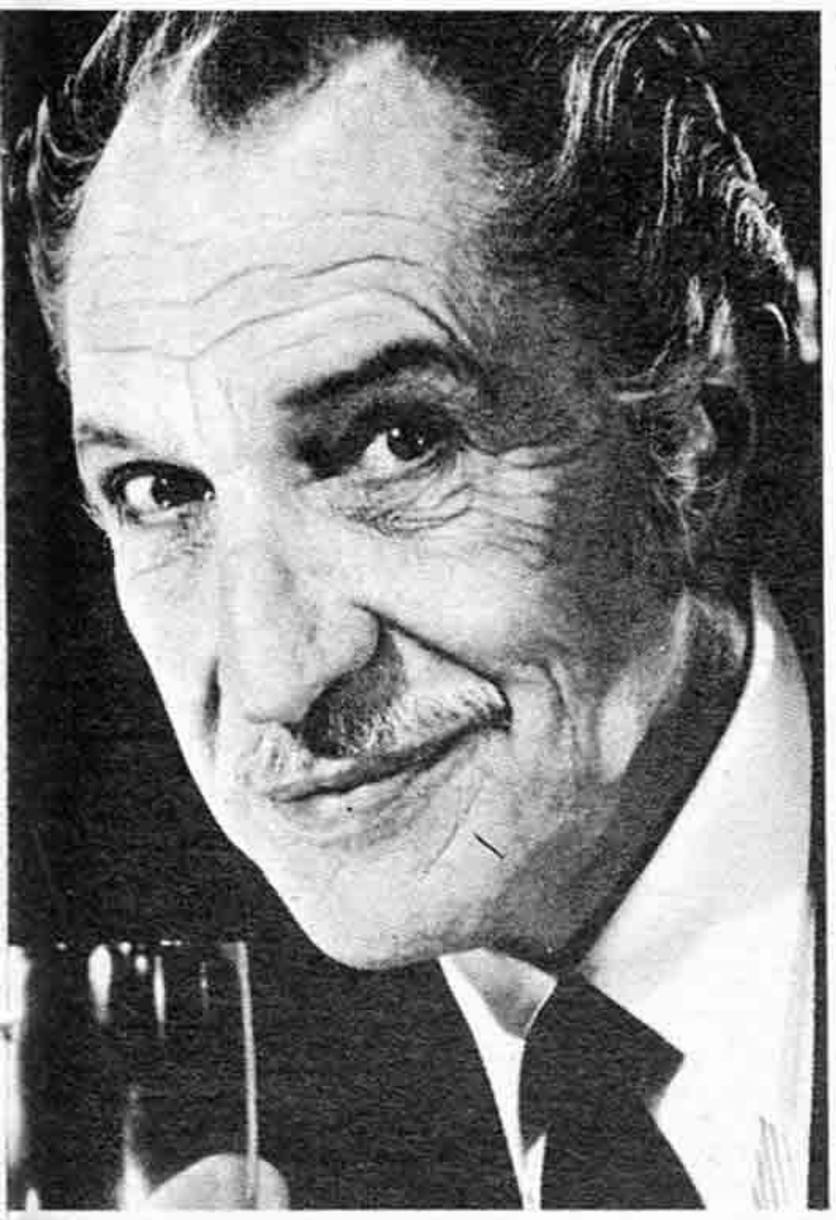
Pit and the Pendulum, The 3/20
Pit and the Pendulum, The 7/36
Pit and the Pendulum, The vr 29/27
Pitt, Ingrid ftr 22/25
Plan 9 From Outer Space vr 21/62
Planet of Dinosaurs 26/55
Planet of Horrors (aka *Mindwarp*) c/ftr 13/10
Planet of the Apes ftr 6/28
Ploog, Mike c/ftr 18/44
Poltergeist 20/57
Poltergeist 21/10
Poltergeist c/ftr 19/54
Poltergeist c/ftr 24/47
Poltergeist c/ftr 25/17
Poltergeist ftr 23/24
Polyester 21/39
Pranks c/ftr 17/21
Premature Burial 12/30
Price, Karen 17/17
Price, Vincent ftr 7/34
Private Parts 20/32
Probert, Andy ftr 5/28
Prom Night 15/23
Prophecy 1/42
Prophecy 14/22
Prophecy ftr 2/48
Prowler, The 14/18
Prowler, The vr 23/62
Psycho II c/ftr 27/12
Psycho II c/ftr 28/12

Q c/ftr 24/8
Quatermass ftr 6/17
Queen of Blood 23/52
Quest for Fire 16/11
Rabid vr 22/51
Raiders of the Lost Ark 14/54
Raimi, Sam 27/19
Raimi, Sam c/ftr 23/20
Rat Pfink & Boo Boo 29/41
Rats are Coming, The Werewolves are Here, The 20/37
*Rats are Coming, The Werewolves are Here, The*vr 27/52
Raven, The (1963) 3/20
Raven, The (1963) 7/37
Raven, The (1935) vr 28/36
Ray, Fred Olen c/ftr 25/13
Rear Window 7/56
Reardon, Craig 11/18
Reardon, Craig c/ftr 20/54
Reardon, Craig c/ftr 21/9
Rebecca 7/56
Return of the Fly 7/36
Rilla, Wolf ftr 5/16
Rituals 28/47
Road Games 15/22
Road Warrior, The 29/52
Road Warrior, The c/ftr 19/45
Roberts, Tanya c/ftr 26/8
Robinson, Marshall 23/46
Robot Monster vr 27/52
Rock 'n' Roll High School 13/19



A riveting scene from Fred Olen Rey's *It Fell From the Sky*.

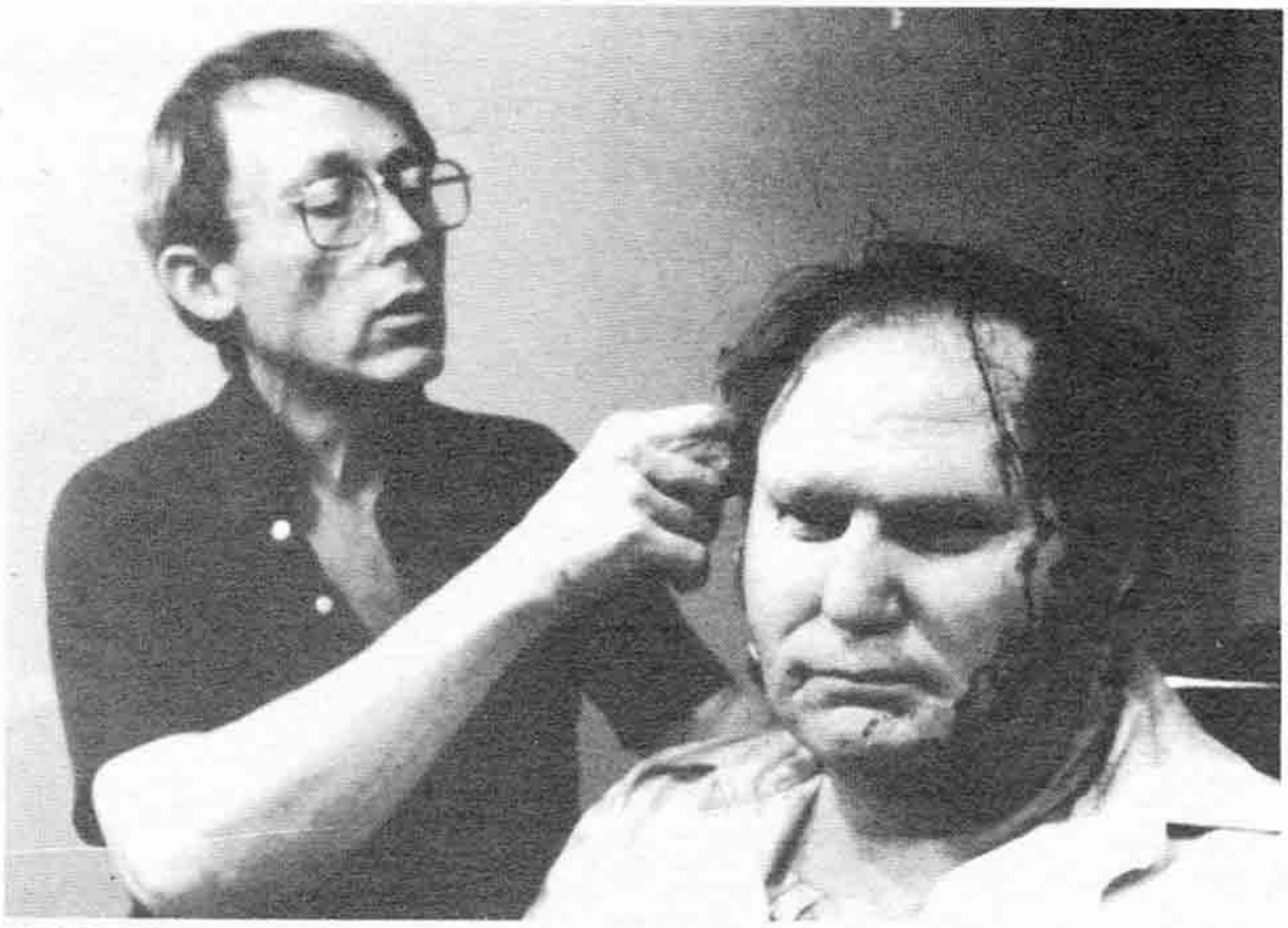
Rubinstein, Richard 13/34
Ruby 23/52
Sabotage 7/56
Saboteur 7/56
Salem's Lot (TV) ftr 4/38
Salem's Lot (novel) 3/47
Sangster, Jimmy 11/29
Sangster, Jimmy ftr 10/36
Santo, El 20/22
Santo, El 21/43
Satan's Sadists 29/38
Saturn 3 ftr 5/7
Savage Harvest 26/17
Savage Weekend vr 20/62
Savini, Tom c/ftr 7/8
Savini, Tom 20/40
Savini, Tom c/ftr 1/10
Savini, Tom c/ftr 14/18
Savini, Tom c/ftr 25/9
Savini, Tom c/ftr 27/12
Savini, Tom ftr 6/11
Sayles, John 9/9
Scalps c/ftr 25/13
Scanners c/ftr 10/7
Scanners c/ftr 11/8
Scanners mi 6/62
Schizo 27/43
Schizo vr 27/52
Schram, Charles 5/14
Schwartz, Tom 11/10
Scream and Scream again 7/39
Screamers 14/56
Scrimm, Angus 2/11
Scrimm, Angus 10/21
Secret Agent, The 7/56
Seizure 12/10
Seizure 27/49
Sender, The c/ftr 24/13
Seven Brothers Meet Dracula, The vr 24/62
Seventh Voyage of Sinbad, The 16/37
Seymour 23/41
Seymour, Sheldon 17/27
Shadow of a Doubt 7/56
Shaye, Robert c/ftr 24/20
She Creature, The 8/28
She Creature, The 29/28
She Devils on Wheels 17/25
Sheena Queen of the Jungle mi 6/62
Sherdeman, Ted ftr 5/24
Sherman, Sam ftr 29/36
Shields, Brooke 27/51
Shining, The 3/46
Shining, The ftr 8/7
Shining, The c/ftr 7/21
Shock 7/34
Shock Treatment c/ftr 15/53
Shockabilly Pt 1 ftr 26/39



Vincent Price offers a toast to the Orwellian New Year.

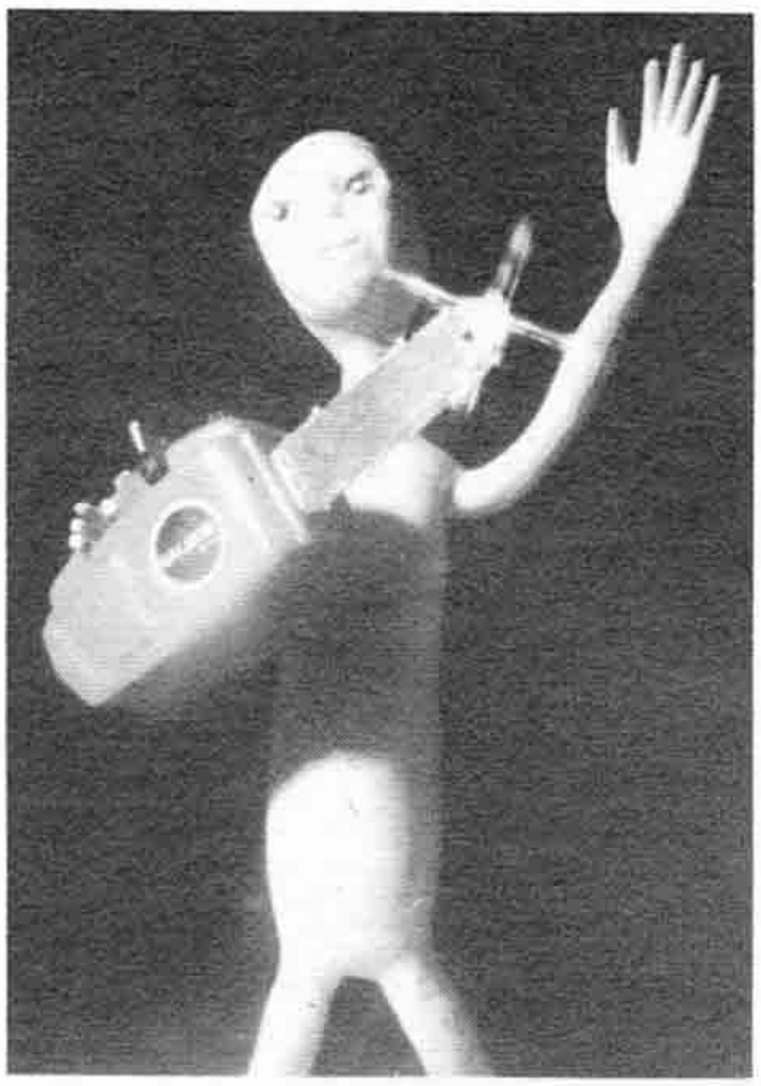
Romero, George 6/26
Romero, George 10/21
Romero, George c/ftr 12/17
Romero, George c/ftr 22/21
Romero, George ftr 13/32
Rope 7/56
Rosemary's Baby 12/36
Rosenthal, Rick ftr 17/34
Rottweiler c/ftr 19/13
Rubinstein, Richard 10/21

Craig Reardon and a pop-up pal from *Poltergeist*.



Dick Smith prepares *Cagney & Lacey's* Al Waxman for his role in *Spasms*.

Shockabilly Pt 2 ftr 27/24
Shogun Assassin mi 10/61
Sholder, Jack ftr 25/34
Short, Robert c/ftr 7/14
Shriek of the Mutilated ftr 24/43
Shusett, Ron c/ftr 14/14
Siegel, Don ftr 4/22
Siegler, Marc 13/10
Silverthorn, Richard J. 11/48
Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger 16/39
Siskel, Gene ftr 15/38
Slaves of the Cannibal God vr 20/62
Sleepaway Camp 26/21
Slime People, The vr 25/63
Smith, Dick c/ftr 10/14
Smith, Dick c/ftr 17/48
Smith, Dick c/ftr 26/12
Smith, Dick c/ftr 28/20
Soles, P.J. 13/17
Someone is Watching Me (TV) 8/24
Something Wicked This Way Comes ftr 27/28
Somewhere in Time 3/18
Son of Kong ftr 5/20
Son of Svengoolie ftr 25/38
Sorceress, The 28/9
Spasms (aka *Death Bite*) 20/13
Spasms c/ftr 28/17
Spellbound 7/56
Spinnell, Joe 23/13
Spiral Staircase, The vr 28/37
Squim vr 29/27
Stage Fright 7/56
Stand, The 6/26
Star Trek—TMP c/ftr 4/7
Star Wars 6/8
Star Wars 8/18
Steckler, Ray Dennis ftr 28/24
Steckler, Ray Dennis ftr 29/40
Stevens, Leslie 9/34
Stevens, Leslie ftr 10/40
Stome, Chris 21/23
Stone, Oliver c/ftr 12/10
Straightjacket 12/36
Stranger in the House (TV) 17/19
Stranger on a Train 7/56
Straub, Peter ftr 16/50
Streiber, Whitley c/ftr 25/21
Study in Terror, A 18/37
Sturgeon, Theodore ftr 10/23
Sturgeon, Bill 16/17
Sudden Terror 23/56
Sullivan, Michael 3/55
Sullivan, Tom c/ftr 27/19
Suspicion 7/56
Sutch, Screaming Lord 27/25
Svengoolie 25/38
Swamp Thing c/ftr 16/9
Swamp Thing ftr 16/46
Swamp Thing mi 10/62
Sword and the Sorceror, The 19/51
Sword and the Sorceror, The c/ftr 21/19
Tales of Terror 7/37
Tales of Terror 12/31
Tapert, Robert 23/20
Target Earth 18/34
Taxi Driver 16/20
Terror Train 15/24
Terror Train c/ftr 9/22
Terry, Sammy ftr 27/16
Texas Chainsaw Massacre 12/39
Texas Chainsaw Massacre ftr 23/24
Texas Chairsaw Massacre ftr 23/29
Theater of Blood 7/40
Them! ftr 5/23
They Came From Within 20/49
They Saved Hitler's Brain vr 27/52
Thing, The c/ftr 18/48
Thing, The c/ftr 19/17
Thing, The c/ftr 20/9
Thing, The c/ftr 21/13
Thirst mi 3/63
Thirty Nine Steps, The 7/56
Three Worlds of Gulliver, The 16/37
Thrill Killers, The 28/26
Thrill Killers, The 29/41
Thundarr the Barbarian (TV) ftr 9/51
Time Walker c/ftr 27/55
Timegate 26/56
Tingler, The 7/36
Tingler, The 12/36
Tomb of Ligeia 7/38
Tomb of Ligeia 12/29
Toolbox Murders, The 22/51
Torture Dungeon 20/37
Touch of Satan 20/48
Tourneur, Jacques 4/26
Tower of London 7/34
Tower of London 7/37
Track of the Moon Beast 20/50
Trog 18/37
Tucker, Chris ftr 16/8
Twenty Million Miles To Earth 16/37
Twice-Told Tales 7/37
Twilight Zone the Movie c/ftr 29/48
Twilight Zone, The (TV) 3/16
Twins of Evil 23/56
Two Thousand Maniacs vr 26/45
Two Thousand Maniacs 17/25



The diminutive star of *Texas Chainsaw Encounter* and a victim from *Sender* with his double.

Left, Uncle Bob immortalized in Zedd's *Geek Maggot Bingo;* and the blonde alien brats of *Village of the Damned*.

Uncle Bob's Head ftr 24/17
Undead, The 9/46
Underwater City 1/48
Unseen, The 14/46
Unseen, The 21/12
Uslan, Mike ftr 15/9
Valley of Gwangi, The 16/39
Vampire Lovers, The 22/27
Vampire Lovers, The 23/56
Vampire Poll ftr 21/40
Video & violence ftr 18/24
Videodrome 28/42
Videodrome c/ftr 25/46
Village of the Damned, The ftr 5/16
Villard, Dimitri c/ftr 27/55
Wadleigh, Michael c/ftr 13/20
Walas, Chris c/ftr 7/17
Walas, Chris c/ftr 14/54
Walker, Pete ftr 27/42
Wall, the ftr 22/38
Wallace, Dee ftr 21/23
Wallace, Tommy Lee 22/8
War of the Insect Gods mi 2/64

From *Polyester*, Edith Massey in the role of Cuddles.

War of the Worlds c/ftr 2/53
War-Gods of the Deep 7/39
Watch Me When I Kill 18/38
Watcher in the Woods, The 23/57
Watcher in the Woods, The ftr 7/26
Waters, John ftr 21/36
Watership Down 1/54
Way Out (TV) 16/23
Weaver, Fritz 20/42
Werewolves on Wheels vr 21/62
What's the Matter with Helen 23/52
White Dog c/ftr 17/13
White, Doug c/ftr 22/46
Who Slew Auntie Roo 23/52
Wicker Man, The 22/28
Wild Guitar 28/24
Winston, Stan c/ftr 14/44
Winters, David c/ftr 23/13
Wise, Robert ftr 19/36
Wizard of Gore, The 17/27
Wizard of Gore, The 26/50
Wizard of Gore, The c/ftr 29/18
Wizard of Gore, The vr 25/63
Wolf's Head 23/55
Wolfen, The 28/48
Wolfen, The br 5/40
Wolfen, The c/ftr 13/20
Wolfman (1979) 19/14
Wolfman (1979) ftr 1/26
Wolves - real & reel ftr 17/28
Worm Eaters, The 26/31
Wrestling Horror c/ftr 20/22
Wrestling Horror c/ftr 21/43
Wrestling Women vs. The Aztec Mummy, The vr 25/63
Wrestling Women, The 21/46
Wynorski, James 14/54
Xtro c/ftr 24/20
Yablans, Irvin 8/42
Yablans, Irvin ftr 8/14
Young and Innocent 7/56
Zacherle(y), John 26/39
Zacherle(y), John ftr 21/31
Zedd, Nick 24/17
Zombie c/ftr 8/8
Zombie mi 7/62

Undead antipasto from Lucio Fulci's *Zombie*.

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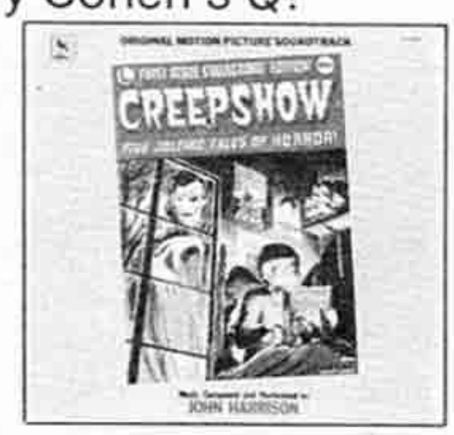

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Professional Makeup:

How to Get Started

An up-and-coming makeup artist (and Fango Discovery) provides some tips on how to prepare yourself for the movie makeup field.

By Ed French

In the beginning, I begged Uncle Bob not to ask me to attempt to write this article. But Uncle Bob and the magazine that altered the course of my career and permanently stained my fingertips with D & C Red #33 Food Coloring is not to be refused. Perhaps it's crossed your mind to become a professional makeup artist. If that's the case, I might be able to give you some useful suggestions on how to get started.

I get calls from Fango readers asking me if I teach special effects makeup and I tell them I wouldn't presume to teach it. I'm still a student myself. When I read this magazine for the first time three years ago, "splatter movies" were news to me, but the thing I instantly realized was that this was where the artistry and creativity were *really* happening. Previously, I had worked as an actor and in practically any capacity you can name in live theatre. Naturally, I had already done a lot of stage makeup. The difference between my approach and that of many other actors I've worked with is that the makeup is always integral to any role I play. It is as important as remembering the playwright's lines or working out the motivations of a character. As a good action, nothing is truthfully projected through makeup if it is done simply to create a neat "effect".

You can learn the basic techniques of makeup from books (Corson's *Stage Makeup*, Westmore's *Art of Theatrical Makeup for Stage and Screen*, and Baygan's *Three Dimensional Makeup*). When I was in high school I sent away for Dick Smith's *Monster Makeup Handbook*, which I am glad to see is still for sale somewhere in Fango's pages. It's still the best book to begin with if you're starting to "mess your face up" in the bathroom mirror. You'll find books covering the subject in your high school and public libraries or you can purchase them from shops that specialize in theatre books, such as New York City's *Drama Book Shop* and *Applause Theatre Books*. Of course, you can learn the craft of makeup in college and from private instruction, but no one can supply you with the imagination and inventiveness it takes to lift you above the level of being an imitator or

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY ED FRENCH

French gaily paints the spinal column of a CHUD victim in decorator colors.

Spinal column in place, another French-executed work is ready for the cameras.

a mere technician.

The first "prosthetic" appliance I made was a chin I needed for a character I was playing in a repertory production. I sculpted the addition to my face in derma wax, mixed plaster in a styrofoam cup and then laid on the floor with my head on a pillow. In one hand I held a hand mirror while with the other gently used my fingers to spread the plaster over the wax and the part of my face that would be the blending edge. For each performance I made a new chin by painting layers of latex rubber into the plaster mold. Nearly all of the character parts I played required that I sculpt the facial additions from scratch each night. It's usually embarassing to watch a person in their early 20's play a character in their 70's, but that's exactly what I attempted to do when I played Max in Pinter's *The Homecoming*. For one month, seven performances a week, I spent nearly three hours each night applying the makeup. Before the audience came into the theatre I would put a dressing room mirror on top of one of the front row seats and have the stage manager turn on the stage lighting in an attempt to make that makeup believable for the closest spectator. I was never satisfied. And I'm not sure why I had to model those eyebags, saggy earlobes, ugly nose and wrinkles from the beginning each night without using permanent molds except that my performance was improving and I thought my makeup shouldn't be static either. I was slowly advancing and gaining valuable experience as an artist. Theatre is a place to start practicing makeup. The chances are that there's a community theatre, repertory company, dinner theatre or summer stock company that would welcome your help with makeup. Large cities have so many showcase, cabaret and workshop stage productions that it's impossible not to find a place to start *tomorrow* if you really want to.

You should start recording your makeup work with a 35 mm camera and A.S.A. 160 tungsten film for color slides. Light your subject using two worklights with 200 watt bulbs. Many theatres are so intimate that your painting, hair work, and three-dimensional constructions will have to be believable enough to pass the scrutiny of the closeup camera. When I started to assemble photos for a representative portfolio I asked friends with cameras to take photos. A few professional photographers offered to shoot pictures after I sent out a postcard to their studio asking if they were interested in taking "test shots". You'll find a list of photography studios in your yellow pages or perhaps you can find an office supply store which carries a very useful publication called *The Black Book*. It has listings for ad agencies, film companies, photographers, prop makers and many people allied in productions all over the U.S. that might have work for makeup artists.

When you think you have a few good representative photos of your work, look over your selection carefully. A good selection would be before-and-after shots of an aging makeup, a fantasy makeup (something besides *Planet of the Apes;* how about the original conception that sets you apart from everyone else who's doing the usual ape face or werewolf). My fantasy portfolio piece was inspired from a short story by Stephen King called *"I Am The Doorway."* It was a human hand with eyes growing in it. Different, wouldn't you say? If you can do high fashion or glamour makeup, include those before-and-after pictures also. Perhaps a recognizable character makeup from literature, plays or history would be good. Have I forgotten anything? . . . . . Something grisly, like a dismembered head? What would be more sensible to create would be to create a rubber or wax hand. It was exactly on the strength of a picture of a dismembered hand that I chose a talented artist named Bryant Tausek to work with me on a film as my first assistant. Tausek had done what you must do; he had understood and reproduced the subtle colors in a human hand. It's this kind of attention to detail that makes the "gory" part of the illusion work best. Good photos will get you started. Have them printed on postcards and send them to everyone who might be able to use you or recommend you to someone.

I'm sure you're anxious to get started with foam-rubber prosthetics. Well, I just don't see how you can do it without making a big monetary investment. The Baygan book *Three Dimensional Makeup* really details how much work, patience and skill is required to create foam-rubber appliances. By all means purchase this book. It was a long time coming, but Baygan even includes examples of typical mistakes you'll make in

molding and casting which should help beginners emotionally deal with those discouraging moments such as when you discover that the two-piece mold over the sculpture you spent two weeks on is permanently locked together.

Before jumping right into prosthetics, why don't you experiment with mask-making first? I made my first whole-head latex-rubber masks by following the instructions Kirk Brady published in CINEMAGIC magazine (Issue #6). They were based on characters I had seen years ago in first-run episodes of *The Outer Limits*. Imitating the work of others is a good way to start practicing clay sculpture and it's a good way to gain control and understanding of the process of plaster casting. I tried selling my masks at Halloween through an ad I placed in the magazine *New York Cue*. The ad was spotted by The Ben Cooper Company in Brooklyn and resulted in a job for a few months sculpting children's Halloween masks. You might find a similar novelty manufacturer in your area that needs a mask-maker. Don't fool yourself into thinking that this will be an easy job. I found it difficult in the beginning to sculpt those little vacu-formed masks to factory specifications. You probably won't do this sort of work for long.

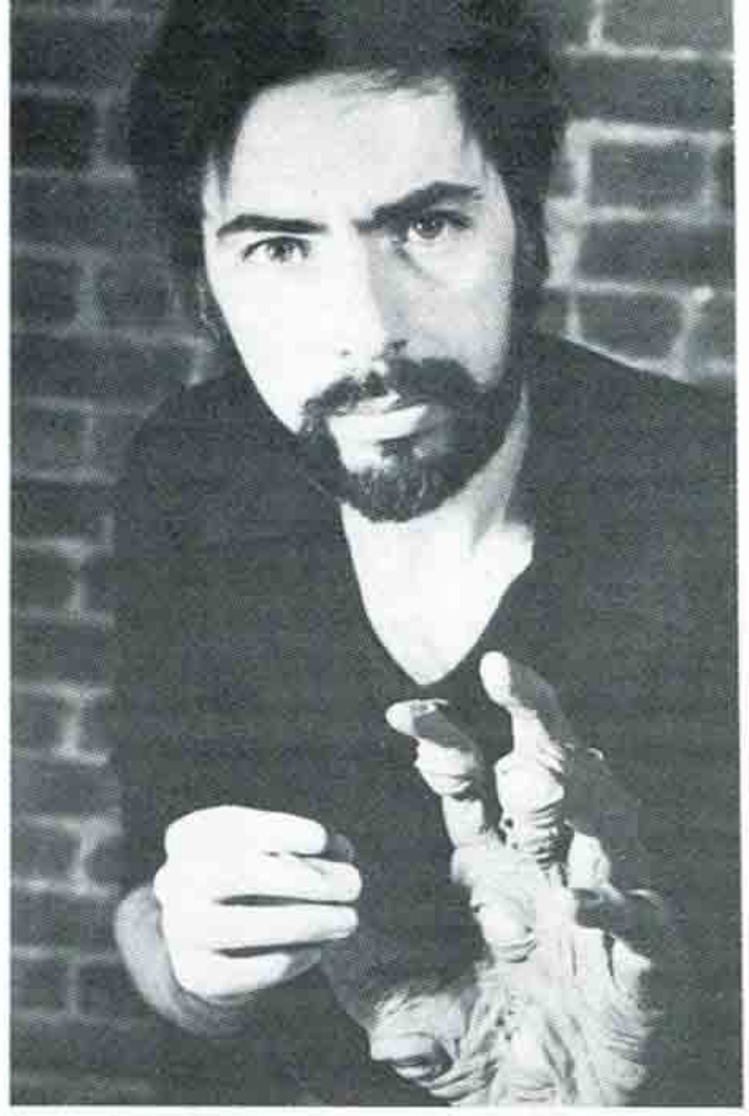
I wanted to see my work on film so I answered an ad in one of the theatrical trade papers (*Backstage* and *Show Business*) for a student film being produced at NYU Film School. It was an amateur film production of Orwell's *1984* and I had to give the character O'Brian six normal-looking fingers on one hand. I was so afraid that the effect wouldn't work that I only charged the student director $8.00 for materials. I greased the actor's hand with Vaseline and, with plaster, cast the last two fingers of his hand as well as part of the palm and back of the hand. With this negative mold I made a partial "glove" using liquid latex. I slipped the next-to-the-last hollow latex "finger" over his pinky finger and blended the palm extension into his own palm to accommodate the "extra" finger. The results actually looked quite natural. Don't expect much recompense from these films; just be sure the producer covers the cost of your transportation and materials.

I'm going to mention that it's *possible* that an established makeup artist might be able to use you as an assistant if you are talented. A break like that might even lead to an apprenticeship at a TV network. In my experience I've mostly had to depend upon myself, but don't get discouraged. Give it time. I have my Elephant Man mask to thank for the first real break I got. John Caglione saw him on display at Alcone Company and asked me to assist him and Stephan Dupuis on *Amityville II—The Possession*. One big lesson I learned from these two talented artists was that not only must you be a good artist, but if you're going to do makeup effects that begin to measure up to the high quality in films today you must be able to work quickly.

I recently worked on a pilot for a TV series called *Tales of the Darkside*. I had three weeks to create three full-face prosthetic makeups, the archetypal witch, devil and pirate, theatrical dentures for these characters, three demon masks, and some weird hands (actually slipover gloves). In addition to working within this relatively short schedule, the actor playing the devil dropped out of the production after I had completed his facial appliances and teeth. Since I had life-casts of myself on hand, I became his replacement and ended up completely resculpting, casting and baking the new devil appliances in 48 hours. I'm sure it's not the world's record, but that was about half the time that I initially allotted myself when I created the first devil makeup. Fortunately I had learned that it is essential to budget a bit of time into my work schedule for one or two setbacks to any original plan. Call it a blueprint, if you wish. It's your strategy for bringing in your makeup effects on time. The scary thing is that when you're inexperienced you're not exactly sure if this little battle plan takes everything into account.

When preparing this blueprint, I first analyze a script, discuss the effects with the producer and director, storyboard the sequences so that we all know *precisely* what we want to see happening, and then I draw up a calendar, the blueprint, for my work from the first day of preproduction to the last day I'm needed on the set. The average preproduction period on a low-budget feature can be three or four weeks. The film might take a month-and-a-half to shoot. Planning is hard work, important work. On the first feature I worked on by myself, I had a terrifying experience when I nearly didn't have my first effect ready on time. That was when the full weight of my responsibility really sank in. There was a large film crew *depending* on this effect being there on time. I was hired because it was assumed I could deliver what I had promised. This was the goal I had worked for two years to get a shot at and, incredibly, I was about to totally blow it. Well, you realize you can't blow it. I made the deadline and the scene was shot. The planning stage is crucial, if you don't want to lose your mind, and you'll find that your calendar gives you a kind of aerial view of your entire situation. By making detailed notes on each day of the calendar you'll know exactly what you must accomplish each day in order to complete your work on time. This is the time when inventiveness, imagination and a realistic assessment of your abilities must be taken into account. Only *you* can judge what your amount of experience has prepared you to be able to deliver. You may have to save certain creative makeup ideas for the film for which you have two assistants, six months and a budget to match.

I hope I've given you some ideas. You've got a lot of work to do, so I'll let you get started. Work hard; be patient; take your time; experiment and take notes; and strive for *originality*. Ultimately you're creating your illusions for an audience. Effort shows. The audience will accept your work if you've done your best.



French's promotional postcard, received in the Fango offices in 1981.

This "slime lobster" was created for the brief horror sequence in the punk-rock epic Smithereens.

"Thorn" is French's name for this demon, one of three created for Laurel's "Trick or Treat."

MONSTER INVASION

Up-to-the-minute warnings of what's coming your way!

Art meets Splatter in the Isabelle Adjani vehicle *Possession*.

POSSESSION: If you liked *The Brood*; if you liked *Eraserhead*; and particularly if you liked *XTRO*, then there's a pretty good chance you'll find something compelling in *Possession*, a film that comes from that shadowy realm where splatter-exploitation meets capital-A Art.

The story concerns a typical European housewife (Isabelle Adjani, of *The Tenant* and *Nosferatu*) suspected by her husband (Sam Neill of *Omen 3*) of carrying on with another man. Neill believes his suspicions are confirmed when he meets Heinrich (Heinz Bennent), an effeminate zen guru. But both husband and lover soon learn that Adjani has left them both in order to bestow her favors upon a blood and slime encrusted, tentacled monster.

Though it won several European festival prizes in 1981, the American release has been re-cut to reduce some of its *Scenes from a Marriage* ambiance, and to raise its appeal to a horror-exploitation audience. Even in the version we saw, there was still enough angst, emptiness and dream-logic remaining to keep art-lovers engaged, though not so much as to detract from the film's high gross-out index (i.e., kitchen appliance mayhem, a refrigerator chock-full of body parts, and a scene where Adjani gives birth to the monster, as quarts of blood and milk pump from her extremities and orifices—not exactly pleasant.)

The monster itself is certainly the film's greatest achievement by Fango standards; the creature, credited to Carlo Rambaldi, is the closest relative to Lovecraft's Elder Gods we have ever seen on screen.

If you decide to go, don't ask us to explain the ending.

YOU WANT TO KNOW . . . that Dan O'Bannon, not Tobe Hooper, is directing *Return of the Living Dead*, now that Hooper's moved on to Cannon Films' *Space Vampires*—to be scripted by O'Bannon! . . . Film Ventures *Night Shadows* has undergone a title change, to *Mutant*. Filming was recently completed in Georgia, under the hand of John "Bud" Cardos (*Kingdon of the Spiders, The Dark*). More on this next issue . . . David Allen's long-dormant feature project *The Primevals* may soon be revived. Charles Band is now seeking financing for the fantasy adventure, which—if it goes—will be co-produced and co-directed by Band and Allen, with production design by Mike Minor. . . writer-director Larry (*Q*)Cohen is working on the final edit of *Blind Alley*, a suspense thriller that includes Stephen Lack of *Scanners* in its cast . . . . P.J. Soles and Martin Balsam are in Australia for the down-under terror epic *Innocent Prey* . . . Paul (*Warhol's Dracula*) Morrisey is combining SF and splatter elements in his picture *Alphabet City*, now filming in New York . . . former Fango contributor Jim Wynorski, now producing, writing and directing *Lost Empire* for Manson International, has signed Angus (*Phantasm*) Scrimm for a featured role as the sinister Dr. Sin Do . . . *Zoo Ship* concerns the havoc that ensues when an intergalactic freighter carrying various alien creatures crashes on earth. Jim Danforth is working on some stop-motion critters for the Richard Shorr-directed film . . . William Hurt is starring in *Kiss of the Spider Woman* in Brazil. Despite the nifty title, though, we suspect it's some kinda art movie . . . genre favorites Nancy (*Dressed To Kill*) Allen and David (*American Werewolf*) Naughton star in Paul (*Eating Raoul*) Bartel's *Not For Publication* . . . Western serial star Lash LaRue returns to the screen to costar with Earl Owensby in Owensby's latest production, *Chain Gang* . . . . . as we write, Tom Savini is in Los Angeles, preparing effects for *Friday the 13th Part 4*! Rumor has it that Joe (*The Prowler*) Zito will direct, when shooting starts on the Zoetrope Studio soundstages . . .

after the completion of *Dreamscape*, producer Bruce Cohn Curtis will keep busy with the sex-and-slasher opus *Twisted* . . . Tom (*Psycho II*) Holland's script, *Scream for Help*, is being produced and directed by Michael (*Death Wish*) Winner for Lorimar. Irwin (*Halloween*) Yablans is exec producer.

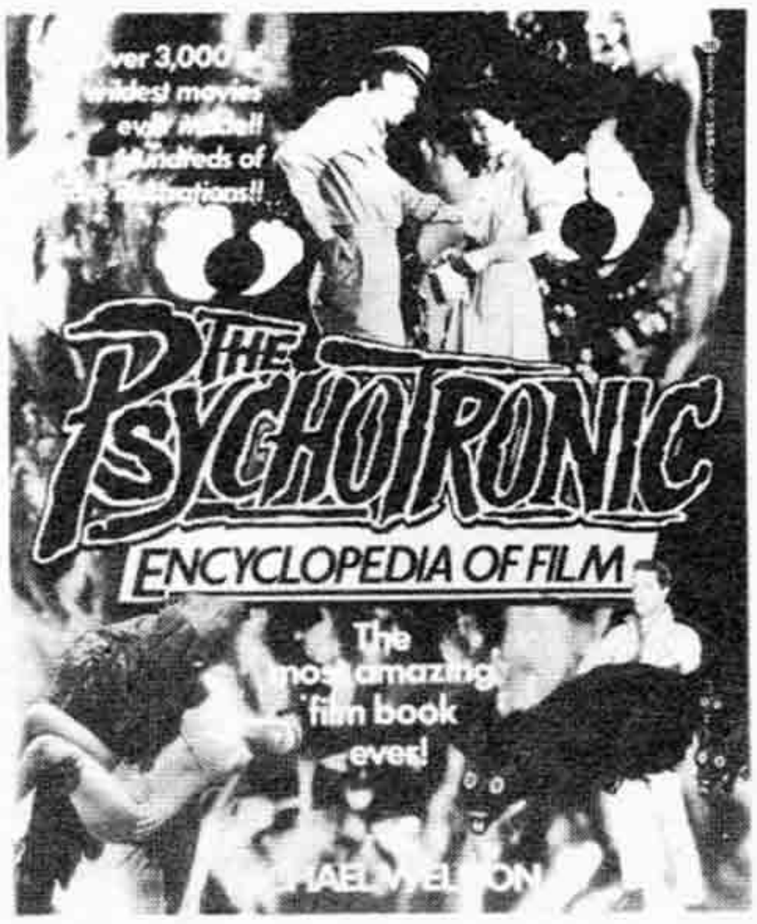
LITERARY BOMBSHELL: *The Psychotronic Encyclopadia of Film* has been

published! Our copy didn't arrive in time for David Sherman to give it the hairy eyeball for his *Nightmare Library,* but we do have a few facts in our possession that might persuade you to look it over. A large-format paperback, *TPEOF* lists over 3,000 movies—exploitation films, horror films, sci-fi and "cult" movies, many of them found in *no* other list book. Each entry is accompanied by such essential data as director, producer, studio or distributor, varying amount of plot description and a review done with proper respect for the pioneers of exploitation, and due credit for the unintentional humor of hacks. It's all on high-quality glossy paper (which is why it costs $16.95, $22 to Canadians), with hundreds of clearly-reproduced stills and posters. Author Michael Weldon shares his title-page credit with contributors Charles Beesley, Akira Fitton and (our very own Uncle) Bob Martin!

FANGOCON: Actually, they're calling it the Official STARLOG Convention, to be held in Chicago (April 14 and 15) with subsequent gatherings to be held in Los Angeles (May 19 and 20) and other cities to be announced in the pages of Fango and our affiliated publications. All of this is the result of an agreement reached between our publishers and the originators of the highly successful Creation Conventions, Adam Malin and Gary Berman.

Even though they're calling it a STARLOG Con, we can still make it a Fango event—with your help! On this page, you'll find a form inviting you to express your opinion as to the ingredients of a successful convention; the same form is running in STARLOG, and you can bet your bottom dollar the Starloggers will be stuffing the ballot box with requests for *Dr. Who* retrospectives, DeForest Kelley, and panel discussions on *Space: 1999.* Only you can keep the sci-fiends from running the entire show! Fill in that form, or a copy of it, and mail it in! We could advise you to stuff the box by returning more than one form—but that would be wrong.

Which shall it be—DeForest Kelley or Tom Savini? *Dr. Who* or *Dr. Butcher*? *Space: 1999* or *Frankenstein 1970*? The choice is yours!



GORE SUIT: Legal problems stalk the gore world these days as the videocassettes of Herschell Gordon Lewis' *Blood Feast* and *2000 Maniacs* become the focal point of a $125 million law suit. This legal action has been taken by Eric Caidin, James Maslon and John Ford of Epics International, holders of the rights to these two trend-setting gore pictures, against Charles Band of Cult Video, who has been distributing said films. Epics International claims that Band has perpetrated fraud, piracy, misappropriation of funds and multiple breach of contract. More specifically, Epics International asserts that Band incorporated sizeable excerpts from *Blood Feast* and *2000 Maniacs* in his compilation-cassette *Filmgore* without Epics International's knowledge or consent. They also claim that Band made a foreign sale deal on these two Lewis cassettes without their consent.

Charles Band, known to Fango readers as the producer-director of *Paradise* and *Metalstorm*, considers this law suit to be, according to a *Hollywood Reporter* account, "totally without merit" and a "thinly veiled attempt to slander and libel me." Accordingly, he is filing a counter-suit against Epics International.

Meanwhile, a sub-nation of gorehounds waits. . . .

DAWN OF THE DEAD ON VIDEO!! That's right, you read correctly. The long awaited, *authorized* videocassette of George Romero's *Dawn of the Dead*, along with Romero's neo-vampire film *Martin*, will be available to VCR owners. This deal between Laurel Entertainment and the Thorn EMI video company has been reached after a careful assessment of the video industry by Laurel president Richard Rubinstein. Rubinstein says that he and his company were waiting for that time when there were enough

CONVENTION QUESTIONAIRE

In order to help make the upcoming Official STARLOG Conventions as original and exciting as possible, the staff of STARLOG, FANGORIA and CINEMAGIC magazines, along with the production staff of Creation Conventions, would like to have your ideas. Here is a rare opportunity to help shape the kind of convention events that you will find enjoyable and worthwhile.

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***Dawn of the Dead* on video!**

owners of videocassette recorders to buy their product and they "perceive that that time has come." Rubinstein adds, "A sufficient period of time has passed since the original theatrical release of *Dawn of the Dead*, and we expect that there will still be a lot of people who will want to see it in the theaters where it is still playing at midnight. *Martin*, of course, has been out of theatrical release for three years, so this video release should give a lot people the chance to take a look at *Martin* if they either haven't seen it in six years or haven't seen it at all."

Previous Laurel pictures to be released on video have been *Knightriders* (Media Home Entertainment) and *Creepshow* (Warner Home Video). Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* can be found in the video marketplace in unauthorized versions, and now Laurel is speaking to some video companies about the possibility of an authorized videocassette of *Night of the Living Dead* that could contain an introduction by Romero himself to authenticate the edition.

As for future Laurel theatrical films, Rubinstein says that he expects *Day of the Dead*, the final chapter of the Living Dead Trilogy, to be made sometime in 1984. More news in upcoming issues.

THE CARS THAT ATE PARIS: You may have heard of an Australian film released briefly in theaters under the title of *The Cars That Eat People*. This film, distributed in the U.S. by New Line Cinema, was a re-dubbed and re-edited version of *The Cars That Ate Paris*, directed by Peter Weir, known for such films as *The Last Wave* and *The Year of Living Dangerously*. The original version of this film has now surfaced in America for an Australian Film Festival in New York City. Weir's sardonic movie was a success at this festival and now New Line is planning on showing the original *Cars That Ate Paris* at a New York art house.

Th film takes place in Paris, Australia, not Paris, France. An ineffectual young man gets caught in a car accident on the outskirts of this town and upon his recovery he is manipulated into becoming a member of the Paris community, a place that is fostering some mysterious medical experiments. Readers should be forewarned that no cars in the film eat either Paris or people; the eating cars referred to in the title seems to be some kind of slyly amusing gag. Those readers with an interest in foreign-art-thrillers (see *Possession* story in this section) will probably want to keep an eye peeled for *The Cars That Ate Paris*.

Strock!

(Continued from page 37)

together with the Hell sequence, which I wrote. We had what I would call a half-assed crew—everything was done for spit and chewing gum. It was no fun; we rented a cheap stage and built this Hell-set and played this stupid movie, and then I had to re-edit and put it all together. I'm *still* owed about $10,000 on that picture which I have never seen to this date.

Herts changed his name and opened a new company, and three years ago he conned me into believing he had found God and that he was a changed man. He had a half-baked story about a monster in Colombia and he wanted me to direct the picture. We shot this miserable mess for almost a month. I came back, put it in a rough cut, and then he and I had an argument, and he had an argument with some of his backers. I've never seen a *dime*. So I took him to arbitration with the Director's Guild and I won, but to this day I have not been able to collect a penny of the $60,000 for the screenplay, the editing and direction. *This* was the same guy that did *The Devil's Messenger.*

Fang: What was the film's title, and what was it about?

Strock: Originally it was called *Monster;* he is now calling it *Monsteroid*. It was about a factory that was spilling polluted waters and creating a monster in a lake that would come out and kill people in this small, supposedly Colombian town. Jim Mitchum was sent down in order to find out what was going on and in some way get rid of the monster and save the town and the people.

Fang: How did you get involved in *The Crawling Hand?*

Strock: *The Crawling Hand* also came to me through this Kenneth Herts. A man by the name of Joe Robertson had brought him a script, a science-fiction/horror picture, and Herts asked me if I would read it. It was just awful. Some friends of mine and I wrote this *Crawling Hand* a couple of years before, and it was very visual in the writing. I said to Robertson, "Let me show you how it should be written." So Robertson looked at the script for *The Crawling Hand* and said that the guy he's got to put up the money would put up the money for *this*. The budget would be $100,000, it would be in black-and-white, and he wanted me to direct it. I made a deal with the writers and we went into production. It was a minor film, it was made for peanuts, as I said, but it was a lot of fun to do.

Fang: Were you satisfied with the performance of your star, Rod Lauren?

Strock: I was not. I felt that Rod was a one-dimensional actor with a one-octave range, and I like larger ranges between people, to get highs and lows. Also, we had this Miss Iceland [Sirry Steffen] in the lead. She wasn't much of an actress, but she was a doll to look at. We had nude scenes to do which Sirry Steffen didn't want to do. She would only do it if I put this body makeup on her; she trusted me implicitly—because I'm a prude, I guess. We shot the scene, it was never used. I found it rather difficult to maneuver these people. *Mechanically*, it wasn't too bad, I was able to stage things the way I had envisioned them in writing the script, but I found that interpretation and subtleties were missing because the actors really didn't have the experience.

Fang: Conversely, your supporting cast included a large number of seasoned screen veterans.

Strock: We just felt we could get these people, who had some sort of a pseudo-name which would help the picture, for less money because they weren't working, and that's exactly what happened. I had worked with Richard Arlen in one of the science pictures that Ivan was doing at Ziv. A very good actor, very good friend. Alan Hale was also an actor I had worked with before; also Ross Elliott, Tristram Coffin, Syd Saylor and Arline Judge, whom I liked very much. We got them all together for very little money and made this picture. Another one of my mistakes—I could have had Burt Reynolds, who read for a part, but I didn't think Burt was good enough; at that time, he was a stuntman. So we wound up with Kent Taylor, who was a bit of a problem.

Fang: It's hard for me to picture Burt Reynolds in the part played by Taylor. Was the role rewritten?

Strock: No, it was the way Taylor played it. We changed a *little* bit of it because he couldn't remember some of the long dialogue. Apparently he hadn't worked in a long time and was out of practice.

Fang: Who designed the mechanical crawling hand, and how was it operated?

Strock: The mechanical hand was designed by myself and Charlie Duncan, an oldtime special effects and powder man. He and I worked out the mechanical hand, which had little prongs in its fingers and a battery-driven motor on wheels. We just put a torn sleeve on it. Of course, we couldn't make this hand crawl up stairs and up bannisters, and at times it would get stuck. So I merely donned a glove and it was my hand that did the actual crawling when it was used as a live hand.

Fang: Have you been involved in any other horror or science-fiction film projects in recent years?

Strock: A few years ago I took over a picture with Richard Benjamin, Lana Turner and Teri Garr called *Witches' Brew*, which a director by the name of Richard Shorr had started. He and his partner, Donna Ashbrook, got the movie with an NBC show-of-the-week commitment and started to make this picture. Apparently they didn't get along too well, Shorr was taken off the movie and I was asked to complete it. I shot about a week, wrote and re-directed many scenes, and edited the picture, which has been tied up in litigation by Shorr, who feels he was slighted in the fact that the picture was taken away from him. It has not been released yet—however, it was *supposed* to be on cable TV. It was a lot of fun working with Lana Turner and Benjamin and Teri, who are all very, very capable. It *is* a good picture.

GOTCHA!

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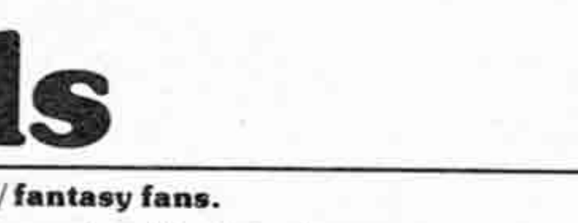

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FANS INTERESTED IN POSSIBLE FANZINE dealing with original amateur short horror fiction and articles on fantastic films from the 50's-70's, please contact George Parrott, 1572 Main St., Atlantic Beach, Fl. 32233.

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ARCANE MESSAGES

Matt Kolb and Danny Richmond—Future Makeup Greats!!!

"Bonjour, Montreal!" Fangoria is also #1 in Canada. —Martin Boucher

Keep up the good work, and greetings from Holland, Brian de Palma! —Jolles

Good Day from Canada! Neil Peart is the greatest drummer alive! Baker, Smith and Bottin rule forever!

To all serious moviegoers from the most avid movie fan around, best wishes and a great year —WT

CAS—Birthday Party—*Galaxy of Terror*—Chambers—Cramps—Nyctalops—Fangoria—HPL—Ghoulita (KCOP 13)—Machen—Lydia Lunch 13:13

Happy Birthday, Pat! I Love You to Death! —Mary (Bloody)

the Ultimate! Coming Soon—*Traumarock*. Directed by David Vukovitch, a Totally New Experience in the Bizarre!

Long Live Lovecraft, King, Cronenberg, Wirghtson, Corben, Monty Python, Queen, A Flock of Seagulls and Fatso (not the movie). Hi Scott & Russ. —C. Wolverton

Long live Fangoria & splatter films. Thanks for the subscription, Gail. I love you Mausoleum #1! S. Peak, "Cowboy", W.V.C., Utah

THE BEATLES, KMET and Fangoria rule!! Whoo-ya to Jim Ladd, Cythia Foxx, Eddie, Shelli, and Dennis. —David Rodriguez, Oceanside, CA

GORON lives forever! (so does Fangoria)

There are Fangorians surviving int he jungles of Panama! Speaking of Fangorians, both Kim and Karen are #1 friends! —Lisa Palumbo

Long live Cushing and Chris Lee. We're waiting for *House of Long Shadows* impatiently. Germany loves Fangoria. —Grizzly, Munich, Germany

Hi, Kev, from Zachariah Fredric. Come Back, Uncle Bob!

Barchetta: I'm a fuel-injected suicide machine!!! —The Nightrider

Siskel & Eberg Forever!!! The Wild Bunch, Straw Dogs are #1; Peckinpah Rules!!! —Tom

Mr. & Mrs. Ward; You have raised a monster. But I love him. Cotton.

Happy 20th, Jeff. Love you always, Kathy.

To Genevieve (alias Mom)—Tanx for letting me get this gross, sicko, great mag—from Nick.

Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, David Bowie, Alice Cooper, Pink floyd, Fango #1. —A.K.

Iron Maiden, *American Werewolf*, *Howling* and me live.

On the merry-go-round of dying brain tissue, the virgin's panties drop to the floor of the baby's mind—Big, Sog, Del—TRIAD

Hey! To Guy, "Norman, this is your Mother!" G., Greg M. and bro Ken, too! Mel G., Nick C. and Gustav M. rule! —Mad Em

Edward Talbot (the tiger) loves Carolyn Doheny (the lion) and, of course, little "Thumper".

I love horror movies, but I love my Mommy more; For she is the one who taught me to love the bloody gore.

"Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press"—God Bless America!

HEY, Jeremy Shewell! May your eyeball squire green guk!

Texas Chainsaw Masssacre & Mike S.; Baltimore Orioles Forever!

This is for Raleigh Sloan, who loves Fangoria. Gift for all A's on report card.

Attention, all fango fans—the world will end tomorrow!!! Hi, Mom, Margaret, Mke, and everyone who lives in Chicago!! —Ferd the Bird

Frank Cipriotti! Hi, Mom & Lisa! Hi, Dad, You're Cool.

Don't Miss director David Beckman's chemical-thriller epic, *The Plasmoids!*

Leatherface and Cujo live! Look out, Scott W. 'cause I've got my chainsaw! Hi, Mark C. —David (NORMAN) Baker

Down with People, Bans, Julie D. & Thugs! Up with Roaches & Rock!

Mad Max, Alien, The Thing—U2, Ultravox, Roxy Music, Seagulls,—Fast Fords and Italian exotics! —Eric T.

There's only 3 sure things in life; taxes, death and Fangoria. Love ya, Dee! —Sheila

Why do you have to die to be a hero? Long live Judas Priest! New Heavy Metal band—Dissident Aggressor with R.W. & M.B.

Hi, everybody; I'm a Fangoria fan from Little Wastings.

Kisses to favorite vamps Brenda, Jamie Lee, Elvira—keep blossomming! —Chuck

In the future, films will become true horror, gore will become subservient to plot, and the hope of true horror fans will appear as Donald Addam$.

Kill Everyone Now! —JSW

I don't want to have a ad in this magazine, but as long as it's free. . .

I love Dungeons & Dragons. —Dennis the Demon

This is a dangerous place.

FANGORIA is #1. So is *Halloween* #1 & 2, and Stephen King.

Hello to everyone in Arvada from the big College Town. Love Ya. —MO

Preist, Maiden, Ozzy and Sabbath Rule, Prince is a fag. Rob the Rivethead.

Nick, if you want to see another Chainsaw Mass, don't pay me 1,000 clams.

See, "Cory Nelson," I told you to subscribe to Fangoria so you could write things like this.

Happiness is—Def Leppard, Quiet Riot, Iron maiden, MTV and me. —Sean Kanaskie

I would like to know where I could reach Alan Ormsby; I love the dead. —Dr. coffin

CREATURE CORRESPONDENCE

Send all info about special makeup FX to a person having hard time starting career—would greatly appreciate. Mark Williams, 2010 Kilps Dr., Waukesha, WI 53186.

Horror, makeup, costume fans—write Mike Dockins, 300 Tindal Rd., Greenville, SC 29609.

C.A. Schneikart, Jr., Writer Extraordinaire, Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror, 2402 Conley Drive, Saginaw, MI 48603.

Female artist, 24 years old, wants mature pen pals. Like original Halloween, Hammer horror, Alien, King. P.O. Box 648, Rockerby, CA 95972.

Portland area fantasy/gore makeup fans and artists, please write: Robert DuPree, 9604 SE 5th St., Vancouver, WA 98664.

Hack! Slash! Gore! Anyone Interested in a Horror Fanzine? Send S.A.S.E. for info—S.A. Becker, 730 S. Hedges/MSU, Bozeman, MT 59715.

Pus-ridden hairy scabs courtesy Duck Films, Box 53, APO NY 09611.

English D. J. in Germany lieks gore. Pen pals please write to M. Boxall c/o Hamburg Plaza, Marseiller Str 2, 2000 Hamburg 36, West Germany.

Fans of Med Max, H.P. Lovecraft, and the Black Arts writ eMike Greig (age 18), 4032 Walnut Ave., Arlington Hts., IL 60004.

WANTED: Pen pals into gore, rock and video. Dan Jovet, 4589 Feliciana Dr., N.O., LA 70126.

Female pen pals over 19; D.A. Keitz, 27229 Grobbel, Warren, MI 48892. S.K., I love you.

John Carpenter fans write to Tom Gerding, 2000 Richwood, Toledo, OH 43614.

Planet of the Apes fans—write Adam L., 211 Graham Street, Highland Park, NJ 08904.

I think I am the oldest Fangoria reader—40—all girls 25-39 write W. Ross, 2701 38th NW, Apt. 6, Canton, OH 44709.

Bangles, Cramps, Go-go fans, please write Jill 'Punky Lee" Zimba, 8750 Inkster, Dearborn Hts., MI 48127.

WANTED: Correspondence from people interested in horror movies, Heavy Metal (the mag or the music). Andy Christensen, 2008 Prairie Rd., Riverton, WY 82501.

Scary pen pals, writ eme. Albert Amen, 2881 San Miguel, Margate, FL 33063. Horror movies, Fangoria are #1. (Popeye, thanks for the subscription).

Fangoria posters, cartoons, pen pals age 10. I like Fraggle Rock & 4H sheep. Errol Armstrong, R.R.3, Bx. 259, Owensville, IN 47665.

WANTED: Pen pals who like *Dark Shadows*, vampires, King, *cujo*, Karloff, Lugosi, *Creepshow*, gore movies. Write to Count Jeff Schwarz, 58-25 213 St., Bayside, NY 11364. I will respond. HELLO RACHEL CRIFASI!

I wanna make a movie, let's get together. Scriptwriters, directors, let's see your stuff, and anyone willing to help. . .Tim Hartzler, R.R. #6, Rochester, IN 46975.

GOTTA HAVE IT

WANTED: Caroline Munro stuff. Have copies of Fang 4, 10 for trae. Scott Standerfer, POB 19959, Orlando, FL 32814.

WANTED: VHS copies of *Dawn of the Dead*, *Martin*, and W. Craven films, to buy or trade. J. Johnson, 1124 Buffalo St., Franklin, PA 16323.

WANTED FOR TRADE: VHS copy of *Dawn of the Dead* or other offer for X-L-NT VHS copy *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. J.N. Calabro, 5309 W. 137 Place, Hawthorne, CA 90250.

WANTED: Info about video tape of *The Evil Dead*, uncut—does one exist? Sandy McCreith, 2551 Pierpont Blvd., Ventura, CA 93003.

WANTED: Any pictures, infor, etc., about Richard "Jaws" Kiel. Correspond with fans. C. Berberich, 2984 Montezuma Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45239.

WANTED: Jethro Tull concert on VHS video (slipstream). Also Pink Floyd video. Will buy or trade. Any true fans of Synergy out there? S. Hawker, Rt. 2, Box 11, W. Main Rd., ripley, NY 14775.

WANTED: Anything on monsters and gore. William Boblett, 2408 Southern Ave., Kingman, AZ 86401.

Things To Come

Mutant is the word. *Mutant* is the movie. *Mutant* is the article you're going to see in these pages real soon. Toxic goop mixes in with the populace in a Georgia town and turns folks into nasty-looking creatures who like to kill other folks. Lots of action promised in this picture and we're looking for the behind-the-scenes story. Will it be an interview with producer Igo Kantor of *Kingdom of the Spiders* fame? Or a talk with director John "Bud" Cardos, also of *Kingdom of the Spiders* repute? Or a chat with the great Bo Hopkins, the heavy-turned-hero who blew you away in *The Wild Bunch* and *American Graffiti*? Quién sabe. Stay tuned.

And how about Stephen King movies? There hasn't been one out for a good two months. That's why in Fango #33 we're going to take you to the Carolinas for an on-the-set report on *Firestarter*! And for you high-brow types, there's a look at the films of Peter Weir, master of the "cerebral thriller" as seen in *The Last Wave* and *The Cars That Ate Paris*. And for all you Fangorians who read books, there's the fourth installment of the Official Fango Library—an in-depth survey of books on horror film directors.

Now that you've read all about *Splatter*, you're going to want to read more about this Texas reteaming of *Chainsaw Massacre* vets Edwin Neal and Marilyn Burns. An interview with Edwin Neal on his diabolical new role as the man called Splatter is in the works.

Those in the know have already gotten the word that Wes (*Hills Have Eyes*) Craven has shot the sequel to his mutants-in-the-desert epic. An on-the-set report on *Hills Have Eyes 2* seems to be in order, yes? We hear that a journalist friendly to the Fango world-view has made just such a visit and as soon as we track him down you can bet we're going to drag his prose across our pages in short order. So, be prepared!

ON SALE FEBRUARY 16

COMING IN STARLOG

It's twilight time and KITT 2000 rolls onto the roads, racing into danger, searching for wrongs to right and talking a lot like **William Danieis.** Now, STARLOG examines the stars of **Knight Rider:** handsome **David Hasselhoff** (in an exclusive interview) and supercar KITT (in extensive blueprints). Then, it's time to dally with some other TV heroes: the **Whiz Kids** and the dashing **Jon Pertwee**, the third **Doctor Who**.

The horrors of fantasy? **Kevin McCarthy** talks of trips to **The Twilight Zone** and the days he spent fleeing from the **Invasion of the Body Snatchers.** Author **George R.R. Martin** reveals a world of vampires cruising on riverboat in **Fevre Dream** And the femme fatale **Fiona Lewis** remembers those times of evil with the **Abominable Dr. Phibes** and as one of the **Strange Invaders.**

Then, **Dennis Quaid**, an actor with **The Right Stuff**, dives to the depths to battle **Jaws 3-D** and to tread the **Dreamscape**. STARLOG columnist **David Gerrold** explores the connection between reel life and the real life of those **Right Stuff** legends. There's even a cameo by **Tom Wolfe**!

Plus: a salute to fantasy illustrator **Chesley Bonestell** as he turns 96 . . . the music of **Star Wars** . . . reader reaction to **Twilight Zone the Movie** . . . a **War of the Worlds** poster . . . the 1983 World Science Fiction Convention report . . . a visit to the set of the wildest pulp/comics/fantasy adventure ever, **Buckaroo Banzai** . . . and a *very* candid chat as director **Irv Kershner** responds to charges that he mishandled filming of **The Empire Strikes Back** and **Never Say Never Again**. STARLOG #79—it's a terrific issue!

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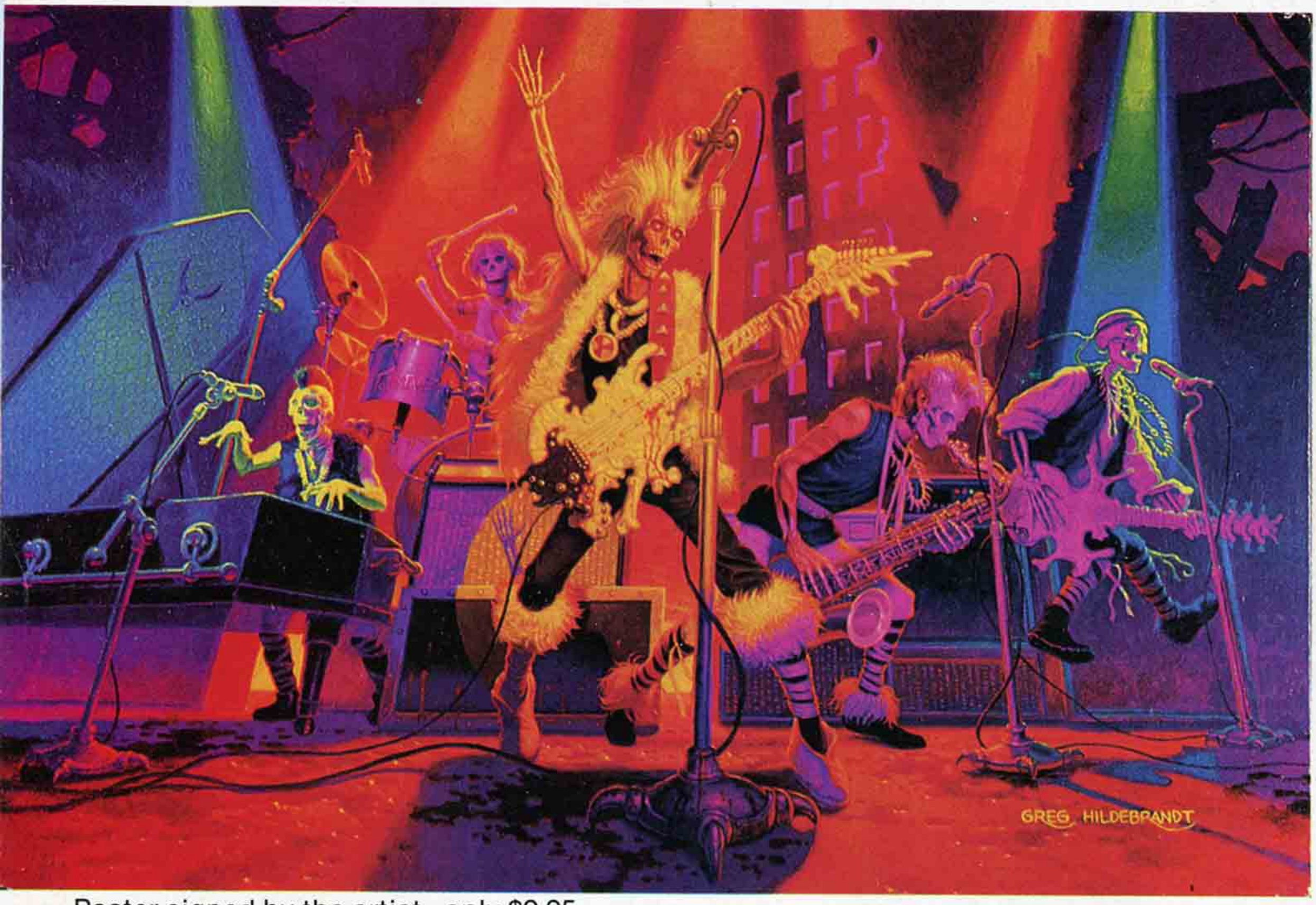

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